Collier's

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John O'Hara's
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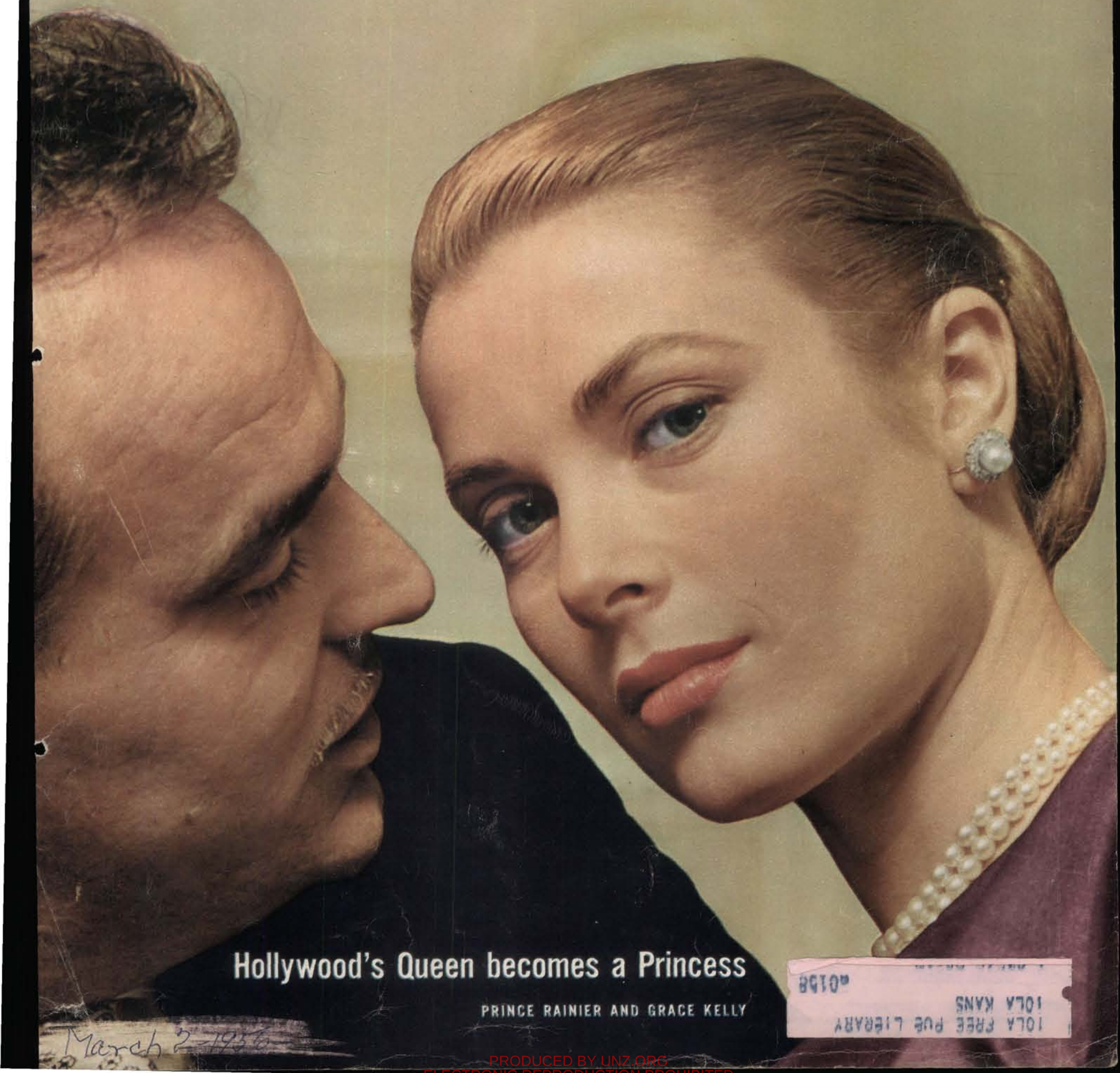
MARCH 2, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS



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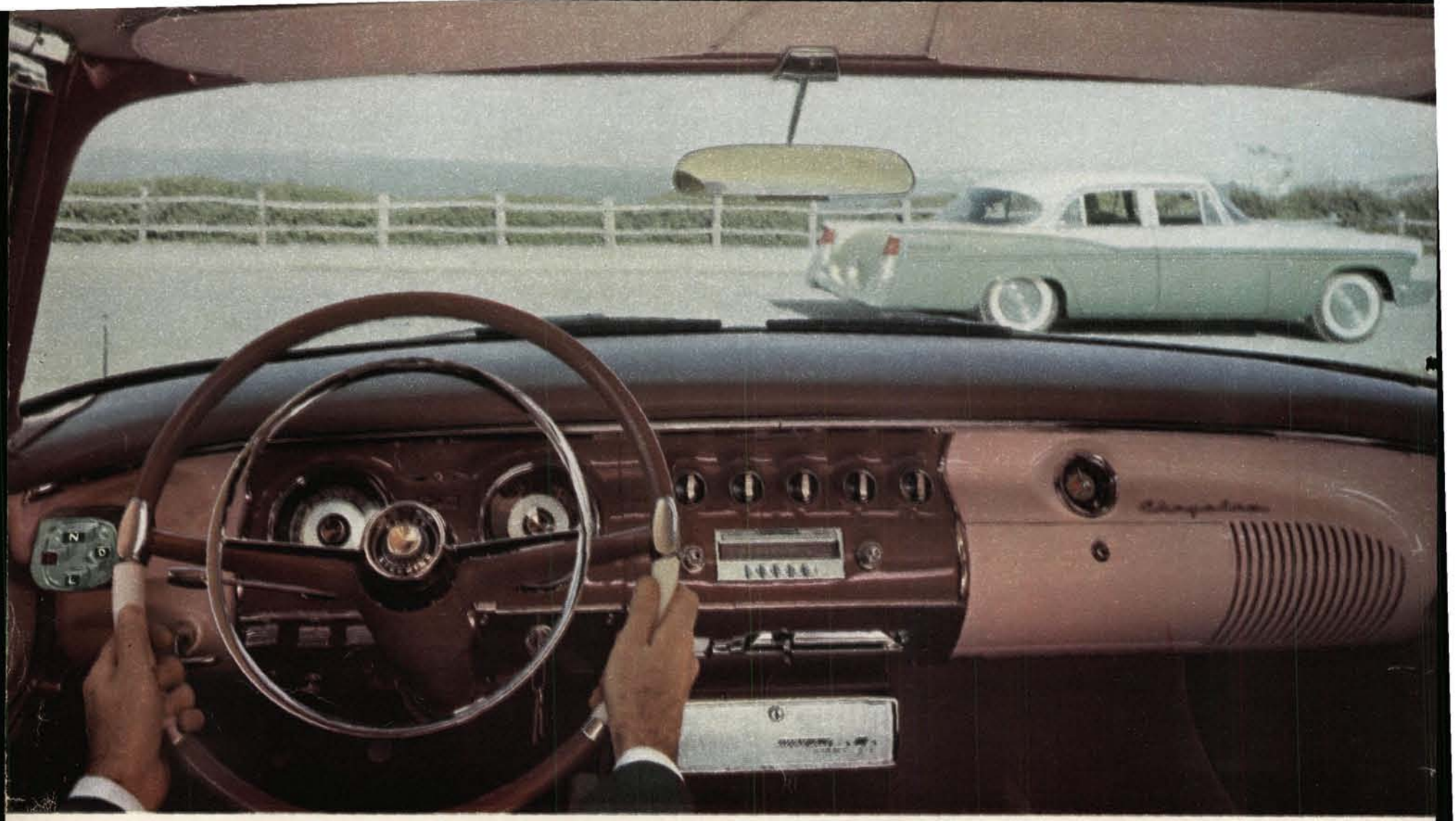

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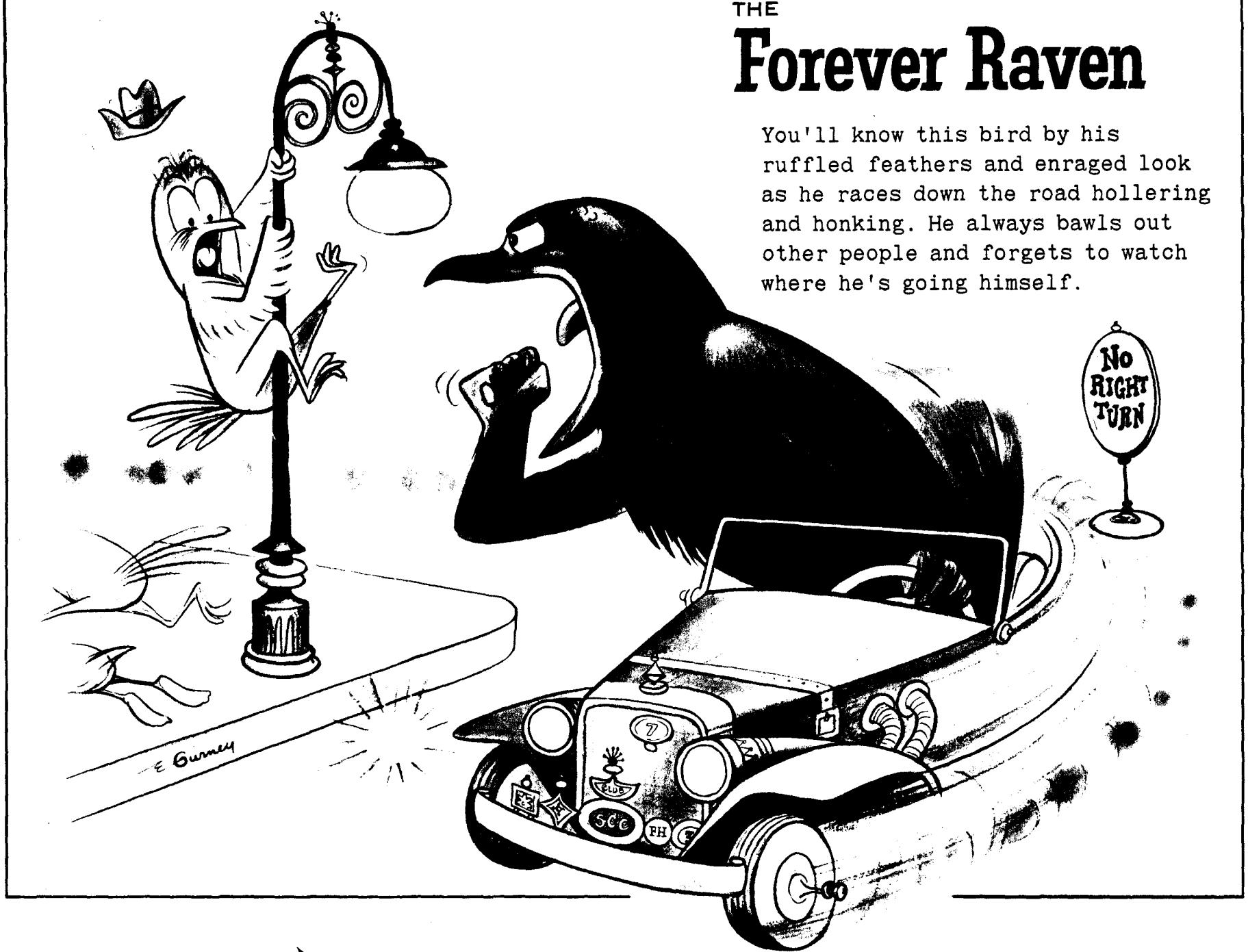

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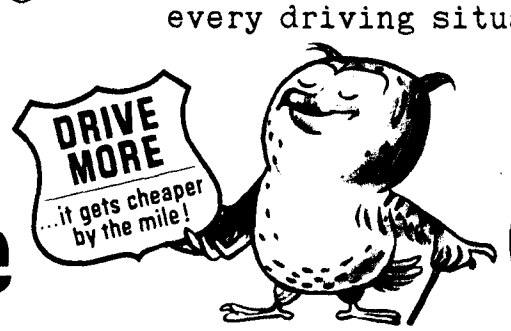

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What is it like when three people as desperate and passionately different as Charley, Sandy, and the Indian Girl (whose every movement is animal grace), find themselves thrown together in a lonely camp amid the barren badlands?

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★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents in Color and CinemaScope "THE LAST HUNT" starring ROBERT TAYLOR, STEWART GRANGER, LLOYD NOLAN, DEBRA PAGET, RUSS TAMBLYN, Screen play by Richard Brooks. Based on the novel by Milton Lott. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Richard Brooks. Produced by Dore Schary. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

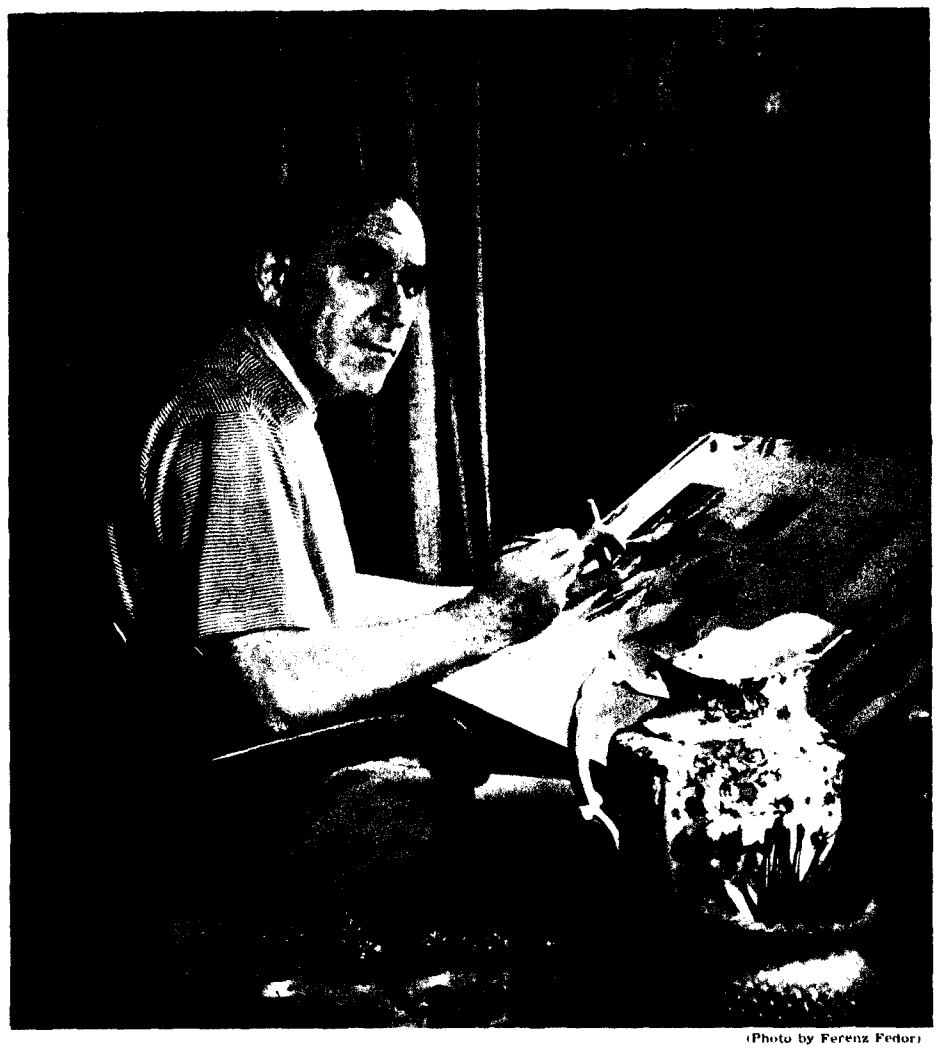
Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home, over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

(Photo by Roy Stevens)

NORMAN ROCKWELL—*this best-loved American artist left school at 15.*



(Photo by Ferenz Fedor)

ALBERT DORNE—*one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.*

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed: Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools — whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted if he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—on the basis of his work with the school. Now he helps design new car models.

A salesgirl in West Virginia enrolled in Famous Artists Schools. After completing her training, she became advertising manager of the leading store in Charleston.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne feels these success stories prove that the opportunities open to the trained artists are greater today than they ever were. "Did you know that over $750,000,000 worth of art of all kinds will be bought this year? No wonder we get so many calls and letters every month from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time art careers.

"The second thing our students have proved to me is that many men and women are missing out on an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think they have talent. Many of these people do have talent. And they could definitely be trained for a satisfying career in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkably revealing 8-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Are you interested in taking this test at home? If you sincerely like to draw—all you need do is to mail the coupon provided below to the Famous Artists Schools, Studio 45-C, Westport, Conn. They'll be glad to send it to you without cost or obligation. And it might—believe it or not—lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

IF I MAY extend a show-business cliché—and I'd like to see who's going to stop me—there is nothing wrong with the Theater that good plays won't cure . . . and they are curing it. There is nothing wrong with a theater that can offer at one and the same time the four plays that I have just seen. If you care anything at all about the theater (and if you don't, you ought to ask to be born again), you can rejoice in the present state of it.

We have an English drawing-room-type comedy, by Enid Bagnold; a play by Tennessee Williams which combines certain features of the work of Jack Kirkland and Lillian Hellman; a hilarious spoof of life in the peacetime Air Force; and a play by Thornton Wilder. Those are the four I have just seen, and the titles of them are The Chalk Garden, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, No Time for Sergeants and The Matchmaker.

Lacking the time, space and patience to do a complete synopsis of the plot of a play, I think one ought to limit his reporting on it to the barest essentials. Enough so that the reader will not be left in complete ignorance of the play's content. Here a caustic grandmother, her worldly granddaughter and the granddaughter's new and mysterious governess handle and solve the problem of what to do with the girl. That's about as bare as an outline could be, but it's accurate, if incomplete. The play is funny and presupposes attendance by an intelligent audience. It is doing good business and has on display one of the cleverest performances in the current New York theater.

I refer to the acting of Miss Betsy von Furstenberg. We have come to expect high expertness as well as beauty when we see the name of Gladys Cooper on a program, and in this play she delivers as expected. But I didn't know that Miss von Furstenberg could be as good as she is in The Chalk Garden. She is thinking the part every second, and more deeply, she is thinking the way the character thinks. The girl she plays has what is known in my family as an imaginative memory, which is a euphemistic term for the ability to recall events that never happened. I am now convinced that Miss von Furstenberg is a serious actress. I was considerably less impressed by the performance of Miss Siobhan (pronounced Stephen) McKenna, who for reasons best known to Irene Mayer Selznick, producer of the show, shares top billing with Miss Cooper. I thought Miss McKenna's effort was strident and stiff, and I was continually reminded of Miss Patricia Jessel in Witness for the Prosecution, a distraction that certainly is not fair to Miss Bagnold.

I did not read No Time for Sergeants, although it was published by the firm that publishes my books. I belong to the Dere Mable generation, if I belong to any generation at all; but my connection with the publisher got me better seats than Thomas E. Dewey and Joseph Cotten were able to get, and any seats at all for the dramatization of NTFS are almost as hard to get as, say, election to the Presidency. The plot here, of course, is the irreconcilability of the Air Force with the habits of thought and behavior of a Georgia cracker-boy. Not so long ago it would have been known as a laff riot, with laff spelt that way, whereby annoying people like me but at least letting us know what to expect.

The vehicle named Cat on a Hot Tin Roof is a carry-over from last season, carrying with it the pleasant burdens of the Pulitzer prize and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award. I liked it better than anything else by Tennessee Williams, and I concede it an authenticity that I withheld from Miss Hellman's plays on the same general subject, which is the observation that all is not well beneath the magnolia trees, no matter how much money or fambly they got.

The editors of Collier's take pleasure in the announcement that John O'Hara is the recipient of The 1956 National Book Award for fiction for his novel Ten North Frederick

There is no performance in this play that is as good as the play itself, and believe me that's not always the case in the theater. (It hasn't always been the case with Tennessee Williams' plays, now I think of it.) Nevertheless there are good performances, which commence about ten minutes after the curtain rises, or approximately at that point when the actors and actresses stop shouting at each other in what are intended to be Southern accents, but are about as Southern as Herb Shriner's is Hoosier. By which I mean only they are not Irish brogue, not imitations of Maurice Chevalier, not Jack Pearl as Baron Munchausen. Unmistakably Southern without being of any part of the South. Barbara Bel Geddes' accent sounds as though she had been running and rerunning an old movie of Miriam Hopkins in the William Faulkner novel Sanctuary, and Burl Ives sounds the way John Steinbeck might sound if he were to tell a story in dialect. But accent trouble doesn't bother most people in the audience and really doesn't bother me much, since I know there is nothing to be done about it, honey.

Without breaking my own rule about plot-talk, I can additionally reveal that the characters in the Williams play include a husband who is sexually incompatible with his wife, who has had an affair with his best friend, who is suspected of a homosexual relationship with the husband. The incompatibility and even the homosexuality are made rather convincing to me because the wife that the husband is incompatible with is played by Miss Bel Geddes, attired throughout much of the play in a slip. In this instance the distraction is an intentional one and helps the play, and that's as far as I need go in that direction. That's as far as I'd better go, too.

The extra problem is that the husband is the favorite son of a man who owns 28,000 acres of the best land west of the Valley Nile, and ten million dollars to boot, and the son's nonpaternity is in contrast with the fecundity of his brother, who is not Big Daddy's pet. As the continually pregnant wife, Madeleine Sherwood is entirely convincing, and if that were to be said about any real person, living or dead, but not acting, she could sue me from here to Natchez and Natchez to Mobile. It is a play for grownups whose growth has taken them past the mental age of eleven.

The fourth play, The Matchmaker, is Thornton Wilder in a farcical mood, but Thornton Wilder is not simply an accomplished farceur, nor anything else simply. Anything and everything he writes in and out of the theater must be read and seen by all literate Americans who want to be able to feel that they are keeping up with their country's cultural activities. All his works are musts, as all of Ernest Hemingway's and John Steinbeck's books are musts, and Wilder manages to sneak in some profundities that are probably easier to take for the very reason that the play is slapstick.

I would like here to make a statement that I have often made in private. I have lived an extremely full life, experiencing exquisite pleasure and all but unbearable sorrow and pain; loving some, hating a few, pitying many and scorning the contemptible; joyful of my accomplishments and stung by my failures. Throughout it all I have been pleased by the circumstance that has enabled me to earn my living at the job I love best, which is writing. I am a simple, worldly-wise man and practically nothing except stupid cruelty can shock me, and I never have written a word for the purpose of shocking anyone else. But I have often been disgusted by people who take pleasure in scatological humor, in the telling and the listening, and yet are genuinely or otherwise offended by any and all reference to the function called sex. There is plenty of reference to sex in the Tennessee Williams play, and none of it shocked me. I admit, though, that I was not highly amused by what might be called the dainty-dirty humor in The Chalk Garden or by the latrine jokes in No Time for Sergeants. Well, as the feller says, there's no accounting for some horse races.

AL HIRSCHFELD

Burl Ives in Tennessee Williams' Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; Ruth Gordon in The Matchmaker: two reasons for rejoicing about the theater today

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

YOU have an extra appointment with O'Hara in this issue, a fiction piece on page 34, all about a doctor.

"My father was a surgeon," O'Hara explained to *this* column, "and I've known a great many doctors: good and bad, brilliant and confused, near charlatan and near saint. I am probably more critical of doctors and can do a snap diagnosis of them more quickly than most people."

O'Hara, you see, believes he himself might have made a good doctor. However, he says, what he's doing now isn't too unlike being a doctor, with one exception: "I offer no cures."

★ ★ ★

HERE'S a note that proves Bobby Bragan isn't *all* controversial (see page 52).

"He's got an enormous capacity for work," author Mel Durslag tells us. "His day starts at six thirty and ends at midnight. He might have speaking engagements for all three meals of the day and teach a Little League clinic in between, in addition to his regular baseball duties. In his spare time he's in the real-estate business."

A typical example of his energetic and perfectionist nature occurred last season during National Dairy Month, when he was managing the Hollywood team. He was entered in a milking contest to be held at home plate against Clay Hopper, Portland manager, who has since succeeded him at Hollywood.

Hopper was a country boy raised on a Mississippi farm; Bragan had never milked a cow before nor been on a farm, so he sneaked out to a local dairy to get some secret practice.

Bragan was beaten in the contest, but the fans loved watching his efforts.

★ ★ ★

COLLIER'S CREDITS scoops the world! Here is the first published photograph of Howell Conant and Grace Kelly and her prince. (See page 22 for the pictures Conant took.)

When this peaceful scene was photographed it was the day after Grace Kelly had announced her engagement to the prince. Outside and below that window was a howling mob of reporters and photographers. Conant and his crew had to be sneaked in the back way to get to Grace's apartment.

"She has decorated the place herself," Conant reports. "Furnishings and things that she has picked up at auctions. One of the nicest was this priceless antique love seat you see in the picture. I am embarrassed to say that in moving it around for photographic purposes we broke a caster."

JUDITH JONES

Evan Jones in the midst of a soup binge

★ ★ ★

DURING the production of Love That Soup!, writer Evan Jones and his wife Judith personally tested and tasted 52 soup recipes, including her original Newburg sauce made with lobster and frozen cream-of-shrimp soup.

They made a big supply of Senate bean soup and unexpected guests quickly gobbled it up. Some friends shied away from chestnut soup, but those who didn't are still talking about that work of art, which arrived at the table encrusted in golden meringue.

"I never made bird's-nest soup," Jones confides, "because I never had a bird's nest handy. I did sample it once, though, in Indochina, only to discover the best bird's-nest soup is made at Jimmy Wu's in Baltimore, Maryland."

★ ★ ★

OUR own Walter Davenport has trampled grass from California to (and not including) Maine to get at the roots (page 19). In eight weeks he went 15,000 miles and talked to 600 people in 22 states.

"It was uneventful," Davenport reports, underplaying it a little bit, "except for one forced landing with engine trouble, one blizzard, and once being asked to leave a supermarket for blocking traffic while interviewing.

"I found one vote for the Prohibition ticket and one for Jimmy Roosevelt, the latter—surprisingly enough—from a man." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Photographer Conant (right) chats with Rainier III and fiancée in her apartment

PAT DATRE

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A picture of a man who owns the Electric Companies

Year-old Alexander Maier of Dayton, Ohio, is one of the newest of the 94 million owners of America's independent electric light and power companies.

Alexander's father has bought his son seven shares of stock in the Dayton Power and Light Company as a first-year birthday present. This makes young Alexander one of about 4 million *direct* owners who hold securities of the electric companies.

Alexander's *grandfather* just opened a savings account in the youngster's name. This makes him one of more than 90 million Americans who are *indirect* owners through their bank savings, insurance premiums or pension funds. Banks, insurance companies and pension fund trustees put much of this money to work in the securities of independent electric companies.

Some people would have the federal government take over all of the power companies. But isn't there real danger in a single federal power monopoly—rather than in 400 independent electric light and power companies owned by more than 94 million people?

We believe this question deserves your serious thought. That's why this message is brought to you by *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

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Want a high-scoring word combination for your next scrabble game? Try C-A-R-L-I-N-G-'S B-L-A-C-K L-A-B-E-L B-E-E-R. Everybody enjoys its deliciously light, dry goodness. And the host has a *special* reason for enjoyment—he buys top quality Black Label at the popular price! That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

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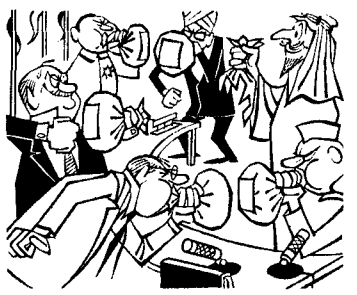
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Next time the gentlemen from the world's foreign ministries get together at some Geneva to give their mailed fists a brandishing, we suggest they take Mrs. Dorothy Irwin, of Chicago, with them. And we hope Mrs. Irwin remembers to take with her a large bale of an invention of hers. She calls them Blo-Bags and has sent us three. When you feel it absolutely necessary to blow



IRWIN CAPLAN

your top, beat your wife, disinherit your son or declare war on somebody, you merely inflate one of the Irwin paper bags and bust it with your free hand. Bang! Spleen exploded. You feel better. Peace restored. Nobody hurt. Drinks on the house. Wonderful.

★ ★ ★

The way guys and dolls can get lost in Oregon's wilds is just about scandalous. Commendably, Mr. Dwight Phipps, state forester, decided to take steps. He broadcast the suggestion that before venturing into the woods you should send him a piece of unwashed wearing apparel. Your own, of course. You know: something for the bloodhounds to start sniffing on. When we departed eastward, Mr. Ferris Weddle informed us that up to that moment Mr. Phipps had collected two dozen socks, one pair of nylons, a couple of panties, at least one black nightgown and a bikini swimsuit.

★ ★ ★

He stood straight and fearless when arraigned in court in New Orleans. To the judge's question, reports Mrs. Alfred Oliver, he replied yes, it was true he hadn't supported the lady yonder during the past year. And nosir, he hadn't contributed a thin dime to the support of those lovely children standing there. Had he anything he wished to say in his defense? He had. "Nothing, Your Honor," he said, "except that I never saw any of these people before in my life." And for some mysterious reason, Mrs. Oliver concludes, the case was dismissed.

★ ★ ★

Didn't get into North Dakota on this trek through the country. Snow too deep. But we heard from the Honorable Usher L. Burdick, M.C., anyway. And pretty indignant was Mr. Burdick too. He said that although the price of hogs had fallen from 24 cents a pound to 12, the drop wasn't noticeable in the restaurant. For a modest dollar and a quarter Mr. Burdick bought himself a pig dinner. After considerable poking into a plate of gravy, says he, "I finally found two slices of pork and if I hadn't been a pretty good investigator, I'd have missed them."

★ ★ ★

To the cheers of an admiring populace, chivalry raised its noble head in Newcomerstown, Ohio, and Mr. George O'Brien hastened to let us know. Writhing free from its supports, the lower half of this lady's underwear slithered to the pavement. She stepped free and walked on with admirable nonchalance. The gentleman just behind her scooped them up, wrapped them neatly and swiftly in the newspaper he'd just bought. Removing his hat, he bowed to the lady and said: "You dropped one of your packages, madam." She smiled and cooed, "Thank you so much." "Always a pleasure," said he. The applause, says Mr. O'Brien, was long and loud.

★ ★ ★

As empires dissolve, kings are pensioned off, governments change managements and the great become small, little attention has been paid to at least one startling departure from tradition right here in our own 48. That unerringly dependable publication, the National Live Stock Producer, announces the abolishment of the bushel basket. To us this is serious. What are we going to sit on as we write this indispensable pillar of light and guidance?

★ ★ ★

If you were standing where old 48 was in Houston, Texas, you'd have been curious too. Out of that beauty shop came several ladies luxuriously and expensively bedizened. And into the tavern next door they marched. In the beauty shop they'd been told if

some guy next door wasn't so bedazzled by their new hairdos that he bought them a beer, they'd get their beauty money back. One lovelied lady said she suspected the beauty shop had stationed a beer buyer in the tavern. But we didn't have time to investigate.

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"I'll help you," the devil had said. They sealed the bargain, and Rutherford's wish was fulfilled

THE DEVIL TO PAY

By W. A. POWERS

THE devil's annual bill always came to Inigo Rutherford in a distinctive, sulphur-yellow envelope and read simply: *For services rendered; payable ten days from issuance.* For nine years the bills had reached Rutherford wherever he might be, and he had paid them promptly, even though at times it meant a painful sacrifice. When he received the devil's tenth bill, Rutherford was in America, vacationing in Sun Valley, Idaho, and for the first time in his life he was in love. This complicated his situation.

Rutherford's account with the devil had its beginning in northern Scotland during the war. Rutherford was in his twenties and was a flight lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, flying Lancaster bombers. It was a standing joke in his mess that he had been assigned to Lancasters because they were the only planes big enough to get him off the ground. Although he was a shade under six feet, Rutherford weighed nearly three hundred pounds, with scarcely an ounce of muscle. No matter how much one liked him, no one could deny that Rutherford was grotesquely fat.

Having the R.A.F. accept him was a source of great satisfaction to Rutherford, but it would have given him far greater satisfaction to have had women accept him as well. This rarely happened. All his life Rutherford had been eminently unsuccessful at winning any girl's heart.

One night he sat alone drinking neat whiskies in the village pub next to his bomber base. There was a dance in the village that night, and occasionally groups of his fellow fliers, escorting WAAFs or pink-cheeked girls from the village, would burst in for two or three fast tots and then disappear noisily into the night again. Each time the pub door opened, a chill penetrated right to Rutherford's heart. Three times that week he had summoned the courage to invite one of the girls who worked on the base to go to the dance, but each one had turned him down.

At closing time Rutherford turned up his coat collar and headed morosely and a little drunkenly out into the night. A bright moon was shining, and he could see a hunched-up figure plodding down the road ahead of him. Suddenly the man stopped, and asked if he might borrow a match.

"I noticed you in the pub," said the stranger. "I think I can help you."

"There's no one can help me," said Rutherford irritably. But, as he recognized the stranger's unmistakable features in the light of his match, he knew that here was someone who might help. "What is your deal?" he asked.

"For your soul," replied the devil amiably, "I will make you attractive to women."

"How do I know you will keep your promise?"

"I have millions of satisfied customers."

"I suggest an alternative to prove your good faith," said Rutherford. "Rather than an outright sale, I will give you my soul on an installment basis. If you keep your word for ten years, I will pay whatever you demand as a carrying charge in ten yearly installments. At the end of that period the soul will be yours."

"Very well," said the devil. "But if I extend you terms I will demand that within ten days of my sending my annual bill, you give up whatever girl you are pursuing at the time."

"Agreed," said Rutherford. As they shook hands, a cold tremor ran through Rutherford's body. . . .

The next day Rutherford was given a week's leave and told to report at the end of it to an air base in Kent. When he woke up his first morning in London he stood before the tall mirror in his room and saw the figure of a young Greek god. The heavy flesh was gone. Immensely pleased with the devil's work, Rutherford rang for the house tailor to have all his uniforms taken in.

That night Rutherford went to a private dance in Mayfair and met a Wren officer with whom he embarked on the first of a long series of amorous conquests which were to carry him happily through the next nine years.

Every time the devil's bill arrived, Rutherford abandoned his current amour. Often this was hard to do. With sorrow he thought of the young, fox-hunting Irish widow who had invited him to spend a leave at her castle in County Meath, of the Parisian actress who had never demanded anything more of him than an occasional box of peanut brittle from the PX and of the Italian countess who had asked him to her villa on Lake Como.

If only Rutherford had had any way of knowing when the bills were going to arrive, he might have been able to arrange things more satisfactorily, but he never did. The only thing he could ever be sure of was that they would arrive when his romance of the moment was in full and glorious cry. This made the giving up doubly bitter.

WHEN THE TENTH bill came, Rutherford was utterly and hopelessly in love with a young American heiress named Cordelia Goodchild. They had met four months earlier on the Queen Elizabeth, Rutherford had spent Christmas at her family's estate on Long Island, had later flown down to their beach house in Antigua, and now was skiing with her in Sun Valley. Cordelia was tall, graceful, beautiful and had sixty thousand shares of International Tel & Tel in her own name.

"Would it make any difference to you, darling," he said to her, as they jingled over the snow in a horse-drawn sleigh the night before the devil's deadline, "if I wasn't built the way I am, but was large and heavy as, let us say, a walrus?"

"I adore walruses," said Cordelia, "and if you were that big there would be just that much more of you for me to love."

Fine, brave words, thought Rutherford, but would this fondness for walruses remain after he had broken his pact and returned to his true proportions? He doubted it and wished only that he could marry her before the transformation took place. But Cordelia, he was sure, would want a big wedding, and that would take time.

Later that night, as they sat in front of the fireplace having a nightcap, Rutherford made up his mind irrevocably that there was no giving up Cordelia, that it was now or never. "Darling," he said, "let's not lose each other. Let's marry and be with each other forever."

Cordelia's reply was to kiss him warmly and say, "Yes, darling. Let's do it at once, tomorrow!"

As she said this the fire suddenly burned out like a fused light bulb, and the room became bitterly chill. "Oh, dear," said Cordelia. "I must ask to have the heat turned on."

When she left the room Rutherford spotted a piece of paper of the familiar sulphur-yellow color on the floor in front of the couch and cursed himself for being so careless. If Cordelia had seen it, the jig would have been up. He felt in his pocket, as though in search of a clue as to how it had fallen out. To his surprise his bill from the devil was still there. Picking up the one from the floor, he read quickly, *Miss Cordelia Goodchild: For services rendered; payable ten days from issuance.* The bill was dated the same day as his own. . . .

The next day Rutherford exchanged the sleek, foreign sports car he and Cordelia had been using for a de luxe model of one of Detroit's modern masterpieces. The new car had a front seat fully as wide as a park bench. Into this he and Cordelia squeezed themselves cozily as they took off for the nearest justice of the peace, and as Rutherford touched the accelerator Cordelia slipped a two-pound box of bonbons into the glove compartment.

"Darling," she said, "I'm devilishly happy."

It was an ill-chosen phrase, for at that moment the left rear tire blew out with a loud report. Rutherford knew it was ridiculous for him even to try to bend over to get a jack under the car, so, as Cordelia dipped into her bonbons, he walked through the cold, clear air toward the nearest service station.

He, too, felt devilishly happy. THE END

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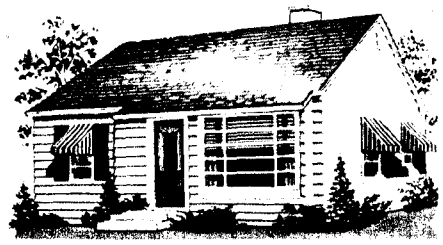

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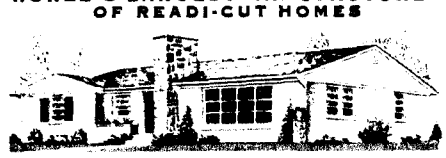

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Remembering the Maine

EDITOR: To two somewhat ailing Kantors stuck in a Madrid hotel for the most lugubrious holiday season we have ever spent (the penicillin was hung by the chimney with care), the Maine Christmas by John Gould was just about the best Christmas piece we ever read in Collier's or anywhere else. I keep looking out of the window, hoping to see Uncle Rance striding toward us, with a Christmas tree on his shoulder and a bottle of Dakota prairie smell in his pocket. . . .

MACKINLAY KANTOR, Madrid, Spain

Como Laude

EDITOR: I'm so delighted with Michael Drury's article on Perry Como (Jan. 6th), I feel glowing inside. I love Miss Drury's subject matter and I love her exquisite talent. She has given me the most wonderful picture of a man whom I've already admired for some time now. I suppose the truth of the matter is he's all and more than I hoped he would be. And I'm grateful. Miss Drury is a magnificent writer and observer of human nature. Thank you for bringing something good into our day today. . . . LORETTA YOUNG LEWIS, Los Angeles, Cal.

Praise from Mrs. Lewis is praise indeed since she is an expert on television, having her own program, the Loretta Young Show.

. . . I thought Bing Crosby was the runaway leader in record sales with about 125,000,000 discs. Can 400,000,000 for Como, as your article said, be correct? . . .

DICK HEMAN, Louisville, Ky.

We spun too many discs—40,000,000 is correct.

. . . One of the most terrific and honest articles I have ever read about him—and I have four scrapbooks crammed with every story and picture of Perry that I could get hold of. I'm a member of the best and biggest Perry Como Fan Club in the country, the Comettes of Brooklyn. Comoly yours,

DOTTY A. SERVAS, Rochester, N.Y.

Correction

EDITOR: In reference to your article The Electronic Paul Revere (Feb. 3d), we wish to advise you of an error in the text. Your story states the lines for the SAGE system are leased from International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation when actually they are leased from American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

WILLIAM J. MCGINTY, Major, USAF, Chief, Magazine and Book Branch, Secretary of the Air Force Information Services.

Bareback

EDITOR: In 10 Best Laughs of 1955 (Dec. 9th), Bennett Cerf states "who originated them I know not . . ." I'm late in answering but let me now shed some light on the origin of Mr. Cerf's Lady Godiva joke. I drew it as a cartoon which appeared in the Nov. 27th, 1954, issue of The New Yorker. . . .

HERBERT GOLDBERG, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Goldberg's original cartoon is reproduced below, courtesy of The New Yorker. His latest cartoon, which coincidentally is about the bareback Lady, appears on page 78 of this issue.

"Where have *you* been? Your horse came back hours ago"

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Southern Frontier

EDITOR: Duncan Aikman is to be commended for calling attention to the economic progress in Latin-American countries ("Go South, Young Man," Jan. 6th), but his appraisal of business opportunities for North Americans there should rest on a firmer awareness of Latin-American values. We are losing out in Latin America to the Germans, French, Italians, Japanese and other nationalities.

When will our colleges encourage their students to prepare for careers in Latin America? And when will we as a nation realize that foreign countries consider our indifference to their languages and cultures as a mark of arrogance and even of imperialistic intent? . . . BOYD CARTER, Lincoln, Nebr.

. . . South America is not a new or open frontier comparable to the American West. S.A. has always been dormant with promise, but by and large it is closed, restricted, suspicious of change and often inflexible of attitude. This is not to mention such surmountables as politics, mores, petty graft, juntas, bad roads and low purchasing power. In time S.A. may become an outlet for American economic expansion, as it has been all along for German and British and, to a lesser extent, French and Dutch. But it will be, as it now is, the American corporation rather than the enterprising "young man" who makes the headway. . . .

J. B. S. HALPER, Washington, D.C.

Collier's is keeping in confidence the names of the writers of the following letters because they might jeopardize present or future employment. The Latin-American Chamber of Commerce, 29 Broadway, New York, N.Y., gives advice on job or investment opportunities in Latin America.

. . . I hope to find facts regarding Latin America's medical profession, hospitals, particularly nursing opportunities since I am a registered nurse . . .

. . . My husband is both an operating engineer and an electrician. I can do shorthand, typing and clerical work. We have two children. What is the best city for business opportunities, to raise children, etc.? . . .

. . . I am a hair stylist, age twenty-three, and I have three years' experience in this work. I would be interested in permanent employment in one of the Latin-American cities. . . .

. . . I am a plumbing-design engineer and would like suggestions on whether to obtain a job with a Latin-American firm. Any field of the plumbing business is within my capacity, whether it be the operation of a shop or estimating and designing and installation, etc. . . .

. . . I am a woman of twenty-one. I would like ultimately to become an agent for exporting art goods and handicrafts from South America. . . .

. . . I am employed as a commercial artist. You mentioned "several major U.S. advertising agencies have been in Latin America for almost a generation." . . .

. . . Can you give me some good news about the need for accountants in South America? . . .

The Cover

Howell Conant

The betrothal of Hollywood's Queen Grace Kelly to Monaco's Prince Rainier III has probably aroused the world's romantic fancy more than any other such affair since the engagement of England's then Princess Elizabeth to Philip, now Duke of Edinburgh. Before and after her engagement was announced, photographer Howell Conant was able to train an exclusive camera-eye on both Miss Kelly's career and her romance—in Hollywood, where he watched her making The Swan; then in New York, where he was invited to meet Grace and her prince in the first interview granted in her apartment. See views of Hollywood's queen in full color on pages 22-27

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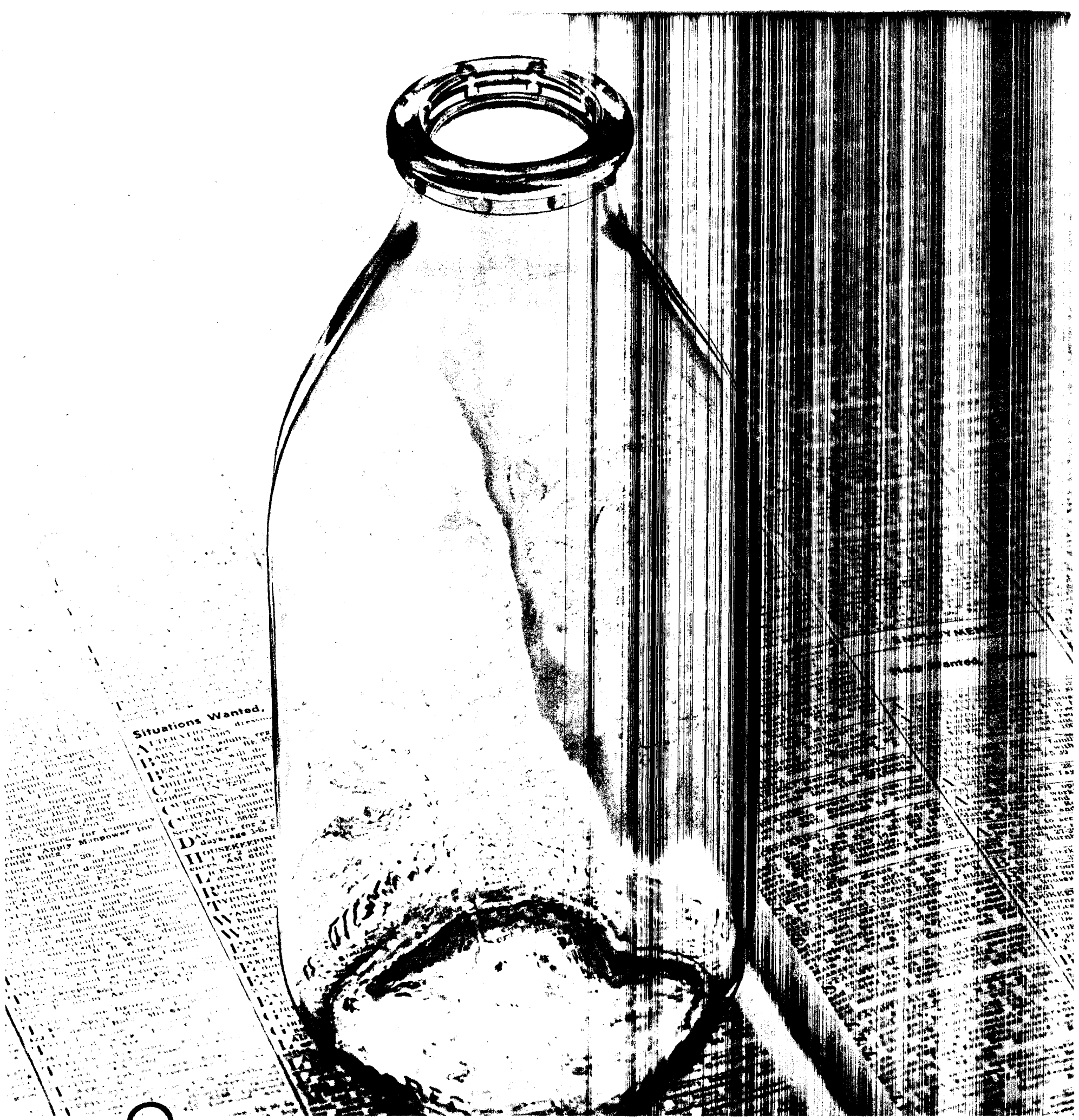

Question for a very busy man: how would your wife pay the food bills if you were no longer here? **What kind of work would she have to do** to keep the family going? Take the time to think it over tonight, then consider this: the annual premium for $5,000 of **MONY** life insurance for a man age 30, who qualifies, comes to about 30¢ a day—little more than the price of a quart of milk.

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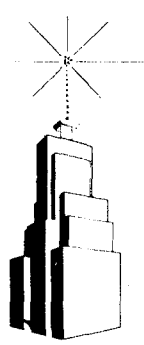

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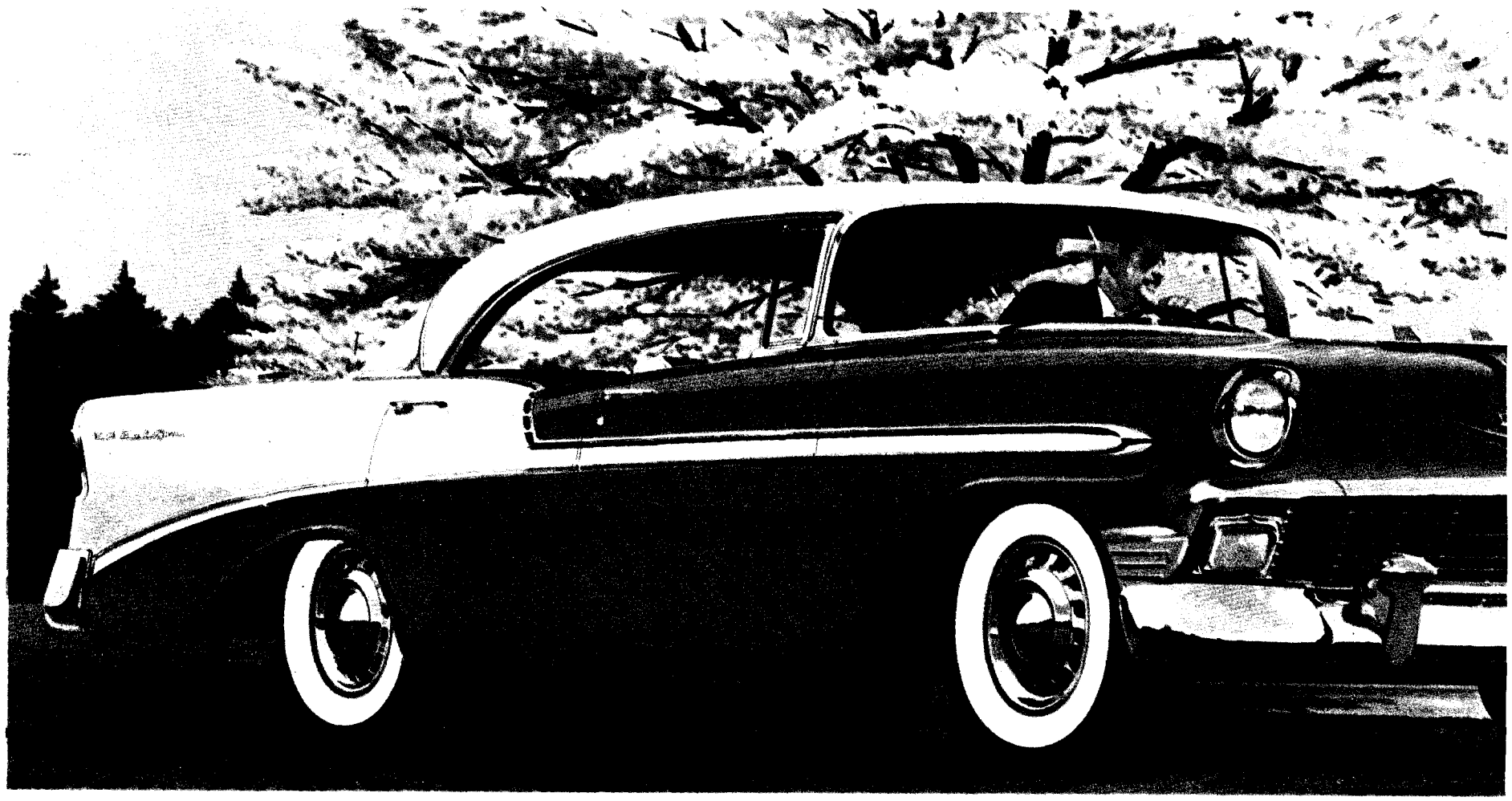
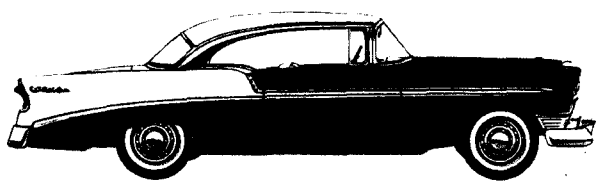


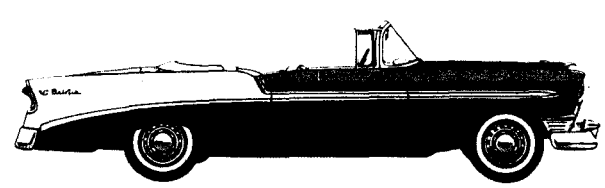
19 sure cures for Spring Fever

... all easy to take!

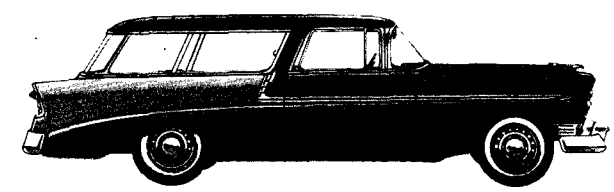
Those fresh and frisky '56 Chevrolets



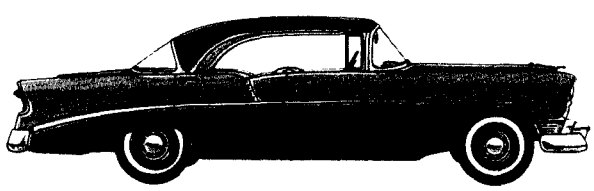
THE BEL AIR SPORT COUPE—Another hardtop honey! With windows down, it's wide open for fun!



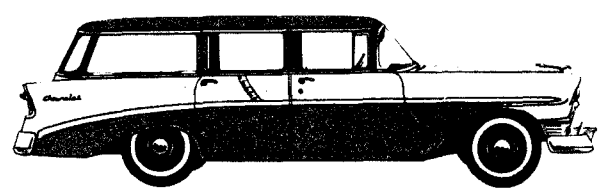
THE BEL AIR CONVERTIBLE—Loves to go—and looks it. Horsepower ranges clear up to 225!



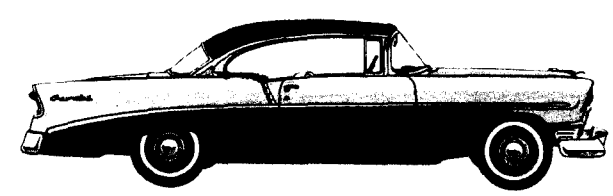
THE BEL AIR NOMAD—Sweet and low. This 6-passenger beauty is Chevrolet's last word in wagons!



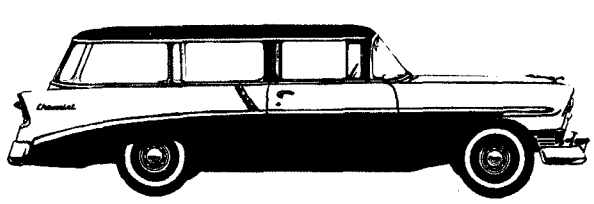
THE "TWO-TEN" SPORT SEDAN—Four doors and no sideposts in this stylish new Chevy.



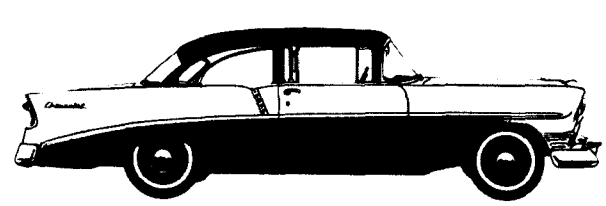
THE "TWO-TEN" BEAUVILLE—This 4-door wagon holds a whole baseball team, or ½-ton of cargo.



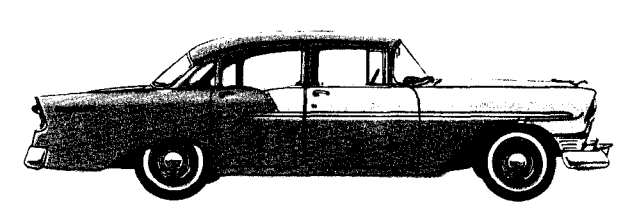
THE "TWO-TEN" SPORT COUPE—Made to have fun with—and it's Chevrolet's lowest priced hardtop!



THE "TWO-TEN" HANDYMAN—Looking for a 2-door station wagon that seats six and handles big loads?



THE "TWO-TEN" DELRAY CLUB COUPE—Its all-vinyl interior thrives on hard use. Washes clean.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" 4-DOOR SEDAN—Notice the tasteful chrome trim in Chevrolet's lowest priced series!

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THE BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN—One of Chevrolet's two new 4-door hardtops. Body by Fisher, of course.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER

CHEVROLET

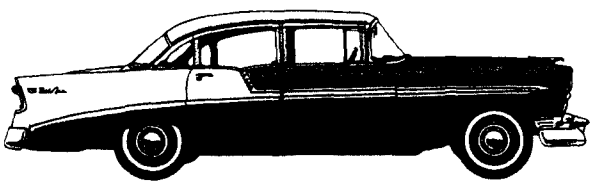
Traffic-test it—it's a beautiful thing to handle!

Are you feeling slightly day-dreamy these days? Find yourself thinking of far-away places where tall trees hem in the highway and sunlight skips merrily along a chuckling mountain stream? That's spring fever, friend.

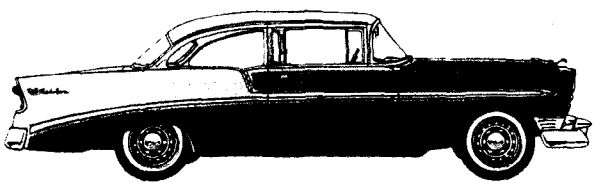
It's curable, though—and we don't mean with sulphur and molasses. You just pick out a frisky new Chevrolet and go find that mountain stream. Or, if you can't get away for the trip, just *owning* a new Chevrolet will do the trick.

Sunday sightseeing around town and afternoon jaunts in the countryside are shiny new adventures when you're driving one of these fun-loving new Chevies.

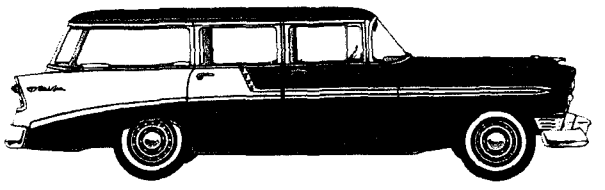
In all, Chevrolet offers 19 sure cures for spring fever—all with Body by Fisher and horsepower ranging up to 225 for safer, happier traveling. Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to fill the prescription. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



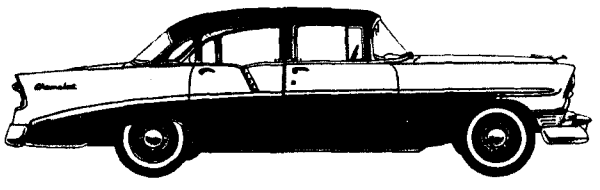
THE BEL AIR 4-DOOR SEDAN—Chevrolet brings you the security of safety door latches in all models!



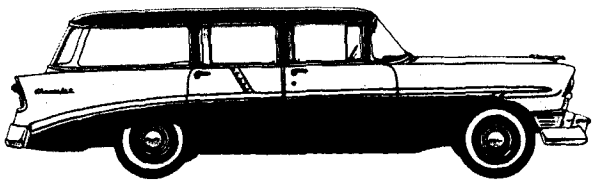
THE BEL AIR 2-DOOR SEDAN—A beautiful thing to handle! Ball-Race steering makes turning easier.



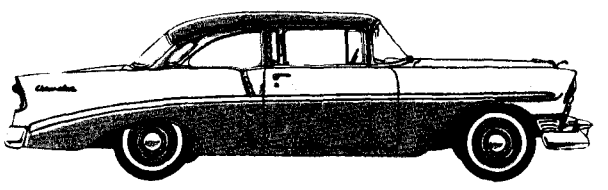
THE BEL AIR BEAUVILLE—Seats nine passengers, or converts quickly to roomy cargo carrier.



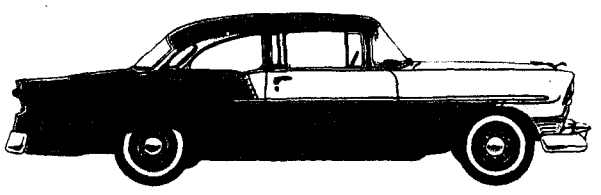
THE "TWO-TEN" 4-DOOR SEDAN—As you can see, the "Two-Ten" series has its own sassy new styling.



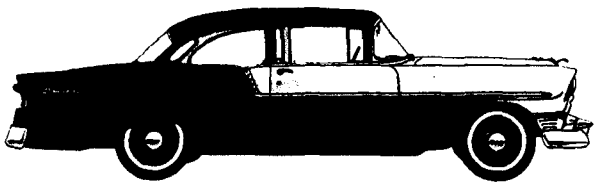
THE "TWO-TEN" TOWNSMAN—Plenty of room for six—plus big load space in this 4-door wagon.



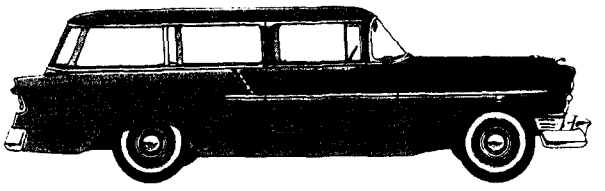
THE "TWO-TEN" 2-DOOR SEDAN—Directional signals are standard in all new Chevrolets.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" 2-DOOR SEDAN—Your choice of V8 or 6 power in every new Chevrolet.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" UTILITY SEDAN—The entire rear compartment is load space.



THE "ONE-FIFTY" HANDYMAN—Rear seat folds flat for extra carrying capacity in this 2-door wagon.

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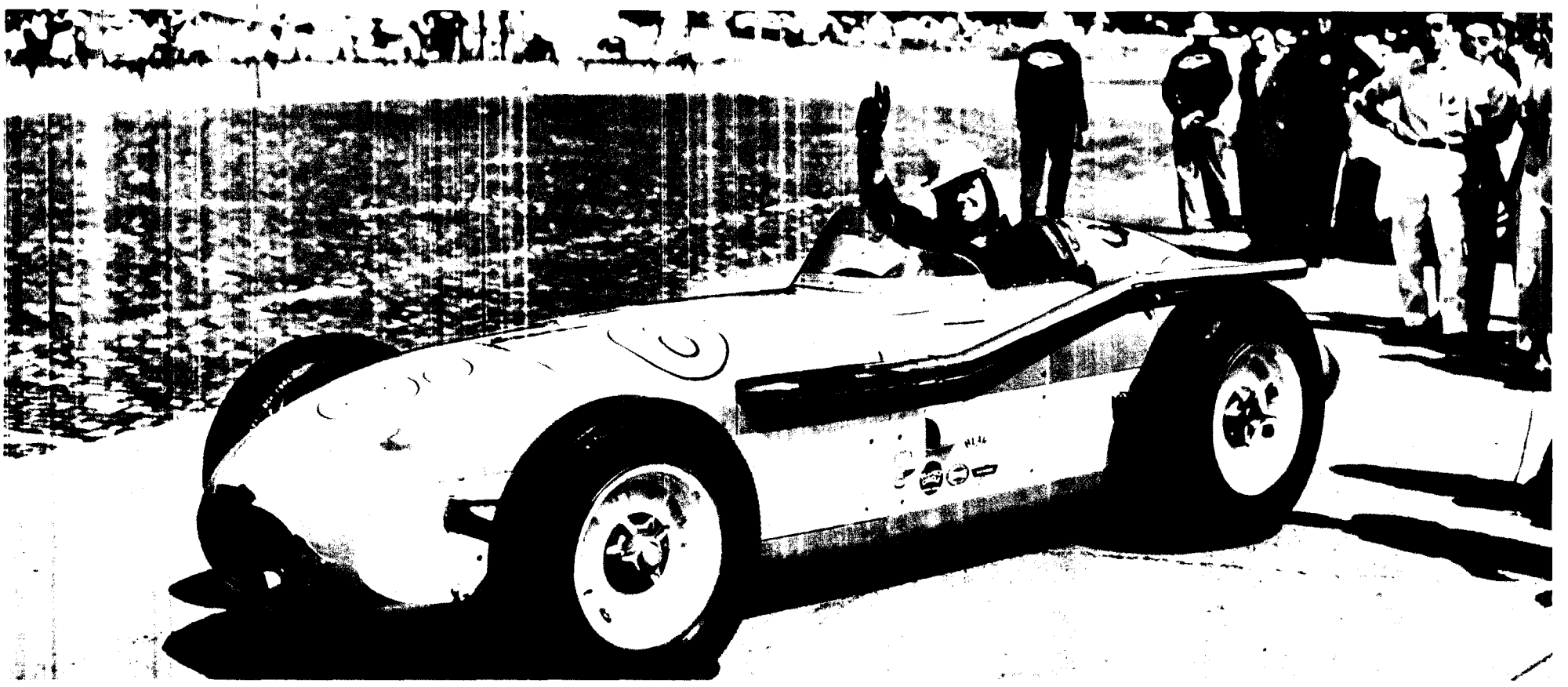

AAA Champion Bob Sweikert—won at Indianapolis and placed in six other "big car" races.

Biggest winners in AAA and NASCAR races prove Champions best for your car!

Bob Sweikert and Tim Flock used 5-rib Champion Spark Plugs in every one of 43 races!

Here's solid proof of what Champion Spark Plugs can do for *your* car:

Not only in racing cars, but in NASCAR races with all makes of standard cars—regular passenger sedans just like the one you drive—98% of the winners were powered by *Champions.*

Bob Sweikert, 1955's AAA champion—who finished first in the Indianapolis "500"—powered his racing car with Champions.

Tim Flock, the year's top NASCAR winner, drove his Chrysler "300" with Champions. In fact, virtually every racing driver in America insists on Champion Spark Plugs—*regardless of the make or model of car he's driving.*

These men really know cars and know engines. What stronger evidence could there be that Champions are best for your car, too!

No matter what make of car you drive, new Champion Spark Plugs will give you quicker starts, fuller power, more miles per gallon.

Remember—even the best spark plugs become inefficient after about 10,000 miles. So have yours checked today. If you need new plugs, get the best—5-rib Champions.

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

NASCAR Champion Tim Flock—Champions powered his Chrysler "300" to 18 wins, 15 placings.

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Collier's, March 2, 1956

BURT GUNN
In Washington State, author (c.) interviews lumber tugmen Manuel Correia (l.) and John Satalich

Collier's Walter Davenport wrote this comprehensive article on the political mood of America as the election year began. As of press time for this issue, President Eisenhower had not announced his political intentions. But whatever the President's decision, this report-in-depth on the attitude of the U.S. voter constitutes, in the editors' opinion, a significant contribution to the understanding of the forthcoming electoral campaign

Walter Davenport's coast-to-coast report on

People...Politics...and '56

A veteran Collier's reporter conducts a pre-election poll at the grass roots

IT STARTED in Washington. It ended eight weeks, 22 states and some 15,000 miles later. In Washington, in both Republican and Democratic headquarters, professional politicians were in lip-pursed huddles, deep in what they called preconvention strategy—which is a glossy way of asking one another what do you think we had better do next.

My job was to ask the American voter what he expected (or hoped) to do next—next November, that is. After some five or six hundred interviews I had something more substantial than a broad hint. Out of all that talking to my fellow citizens, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf, emerged at least one fact that defied denial in the days before the great decision: If Mr. Eisenhower wanted a second term he could have it—with a heavily Democratic Congress.

Mr. Eisenhower, President, candidate or private citizen, is a national institution, not merely a deeply respected public figure. Overwhelmingly, the people I talked to hoped earnestly that he'd accept a second nomination. But paradoxically they hoped too that he wouldn't if election might shorten his life. They would rather have him alive in Gettysburg than incapacitated in Washington. It was not hero worship, not a statesman's acclaim, not the rescue gratitude that all but perpetuated F.D.R. It was simply affection for a man who has become the popular neighbor of 160,000,000 people.

In Washington, my jump-off place, the more ebullient of the Democratic ballyhoo boys and organ pumpers assured me that my assignment was a waste of time. The Republican nominee, whoever he might be, was destined for defeat, rout, repudiation and oblivion. That's what they said. They said, too, that the people were in outraged, disillusioned agreement about the Eisenhower administration. The farmers were "up in arms"—their very words. To a man, organized labor was pawing the ground in its impatience to "abolish Republican plutocracy." Millions of housewives, infuriated by the current administration's scorn of their prayers for lower living costs, were eagerly, even fiercely awaiting the day when they could

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Except in the deepest South and northern New England, party lines are sc

JOHN MENDICINO

Farmer Clark Swanson, Preemption, Ill., an Ike supporter, strings along with Agriculture Secretary Benson but thinks "he hurts his cause by being stubborn"

vote down their common enemy (the Republican party) and restore the republic to a just and humane control (the Democratic party).

Snatching my chance, I asked whether anyone, anywhere, was going to vote Republican. Properly enough, I was told not to be silly, that of course there were people so dedicated to decadent political theories that they would futilely buck the all-pervading tide. Naturally, I couldn't know at the time that a Mr. Hilbert Blau, in Milwaukee, a cheese machinery salesman, was to say: "I'm a Democrat. Sure we're the humane party. Always helping the little guy. But there must be some way of being humane without messing humanity all up. I'm an Eisenhower Democrat."

In Republican headquarters there was less noise. The lack of clamor, they told me, was due to an absence of reason for false bravado. Naturally I peddled these official and unofficial words to the people I interviewed—this cause for Republican quietude, for example, to a gentleman at the Salt Lake City airport. He said it was readily explainable. "A full belly may rumble some," said he, "but it don't holler much."

It was somewhat reassuring to find that most of what I heard in Washington fell short of accuracy. Mr. Eisenhower was not by common consent a political 4F. The farmers were not up in arms even though uncomfortably in the red. And all was not nosegay Nelly with Republicans either, although the serenity of G.O.P. headquarters was clearly due to a country-wide lack of Republican shout material.

And it was hard to tell whether the Republican brass's disinclination to uproar was due to complacency, anxiety, confidence, resignation or a passing attack of the fourth-year vapors. It was gatherable that they had something more than hope that Mr. Eisenhower would again be their candidate. All you got was a wordless wise look when you asked the direct question—as if they'd love to tell you something, but were tongue-tied. In short, a cold peace pervaded Republican headquarters—as was inevitable in the weeks while the country was awaiting the President's decision. In the meantime, they said, they were primed for battle-organizing down to the last man on every precinct level.

Over a companionable beer or two in Evansville, Indiana, I discussed precinct organization with a Republican torchbearer who has devoted many profitable doorbell-ringing years to that activity. His somewhat acid commentary was due, perhaps, to Indiana's 1955 local elections, when his party took a demoralizing shellacking.

"Precincts my eye," said he in somewhat more picturesque terms. "There ain't any precincts any more except on paper—ever since the war and maybe before. Shifts in populations. Look, there was a time when I knew everybody in my precinct by their first names. Now I'm doing well if I learn their last names before they move out and some other name moves in. You used to be able to count in advance how many votes you've got in your district. Now even the voters don't know how they're going to vote. Democrats today and Republicans tomorrow. Precinct organization. Look, what year are those guys in Washington organizing for? Nineteen twenty-eight?"

He was not quite as sour as he sounded. Chagrin probably rode his tongue but before I had traveled far I began to suspect that he was not talking of Indiana alone but of the other 47 states as well—whether he knew it or not. Not until I got into the more irreconcilable deep South and to a lesser degree into the more rigidly conventional reaches of New England was I to find party lines still clearly defined or consistently followed.

Before leaving Washington I had asked both party posts of command what issues they proposed to feed the voters. The Republicans said Peace and Prosperity, admittedly a powerful one-two punch. Should there be those too smug, too round-bellied or too shortsighted to be lured by that, a

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...rossed even precinct workers are confused

second and pithier bait would be dangled—I Like Ike Even Better. However, there was then, they said, a negligible possibility that Mr. Eisenhower might not head the 1956 ticket. In such event, they admitted, that second slogan might be changed to He's Ike's Choice or something like that.

The issues that the Democratic drum beaters armed me with lacked crispness. Less concisely they proposed to remind the farmer that his was a plight from which he could be rescued only by a change in administration. Similarly the small businessman would be heartened and rallied by assurances of small-business revivals. These lures, not yet reduced to shibboleth size, would be garnished with scandal cress (Dixon-Yates, for example) and more-and-cheaper-housing-and-power sauce, making a right tasty mulligan for a large majority of the voters.

Neither party was yet prepared to add to its voter-roping appeal such bush-beating cudgels as tax reductions, foreign policies and racial equality.

Naturally, all but the last named will get vigorous airings before the oratorical flames are extinguished by the voters in November. But as a Mr. Jorgensen was to tell me, in Ithaca, New York, such issues are "counter-punch stuff." Mr. Jorgensen, a carpenter who has "always intended to run for something just for the hell of it," explained. "If," said he, "you're running for something it's like in the ring. You let the other guy lead while you're feeling him out. In politics you let the other guy lead with something neither of you is sure of. If he's wrong you smack him back with it. If he's right you holler he's stealing your stuff. You counter him. See?"

LEAVING WASHINGTON, deluged with briefings, I took off for Los Angeles formulating questions as I flew. For whom did you vote in 1952? Would you repeat, if possible, in 1956? Why? Do you think the reunion of the AFL and the CIO is going to make a difference in next November's voting? How? Whom would you prefer as candidate if one or both 1952 Presidential aspirants is not nominated? Why? Are you by habit or registration a Democrat? A Republican? What would be your advice to Ike if you were Mamie? What would you do if you were Ike?

I would (and did) shun officeholders, bell ringers, wire pullers and other professional politicians—once I had left Washington. I wasted no time in state legislatures, county courthouses and city halls. This was a political temper-sampling of the common voter—we the people who will trudge to the polls in November with battered ears and smarting eyes to speak the final word. And the common voter co-operated—sometimes hesitant, sometimes vehement. Colonel Dan Drawn (retired) was vehement.

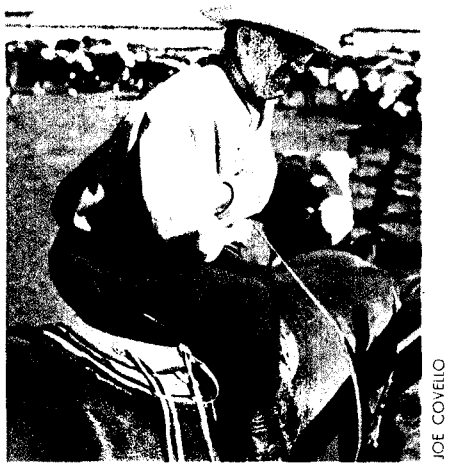
The colonel was standing stiffly erect at a street intersection in Los Angeles. He was choleric of face and temper, an implacable foe of nonsense in all its forms. I was lost. I asked him the way to Sunset Boulevard. In a parade-ground bark, he told me. "Four blocks straight ahead. Understand? Four blocks. Long blocks." I said I had looked for a policeman. The colonel's body swelled at the mention of a cop. "Couldn't have told you," he snapped. "They know nothing. Understand? Nothing." I decided his political opinions might be interesting. "Eisenhower," ripped the colonel. "Not because he's a Republican, understand, but because he's a soldier. That's what this country needs—the guidance of the military mind. Understand?" I didn't argue. The colonel wouldn't have listened anyway. "If Eisenhower's not fit, let us have another military mind at the head of government. No other way to peace and order. Four blocks straight ahead. Understand?" I said I did and trudged straight ahead, the colonel watching me almost fiercely.

Talk to an individual on the street, in a doorway, in a hotel lobby—anywhere—and you frequently attracted a sizable group. The trouble was that in no time they were all talking at once. There was that bench at a bus stop. There were five or six people sitting on that bench and I joined them.

And accord was general, too—for a few minutes. They'd voted for Ike in '52, and they'd do it again in '56 if they had a chance. If you were Mamie? Gettysburg, brother, Gettysburg. If you were Ike? Well, I'd have to think it over. But listen, brother, I wouldn't let all those guys push me around. If I was Ike, I'm the only one who'd know how I felt.

A woman two places down the bench said that if she were Mamie she'd let him make up his own mind. She added cryptically: "There are a good many ways of letting a man make up his own mind. Any woman knows that." Nixon? The noes ran down the line like echoes. No Nixon. Why? Too young. Too emotional. Too slick. Not enough experience.

Only now and then, from California to New Hampshire, was I to find Nixon votes. Too young. Lacked stature. Just *(Continued on page 74)*

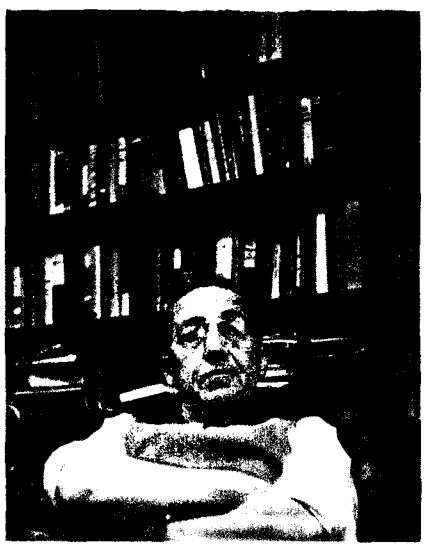


JOE COVELLO

Rancher Joe Huffington, near Houston, says he's "neither a Democrat nor a Republican. The only things I belong to are my wife and the Baptists"

BOB PURDY

Steelworkers Frank Du Leba (c.) and Albert Hallman, Homestead, Pa., are Democrats—but Du Leba voted Eisenhower in '52 and still likes him



CARL IWASAKI

Denver Post publisher Palmer Hoyt says politicos make farm problems look worse

BERN KEATING

Mrs. John Huff, of Greenville, Miss., is fighting integration

GEORGE WOODRUFF

Mr. and Mrs. George Blakeslee, who own a novelty shop near Manchester, N.H., like Nixon—but not as President

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Silhouetted against window of her traditional-décor New York apartment, Grace and fiancé enjoy a moment of relative peace

Hollywood's Queen becomes a PRINCESS

It was more like a *première* than a betrothal. Everyone wanted to see the show and read the script. But these exclusive photos of Grace and her prince reveal a basic phenomenon which tells the whole story: love

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AND now—so said the families, the friends, the press, the press agents, the movie fans of America and the 23,000 heir-happy inhabitants of the principality of Monaco—and now, the two would live happily ever after. But it wasn't quite that easy. Many headlines had to be hurdled first. Suddenly, it was everyone's business where the wedding would be: how many children they would have; why she wasn't marrying an American: whether they could be happy, and whether the palace plumbing was any good.

Behind the ballyhoo was a simple fact: two people—Grace Kelly, the queen of Hollywood, and Rainier III, the Prince of Monaco, wanted to get married. Their betrothal had been publicized, glamorized and full of whoop-de-do. There were skeptics who said that the marriage wouldn't last a year; superskeptics who said that it would never take place at all. And no one could call them wrong, for a mere engagement has never guaranteed the nuptials of any couple. But when the two were photographed recently, in an exclusive interview in Miss Kelly's apartment, the camera's impersonal eye caught moments filled with a gentle and unmistakable presence. It was the presence of something called love.

Continued

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWELL CONANT

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On Swan set star had a gay reunion with friend Jessie Royce Landis, who plays the mother determined to marry daughter (Grace) to a prince

Photographer catches Grace perched on boom. When she wasn't on camera she liked to watch the other stars at work from this vantage point

Between scenes Grace read a French book she found on set. She speaks the language moderately well and plans to study it further in Monaco

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The fiancée of a real-life prince chats on a studio set with her movie prince, British actor Alec Guinness. Grace and Guinness co-star in M-G-M's The Swan

The people who work with Grace like and respect her; they scoff at the "ice goddess" legend

For some months before her engagement was announced, Grace had been at work on M-G-M's forthcoming film, The Swan (in which, as was often and gleefully noted, she plays a girl who marries a prince). If she knew, then, that her name would soon be hitting as many newspaper editions as the weather report, she didn't show it by so much as a secret smile.

On the set, Hollywood's acknowledged queen behaved precisely as she always had. Unlike the white-sports-car brigade, she drove to work in a battered old sedan, dressed in her customary skirts, shirts and flat-heeled shoes. Before the cameras she seldom needed direction, almost never fluffed a line. Between scenes she knitted or read books—often in French. Throughout the filming she was friendly with everyone, easily accessible, immensely popular with the crew.

"I've heard that girl called everything from ice-cold to glacial," observed a fond co-star. "Nonsense! They say those things about her because they don't know what else to say about her. And they don't know because Grace has always minded her own business and kept her own counsel."

As it later developed, she certainly had.

Continued

Pet poodle, Oliver, was a vital member of Hollywood household. He will move to Monaco with Grace and join the prince's private kennel

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"This picture," says photographer Conant, "sums up my feeling about Grace in Hollywood. She's above the ballyhoo. She wants no part of it. She feels that her private life

It was, indeed, love at first sight, Prince Rainier said; but he thought he had better come to the United States, find Grace and take a second look. His mother wished him luck . . . "And I was lucky"

Photographer Howell Conant, who had first come to know Grace when he did a picture story on her vacation in Jamaica (Collier's, June 24, 1955), spent two weeks shooting her at work in Hollywood. Shortly after returning to New York he got a phone call from Miss Kelly. "Collier's better hurry up with that Swan story," she said. "I'm getting married."

A week later the engagement was made public; and Conant was invited to spend an afternoon photographing Grace and Prince Rainier together, in the only interview ever given in her New York apartment. "I don't believe I've ever seen two people who looked more in love," Conant reported. "Every time I turned away to change film or grab another camera, they'd start whispering, holding hands . . . like any just-engaged couple. Pretty romantic.

"We talked, mostly about their honeymoon plans . . . traveling

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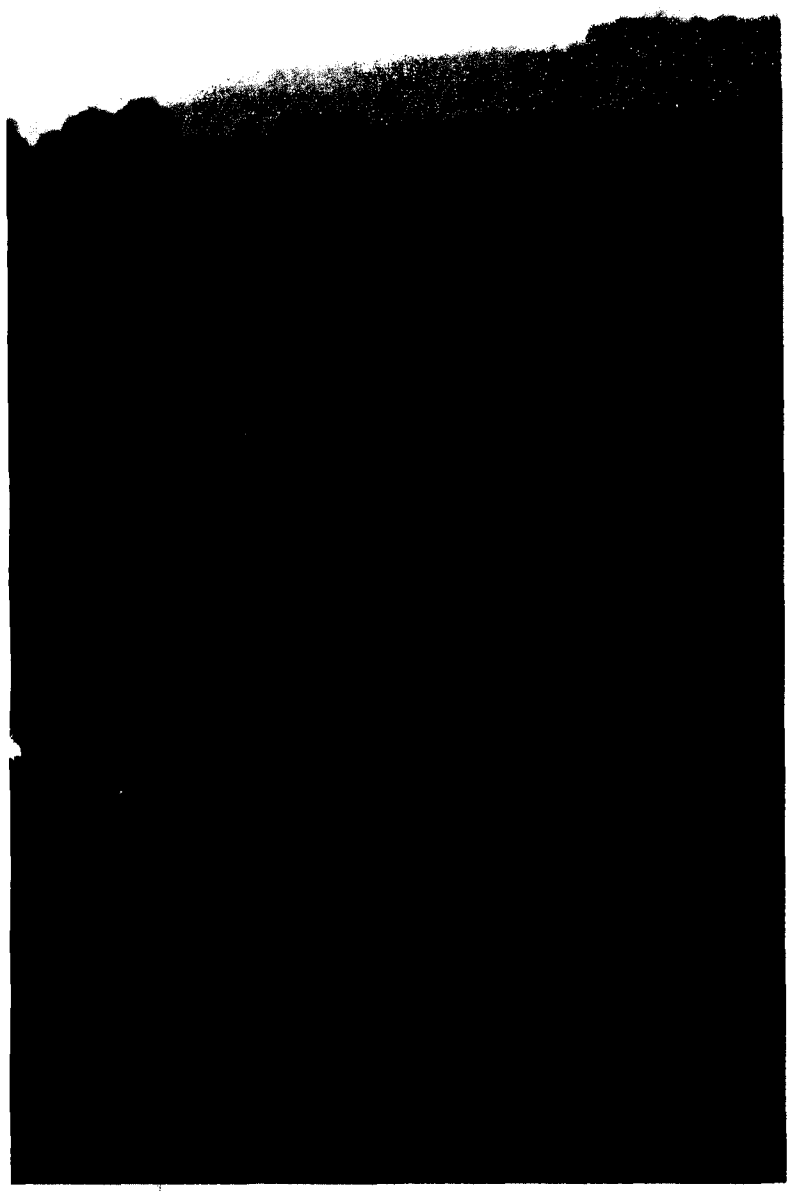

is her own business. And so they call her aloof, remote, emotionless . . ."

on his yacht, and doing skin-diving and underwater photography. The prince said he's been down as deep as 45 meters—'whatever that is in feet.' Well, it's about 115 feet, and that's daredevilish, I'd say. I told him I introduced Grace to skin-diving when we were in Jamaica. She took to it right away. She's an excellent swimmer.

"There were newspaper stories on the engagement scattered all over the place. They read each one and laughed at the pictures. And Rainier said Grace could take a better picture of him than all the news photographers put together (see photo at upper right).

"When I left, Grace walked me to the door. 'What do you think of him?' she asked. I told her if I were in any position to pass judgment I'd give my wholehearted approval. Prince or no prince, he's a heck of a nice guy.

" 'I knew you'd like him, Howell,' she said. 'He's wonderful.' "

An amateur photographer, Grace snapped this picture of prince and Oliver

PHOTO BY GRACE KELLY

A scant two months before the pledging of the troth, Collier's had asked writer David Schoenbrun, CBS's Paris correspondent, to interview Prince Rainier, in the young monarch's pink palace in Monaco. The result had been the strangely prophetic article (Where Will the Prince Find His Princess? Dec. 9. 1955), in which Rainier, about to embark for the United States, had described his ideal girl for the first time in print. "I like a girl who is fair-haired," he had told Schoenbrun, ". . . with the sort of subtle beauty that grows on you. She . . . has long flowing hair . . . her eyes are blue or hazel, flecked with gold." The prince didn't say he was thinking of Grace, whom he had met some months earlier. But his friend and chaplain, the Reverend J. Francis Tucker, says the dream girl Rainier described to Collier's was based "on what he found in Miss Kelly."

The prince did mention Grace, however, in that first interview, when he talked of his dating problems: "When I met your lovely American actress, Miss Grace Kelly . . . the next day I read in the papers I was going to marry her. That sort of thing embarrasses both me and the girl."

Recently, in a second meeting with Schoenbrun—this one in Rainier's Manhattan apartment, when the CBS correspondent was in New York at the time of the engagement announcement—the prince was less embarrassed than enchanted by the turn of events.

"It really was love at first sight," he said, "but I thought I'd better take a second look. You can't propose by letter to a girl who is almost a stranger. And so when I made plans to visit America and see Miss Kelly again, I spoke to my mother and she wished me luck. And I was lucky.

"I think we'll be married here first, in a religious ceremony, and then in Monte Carlo. That will, I hope, symbolize the union of love and friendship—between my bride and myself, and between our peoples.

"You see," he finished smilingly, "you asked: 'Where will the prince find his princess?' Well, now you know." —MARTHA WEINMAN

Prince and his princess-to-be, happily engrossed in a multitude of secrets

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A new map for

It's the first flat-surface map of the United States with true and accurate third dimensional effect

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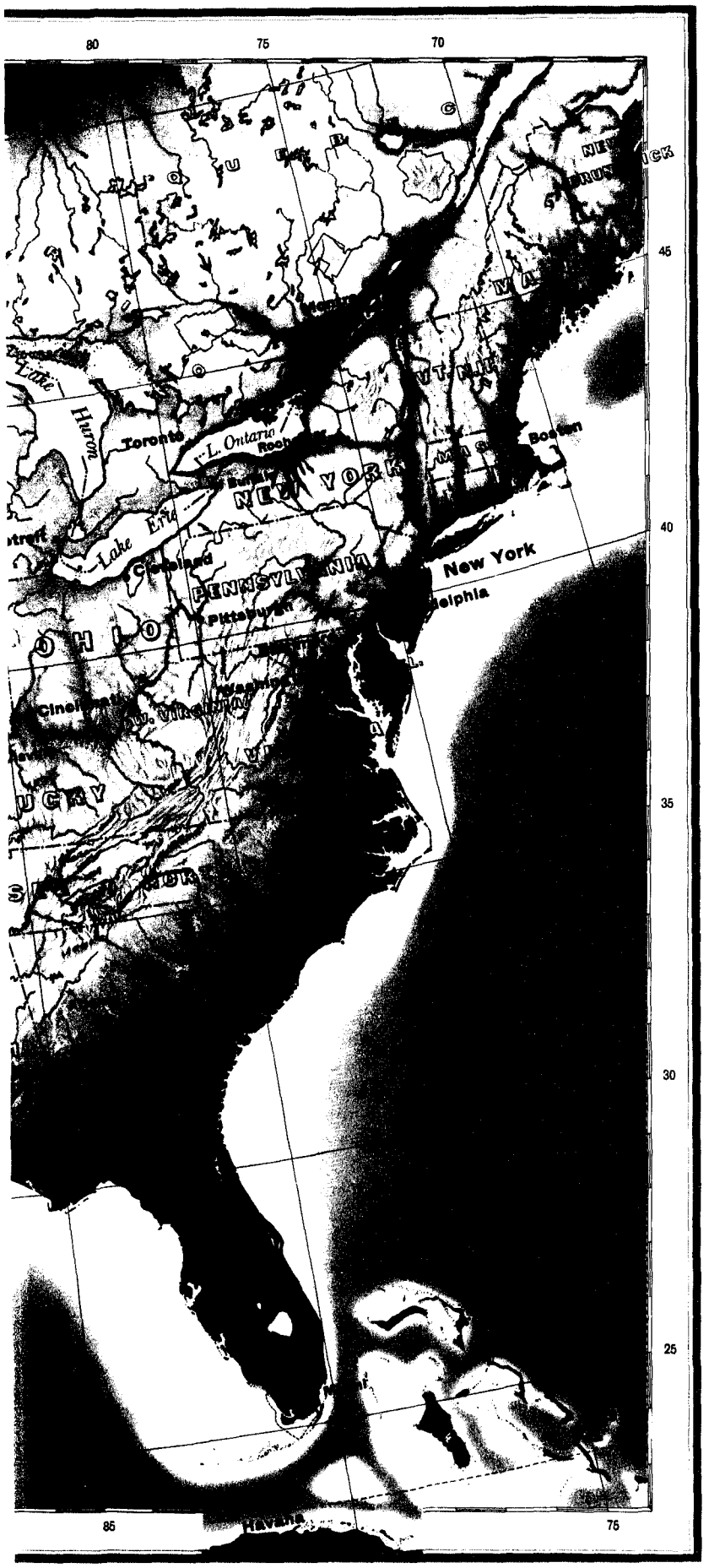
America

The secret lies in a novel "merged-relief" process



How globes are prepared: Helen Childress pastes a map-imprinted paper gore (there are 12 to a globe) on plastic sphere at Rand McNally's plant in Chicago

By BILL FAY

IN THE 1870s, most maps were made from stone etchings or copper engravings. Either method was expensive, and even a small map of the United States sold for upwards of $5. Then a Chicago printer named Andrew McNally got an idea it would be cheaper to produce maps from wax engravings—a process he'd learned as an apprentice in County Armagh, Ireland.

"You can patch a wax engraving," McNally told his partner William Rand. "If we use wax, we can keep our plates up to date with patches—and undersell competitors who have to make a new etching or engraving every time they revise a map.

"And," McNally predicted, "with the railroads moving west and new towns springing up every day, people will be eager to buy all the maps we can print."

As things turned out, Andrew McNally was quite a prophet. Wax engravings slashed the price of maps from several dollars to a few cents per copy. Pioneers pushing westward bought Rand McNally maps by the hundreds of thousands, and Rand McNally emerged in the 1880s as the world's largest map-making company—a position it still holds today.

This year, Rand McNally & Company will celebrate its centennial by printing some 250,000,000 maps and globes, including the new map of the United States introduced on these pages. The new map, marking the first use of a "merged-relief" art technique which adds a third-dimensional effect of depth to mountains and valleys, has been acclaimed "a revolutionary development in cartography." As Dr. Clyde F. Kohn, professor of geography at Northwestern University, points out:

"The problem of representing land surface in a third dimension has long plagued cartographers. Contour lines, colors representing elevation, and pictorial symbols have all been tried with varying success. But none has proved entirely satisfactory. However, when you look at the Rocky Mountains on the new merged-relief map, you see mountains instead of the contour lines and flat colors which represent mountains on a con-

Left: Here's a preview of the new "merged-relief" map of the United States being published this year by Rand McNally to celebrate the company's 100th anniversary. The third-dimensional effect is achieved by dramatic and skillful use of oblique shading. Colors are keyed to the altitudes: dark green—0-500 feet; light green—500-1,000; yellow—1,000-2,000; light brown—2,000-5,000; reddish brown—5,000-10,000; red—above 10,000. An unusual feature is shading and blending of colors to show gradual changes in elevation; earlier maps carried only flat color tints which gave no hint of gradual changes. Company says only one artist could work on map because individual styles of artists vary and wouldn't blend harmoniously. It took artist Dorothy Nelson seven months to complete project. Because of small size of this preview map, it omits some details that will appear on wall-size version, including smaller cities, dams, rivers, railroads

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ventional map. The oblique shading technique brings to mountains, valleys and other landforms a feeling of reality—and the over-all result is a vivid and authoritative portrayal of the anatomy of our country."

Over the next 10 years, Rand McNally plans to map the whole world in merged relief. "It's a tedious process," explains chief map editor Carl Mapes. "One artist worked seven months on the United States map. You can't rush production by putting two or three artists on the same map because their individual styles wouldn't blend harmoniously. Besides, there's the problem of training enough artists to do the job. So far, only two artists have mastered the merged-relief technique."

ALTHOUGH BEST KNOWN as a map publisher, Rand McNally also dominates the transportation-ticket field, printing each year about half of the bus and railroad tickets and at least 90 per cent of the airplane tickets used in the United States. Actually, Rand and McNally started as railroad printers. (Rand opened the print shop in 1856; two years later he had been joined by McNally, newly arrived from Ireland.) Three hours after the Great Chicago Fire of 1871 destroyed their presses, the partners walked around the corner and bought the only remaining print shop in town, paying three times what it was worth. Next morning they were back in business printing tickets and timetables; and their first maps appeared a year later in the Railroad Guide.

By 1876, Rand McNally was producing tickets, timetables and maps for railroads spanning the country from New York to San Francisco. Pondering this happy development, William Rand observed: "Perhaps we should also publish literature for the traveling public."

This thought put Rand McNally into the book business with an initial offering of two volumes, The History of La Salle County and The Locust Plague in the United States, both published in 1877. The La Salle history sold moderately well, but the plague treatise flopped due to a bit of bad luck: the locusts disappeared a few days before the book came out.

Undaunted by this setback, Rand McNally switched to paperback novels priced at 25 cents and bearing such enticingly romantic titles as Only a Farmer's Daughter, The Suspected Wife, Sweet Love's Atonement, Woman's Passion, and For Another's Sin. Virtue triumphed in all 398 volumes of Rand McNally's paperback series; and a kiss, when placed on chaste lips, was neither taken lightly nor awarded on rash impulse. For example, consider Edward Springrove's genteel approach to Cytheria Graye in True to Her Love: "She breathed quicker and warmer; he took her right hand in his own right; it was not withdrawn. He put his left hand behind her neck till it came round upon her left cheek; it was not thrust away. Lightly pressing her, he brought her face and mouth toward his own; when, at this very brink, some unaccountable thought or spell within him suddenly made him halt—even now, and, as it seemed, as much to himself as to her, he murmured, 'May I?' "

Spurred by profitable sales of quarter paperbacks, mostly in depots and aboard trains, Rand McNally expanded into textbooks and children's books, and also published the works of such famous writers as Rudyard Kipling, Arthur Conan Doyle and Robert Louis Stevenson. By 1900 the company was firmly established among the leading book publishers. This year its huge plant at Hammond, Indiana, will roll out 30,000,000 volumes, including high-school and college texts, adult nonfiction, children's books and juveniles, catalogues, encyclopedias, atlases and bankers' directories.

As the era of rapid railroad expansion ended at the turn of the century, the demand for Rand McNally maps temporarily slackened. Then, in June, 1908, another Andrew McNally, grandson of the cofounder, helped his bride into a Packard touring car in downtown Chicago and took off on a honeymoon trip to Milwaukee. At each puzzling intersection, McNally hopped out of the car and took a picture with a big box camera. His photographs—marked with a black arrow to indicate the route—appeared in Rand McNally's first auto guide, forerunner of the modern road map.

Rand McNally's bulky 200-page Chicago-to-New York Photo Auto Guide, printed in 1909, contained 350 halftones of intersections and sold for $5. In an effort to reduce the size of the guide, McNally and a Chicago draftsman named John Brink conceived the idea of painting telephone poles to mark the route, so that symbols could be used on road maps instead of costly halftones.

Soon, Rand McNally was marking roads all over the country for highway associations and motor clubs. *Follow the Painted Poles* was a company slogan until the system of marking route with numbers came into widespread use in the 1920s.

This year, Rand McNally will print about 65,000,000 road maps, nearly all of them for free distribution by a dozen major oil companies. Its skilled researchers, who maintain liaison with hundreds of state-highway-department officials, will check the condition of every road in the country from eight-lane freeways to unimproved dirt lanes. Maps of the most active road-building states—like New York, Pennsylvania and California—will be revised completely three or four times in 1956.

To make sure the population figures used in Rand McNally maps and atlases are accurate, the research department also will continue what amounts to a perpetual poll of the nation's postmasters. Each year about 25,000 post-card queries are sent out, and replies often run the gamut from tragedy to wry humor. One Oklahoma postmaster recently answered: "Eastman all gone. Stores burned. Schoolhouse empty." Another postmaster in rural Arkansas reported: "Total population is me and my hound-dog and he's not long for this world."

Chicago printer Andrew McNally, cofounder of Rand McNally, world's No. 1 map firm, introduced methods which gave U.S. its first inexpensive maps

Actually, the researchers keep tabs on 119,039 U.S. communities, including 109,988 unincorporated areas with populations of less than 1,000. By way of contrast, the U.S. Census Bureau lists only 20,000 communities altogether.

Heading up Rand McNally in its centennial year is forty-six-year-old Andrew McNally III, great-grandson of the cofounder (the Rands have not been active in the company since 1899). McNally, a ruddy and incisive six-footer, started working in the pressroom at fifteen. As a captain during World War II, he supervised mass production of maps for the Army. After the war, he returned to take charge of Rand McNally with the conviction that world maps should be redesigned for the air age.

"Everybody knows the world is round," McNally remarked at a planning conference, "but most of us have had our thinking distorted by studying flat maps based on Mercator's east-west projections. We've grown up with the mistaken notion that Europe lies east of the United States, and that Russia lies even farther east beyond Poland.

"But if we look at a globe," McNally continued, "we can see that Russia sits just across the Arctic Circle on the far side of Canada. That's the strategic picture we should be dramatizing in an air-age map—and the best way to show Russia's true position in relation to the United States is to project our maps on the North Pole instead of the equator."

SIGNIFICANTLY, two of Rand McNally's best-selling world maps this year are World Map for the Air Age, and The United States and World Affairs. Both are projected on the North Pole.

"Of course," McNally acknowledges, "polar maps distort Australia, South America and other, smaller land masses south of the equator. That's unavoidable. You can't squeeze a round world onto a flat map without distorting some areas. However, polar maps present an undistorted picture of the all-important areas *north* of the equator which contain two thirds of the world's land surface and 90 per cent of its population."

But even polar maps don't fully satisfy McNally. Already, he's looking forward to the day when his artists finish mapping the world in the new merged-relief technique. Eventually, these merged-relief patterns will be mounted on globes to form a new kind of map showing both the true shape of the world and the true nature of the earth's surface. Any way you look at it, that figures to be as close to map-making perfection as even Rand McNally can get. THE END

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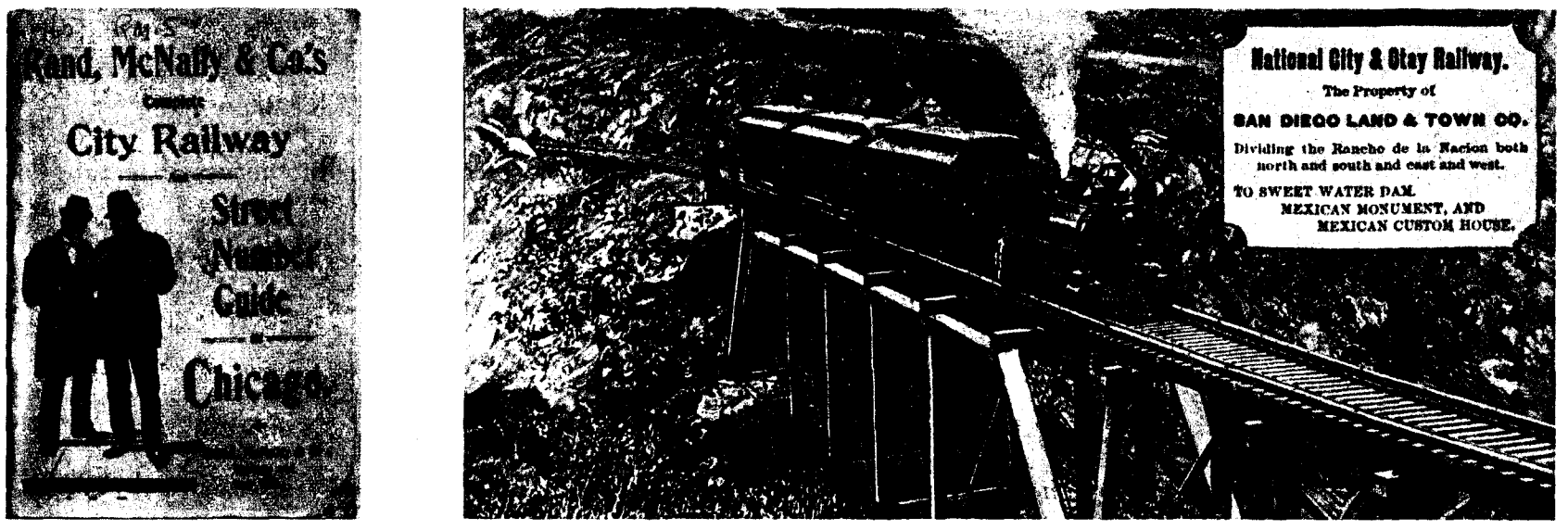

From Rand McNally's files: an early Chicago street directory, a California railroad timetable, and an "around-the-world ticket" (published as an advertising gimmick)

Above: Artist Dorothy Nelson, who got assignment to draw first "merged-relief" map of U.S., adds a few final touches. Left: Andrew McNally III, president of firm and great-grandson of cofounder, examines a proof sheet of part of new map

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How can a car be started best on ice-slick roads? Kept going? Brought safely to a stop? A committee of winter-driving experts conducts tests on a frozen lake to find the answers as part of its program to

STOP SKIDS

By HOWARD COHN

Ford's Roy Bannister, Lyman Daniell of General Motors and Chrysler's Pete Denison (l. to r.) work together switching tires at winter tests

Always expect worst in winter driving, urges committee. For example, what appears to be clear road ahead (above) becomes skid-causing patch of ice on other side of the hill (below)

THERE used to be a widely accepted theory that tires should be underinflated for safer winter driving. Less air, it was assumed, would mean a wider tire surface and therefore greater traction on snow and ice.

The logic was good, but the advice dangerous. Tests proved that underinflated tires actually make cars considerably more susceptible to side skidding in slippery weather than normally inflated ones. It was found that the softer, deflated tire tends to become concave in shape when a car is moving. As a result, its center rides off the ground, providing less —not more—tire contact with the road.

The source of this evidence and most other facts on how better to maneuver automobiles and trucks over snow and ice is the Committee on Winter Driving Hazards of the National Safety Council. The council is the federally chartered association which serves as a clearinghouse for gathering and distributing information on all types of accidents. The 36 members of its special winter-driving committee include experts from all branches of the automotive industry, as well as government and university engineers and representatives of safety organizations.

The committee's goal is a vital, complex one: to learn how to stop the skids that make winter driving the most hazardous of the year over most of the United States. Everyone who ever has tried frantically to bring his car to a stop while it spins wildly over a patch of ice knows the scope of the problem.

To help reach its goal, the committee has shivered through extended outdoor tests during 12 of the winters since its formation in 1939. And in late February, it is holding a major indoor meeting in Chicago to lay the groundwork for future research.

The test results and observations through the years provide a primer for getting a car under way, keeping it moving and bringing it to a safe stop on ice and packed snow. Here are some of the most important conclusions:

- Gearshift cars have better traction on slippery surfaces when started in second gear. Automatic transmission cars should be started in the normal drive position (the lower range in the case of dual-range transmissions).
- Reinforced chains, snow tires and good regular treads are most effective, in that order, for driving on snow and ice.
- In rounding a corner, the steering wheel should be turned very gradually or in short slow turns.
- To stop a car, the brake pedal should either be pumped rapidly or brought down gently to the maximum braking point—never slammed down.
- The emergency brake should not be used in trying to stop; it will throw the car into a spin.
- In case of a skid, steer in the direction the *rear* of the car is going.

Some of the committee's most significant and surprising findings concern the effect of temperature on winter driving. Generally speaking, the warmer it gets when there is snow and ice on the ground, the more treacherous the going.

"Cold ice, like an ice cube just taken from the refrigerator, is sticky," explains Stanley T. Siegel, a National Safety Council traffic engineer who is the committee secretary. "But let a layer of water form on top of the ice—or let snow get slushy—and it really gets slick and dangerous."

Statistics offer startling evidence. A car going 20 miles an hour stops in 21 feet on dry concrete. The braking distance at zero degrees on glare ice is 114 feet. It goes up to 195 feet when the thermometer rises to 20 above zero. And at 30 degrees, it's a whopping 235 feet—more than twice the braking distance required on the same ice at zero.

These figures were confirmed during last winter's test on Pine Lake, Clintonville, Wisconsin, a favorite committee proving ground. The program included research on braking, traction, cornering and truck-driving technique. The frozen lake offered plenty of room for skidding without danger, and the three-week duration of the tests provided temperatures that ranged from below zero to the freezing mark. Tire, chain, automobile, truck and brake companies supplied $100,000 worth of personnel and equipment to help with the tests.

With all the data from years of study on hand, the winter-driving experts still feel that increased stress should be placed on each driver's common sense. They point out, for example, how few motorists will take advantage of a dry, narrow strip in the road by steering their cars so that at least two wheels will be on solid pavement.

"Be moderate when driving in winter," committee chairman Ralph A. Moyer, a professor of civil engineering at the University of California, likes to advise. "Accelerate, brake and steer gradually. And, if you expect the worst of the road ahead, you're always going to come out best." THE END

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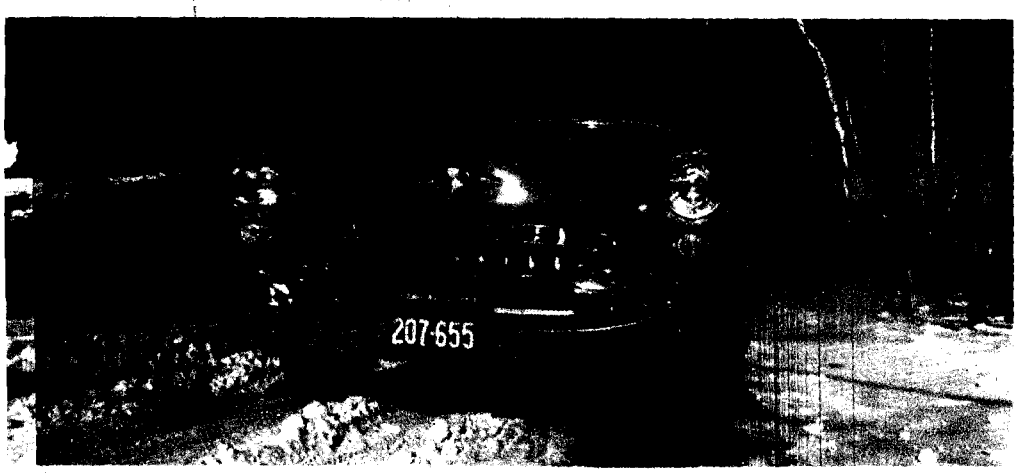
On the gleaming ice of Pine Lake, Wisconsin, a heavy foot on brake sends car at left spinning out of control. Pumping brake stops the other car with no trace of skid

Take advantage of dry strip by using it as a lane for two wheels of the car. Statistics show slippery road conditions to be a factor in nearly one out of every six fatal auto accidents



PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARTIN IGER

Skid resistance of tires on ice is tested by circling a car at 20 mph. A cable gauge holds car to path and measures strain

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By John O'Hara

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A delightful and heart-warming novelette about small-town America, by the author of

The following is a stenographic report of an address by Mr. Albert W. Shoemaker, president of the Shoemaker Printing Company and former editor and publisher of the Lyons Republican, at a dinner in honor of Dr. Samuel G. Merritt. The dinner, which took place on September 17, 1955, in the main dining room of the Lyons Hotel, Lyons, Pennsylvania, commemorated the forty years of Dr. Merritt's service to Lyons and surrounding community and to wish him well upon his retirement from active practice of his profession.

The affair was sponsored jointly by the Lyons Rotary Club, Kiwanis, Lions, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Patriotic Order Sons of America, Knights of Columbus, Benevolent & Protective Order of Elks, Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Pythias, Ministerial Association, Holy Name Society, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Lyons Gun Club, Merchants Association, Boy Scouts of America, Order of the Eastern Star, American Red Cross, Daughters of Isabella, Delphian Society, United Mine Workers of America, and the Nesquehela County Medical Society.

More than two hundred persons, including many prominent in business, labor, industry and the professions, were present at the dinner. The invocation was by the Reverend Father Alexis P. Smirnolinski, pastor of St. Boniface R. C. Church, after which the toastmaster, Mr. Cyril V. Longenecker, introduced several leading out-of-town visitors, who were called upon for brief remarks. They were followed by the address by Mr. Shoemaker, who was the principal speaker of the evening.

The benediction was asked by the Reverend Eustace Muhlenberg Fry, rector of the Lyons Methodist Episcopal Church. Music was provided by the Lyons High School Orchestra under the leadership of Miss Charline K. Smith, B.M.

MR. TOASTMASTER, Distinguished Guests, Reverend Members of the Clergy, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Back in February of this year, when a few of us old-timers accidentally discovered that we had in our midst a man who had held the same job for close on to forty years, that seemed such a remarkable accomplishment in these days that a few of us decided we ought to do something about it. This town of ours used to be an important railroad center, before they put in the buses and before the business of mining coal was all shot to—well, a certain place that I understand they have all the coal they need, if the reverend clergy will pardon me.

I mention the railroads because when they were prosperous, one of the greatest honors a man could have was the watch that the railroad company

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family party

the current best seller Ten North Frederick

gave a man when he retired. I used to sometimes wonder why they gave a railroader a watch when he retired instead of when he started out, but of course the railroads used to do a lot of things I could never understand, but that's not saying I don't wish we still had them with us. But as I was saying, it was an honor when the company gave a man a watch, and incidentally you never hear of a bus driver bragging about the watch the bus company gave him. Well, be that as it may, the reason why a man was so proud of his watch was because it meant something. It represented something.

What did it represent? It represented that a man had given thirty or forty years of faithful service to his company and to his community, out in all kinds of weather, often performing his duties at the risk of his very life. It represented to one and all that a man had not only done his job and obeyed orders, but oftentimes did that little extra something that meant his train reached its destination on time and without damage to the cargo or injury to the passengers. Railroading was hard work and not only hard work physically. A man had to keep on his toes. If you wanted to go from brakeman to fireman or fireman to engineman, you had to study the rules and pass difficult examinations that if you ever saw the examination for fireman, I wonder how many college graduates could pass it today.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, the more we thought of it the more we

Some of you look at me as if to say, "Don't you have sense enough to avoid that topic tonight?"

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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Dr. Sam Merritt had lived here all his life—yet no one suspected he was hiding a secret

decided that we had in our midst a friend of ours who had held a job for forty years, or nearly forty, and while he wasn't a brakeman on the railroad, or a fireman, or an engineman, or for that matter a trackwalker, still he had been serving his community that long, and he was entitled to some recognition. Of course you all know who I am talking about, so I guess I can take the liberty of saying that this old friend of ours, he held his job for forty years. Sure he held his job for forty years. Why? Nobody could fire him.

But seriously, if you want to look at it that way, I'm wrong, because to put it another way, there wasn't a man or woman in Lyons or nearby communities that couldn't fire him. On the railroad there's only a few that can fire you, but this friend of ours, anybody could fire him. But nobody ever did, at least that I know of, so we had to give him credit for keeping his job for forty years with more bosses than anybody I can think of. Not to take anything away from those of you who worked on the railroads, or had fathers or brothers or uncles that were railroaders, but this friend of ours was every bit as important as any engineman or fireman or conductor, and I'm sure some of you will agree with me that maybe he was a little more important. I could look around this room right now and see the faces of some former railroaders that wouldn't be here tonight if it hadn't of been for the friend we are honoring this evening.

And I guess anybody that's old enough can remember how desperately he worked the night of the Short Mountain wreck. That was the time when an 1800-type locomotive ran away and plowed into the Bug loaded with a hundred and eighty miners on their way home from work. For the benefit of the younger ones present, the Bug was the name they gave to the miners' train that took the miners up to Short Mountain and Outerbridge Colliery. They killed fourteen miners not counting members of the crew, and when I was in the Army in France in 1918 I still never saw anything to compare with that rear car of the Bug. They used to back it up to Outerbridge Colliery, so when the 1800-type ran away she plowed right into that rear car and I don't want to turn your stomachs with a description of the carnage that evening.

I was reporting on my father's newspaper, the good old Lyons Republican that I unfortunately couldn't keep its head above water after 1929, and when we heard there was a wreck up on Short Mountain my father sent me up there to cover it, and all I can tell you is that I wish it had been my day off. Only I didn't have a day off. But I wished I had gone for a swim out in the Glen. Anything so I wouldn't have to be there when my father got word about the wreck. We got the word just about as soon as anybody because we used to publish the Republican in the building where Hartman's Garage is now, but then it was our office and we had our printing plant there, and of course it was right across the street from the old freight station and down the street from the passenger, and somebody mentioned it to my father and they were making up a train consisting of a baggage car and a locomotive to go up there to the scene of the wreck. They had young boys going around to the doctors' offices and trying to get miners that had first-aid experience, first-aid crewmen, and any National Guard men that could be of assistance.

WE ONLY had the three doctors in town then and I remember thinking when I got on the train, they had two of the doctors, but I didn't see Sam Merritt. "Where is Sam Merritt?" I asked myself. Well, I could have saved my breath, because when we reached the scene of the wreck, Sam was there already. But I'll tell you this much. At first I couldn't recognize him. And I'll leave it to your imagination what his face was covered with that I couldn't recognize him.

How did Sam Merritt get there? How did he happen to be the first there? The first doctor? Well, it's a good question, but tonight we can ask ourselves how Sam Merritt was often the first one to be there, on the scene when he was needed. I'm not taking anything from the other two doctors we had then, or any we had since, but I never knew a man like Sam Merritt for being there when he was needed.

Well, I took a look at Sam and he took a look at me, and then he put me to work. I wasn't a reporter. I was an orderly, or a nurse. There was nobody standing around that night, taking notes. He worked us all so hard that we hardly got any chance to show any signs of weakness. I tell you what the only thing I can compare it to that I ever saw was, and that was a field hospital. Or more like a dressing station before you got to the field hospital. We got other help from Johnsville, and also from Singerstown and Mountain View and Holtz's and Singers Crossing and by the time it was dark some of the doctors and nurses from Gibbsville and Fort Penn, but the commander in chief was Sam Merritt, and we'll never know how many miners had their lives saved because Sam was on the scene so quickly after it happened.

Later on, weeks later, I happened to think of that and I asked Sam, I said, "How did you happen to get there so soon the evening of the wreck?" And do you know what his answer was? His answer was typical, I mean typical of how a doctor can never call his time his own. He said he had a new 16-gauge, a Fox I remember it was, 16-gauge Fox in the back of his tin lizzie and he'd been meaning for days to take it out and fire a few rounds just to get the feel of it, and this particular day he decided that he'd put it off long enough and he was going to fire that gun no matter whose baby didn't get delivered or who got the croup.

So he took the back road out by Schwarzwald's and was looking for a place to stop and get in a little shooting and suddenly he heard the crash. It was suppertime almost, but he had no trouble locating the crash because the boiler blew up and the rear car caught fire. Right away he guessed what happened. Back went the new gun and Sam drove as near as he could to the scene of the wreck and went the rest on foot. And just to show you that the world isn't full of men like Sam Merritt, somebody stole the new gun from the back of the Ford. While he was tending to the injured and dying, somebody went up to his car and stole the shotgun out of the back seat of the car and he never laid eyes on it again.

WELL, maybe some of you good people are wondering a little about this speech of mine, if you can call it a speech, so I guess I better tell you how it all happened. I think everybody, or at least everybody from town, all know that Sam Merritt is my best friend and has been since we were boys together. As boys we weren't too close. We didn't get along very well. I never thought much of him and he never thought much of me, but there weren't so many boys the same age, so there was only the four or five white boys and two colored that played together then, and Sam and I were in that bunch. We all used to go out the Glen swimming, or get chased off coal cars and empty freights, and sometimes get caught stealing apples out of Mrs. Fiddler's orchard. Hallowe'en we used to take gates off people's fences, and hold ticktacks up against their windows, or chalk up their sidewalks—where there were sidewalks—or barns, if they didn't have any sidewalks.

Lyons was a great deal different then than it is now, when we were boys. When we were boys they didn't have any radio or television and Sol Pollock hadn't even started up his movie house. You could count the automobiles on the fingers of one hand, and the hose company didn't have the combination truck they have now. We had a hand pumper that we also pulled by hand, or the firemen did. We just ran along after them. I heard my nephew talking the other day about the bucket brigade, as if a bucket brigade was something typical of the Revolutionary War. Well, they had them in the Revolutionary War, but they had them in my time, too, and I don't go back quite that far.

Oh, there were a great many things we have now that we didn't have then, like paved streets, and sidewalks on every street in town. But I can tell you a few things we had then that we don't have now and one of them is trees. You wouldn't know it now, but almost every house in Lyons had its tree in front of it, and sometimes two, and I know in our back yard we had four apple trees and two oxheart cherry trees and two or maybe three sickle pears and a grape arbor.

We have this modern hotel where we are having this banquet this evening, but where this hotel stands there used to be the old Exchange Hotel run by Martin Angstadt, and I can remember him how he used to get very angry if a man's horse chewed the bark off one of the trees in front of his hotel. It meant there was something wrong with the horse but Martin didn't care about the horse. All he cared about was what they were doing to his trees. All I have to do is shut my eyes and remember how Lyons looked thirty, forty years ago when we still had trees. Now instead of trees we have parking meters on Main Street and Market Street and very few trees anywheres else.

But I started to tell you good people how I happened to be making this speech this evening. I didn't ask to do it, I guarantee you that. But when we began talking among ourselves about giving a banquet in honor of Sam Merritt we had several discussions about asking somebody prominent like the Governor or maybe some famous doctor or somebody like that. But the more we thought of it the more we wanted to make it what you might call a family party. You won't find anybody here tonight that's a stranger to Sam Merritt. We're all either his friends or related to him, and that includes those from out of town that you heard earlier this evening.

We could have got the Governor to come here this evening and you'll notice on the program you'll see printed the names of former Lyons boys that left Lyons and went out to become successful in New York City, Philadelphia, Detroit, Michigan, and other distant places. They all wanted to take some part in the celebration, as Cy told you earlier, so we very

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graciously permitted them to buy tickets for the dinner even if they couldn't be here to eat it. But we decided that if we got somebody like the Governor it would make it a different kind of a party. Sam Merritt was never one that was much for show and I doubt if he would have permitted us to hold this dinner if it got too elaborate. In fact he said so. If we wanted to hold a banquet for him it had to be kept simple and confined to Lyons people and a few from out of town that he himself would like to have present.

Well, you can't have a party like this without there being a speaker, and the more we went ahead with the preparations the more I noticed that they didn't say anything about who the speaker was going to be. Then finally about two weeks ago I brought it up at a meeting of the committee and the other fellows looked at each other and laughed and I think it was Reese Evans said to me, "Bert, you're it."

"Me?" I said.

"That's right. You. Bert Shoemaker."

"But the dinner's only about two weeks off," I said. I said, "I can't go to work and prepare a speech in two weeks."

"We know that," said Reese. "That's why we didn't tell you before. We don't want a speech. If you prepare a speech it'll be formal and stiff. All we want you to do is stand up on your two feet and kind of reminisce about Sam. You're his best friend and you know him better than anybody else and you won't spill all over with sentimental hogwash."

"That you can be sure of," I said. "Because if I did the first person to leave the room would be Samuel G. Merritt, M.D." So that's how I happened to get picked as the speaker. They allowed me to write down a few notes that I could refer to in case I got stuck for something to say, but that's all. I have these notes here, and just let me hold them up for you to see and you'll readily understand that I wasn't allowed to do much preparation.

SO FAR I haven't referred to my notes but I think I ought to start touching on some of the highlights and I notice I have written down here the word *Family*. I had the experience the other day where there were these two young fellows in their early thirties and one of them made a disparaging remark about the other and I said to him it was no way to talk about his cousin. His cousin? he said. Well, believe it or not, this one young fellow didn't know he was a cousin of the other and it was up to me to explain the relationship. They don't seem to care so much about that any more, and that being the case, I wouldn't be surprised if half the people in this room, especially the younger ones, don't know a great deal about Sam's family history.

Not that I intend to give you a whole family tree, but for their benefit, Sam was born right here in Lyons in the year 1887. His father was Isaac Merritt and Isaac was born here too. Here I have to look at my notes and it says Isaac was born 1860. Eighteen sixty. Well, that was ninety-five years ago, almost a hundred years ago. Mr. Merritt went through school here, first public and then high, then I understand he took the two-year commercial course at Fort Penn Commercial Institute.

What Mr. Merritt's father, Sam's grandfather did, I don't know and I should have found that out before getting up here and talking. However I do know the family originally came here from Connecticut by way of York State, and I understand the road they have called the Merritt Parkway was named after some family connection, although you'll have to verify that with Sam as that's only my impression and I don't want to make a positive statement to that effect. But that's what the stock was. New England. Then in 1883 Sam's father married Miss Frieda Langendorf, and the Langendorfs are an old Lyons family, which most of you know. The Langendorfs built the first trolley line here and I guess there wasn't much accomplished around here that the Langendorfs didn't have something to do with.

Sam was the second son of that union. He had an older brother, Isaac Junior, known as Boo for some reason I couldn't fathom. Boo Merritt was always known as Boo even in the privacy of the home. Boo received an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, and he was in his third year there doing extremely well when he contracted spinal meningitis and passed away at the age of twenty. He was the tallest of the Merritt family and some said he grew too fast. That may be, but I can tell you all the girls fell for him when he came home on vacation in his Annapolis midshipman's uniform. In those days we used to have a dance at Christmas at the Odd Fellows Hall and the rest of us weren't in it when Boo was around.

Boo passing away was very hard on Sam not only because they were very close for two brothers about the same age, but also he had the responsibility of being the oldest of the Merritt children. There was Victoria, now Mrs. J. J. Singer, and Dorothy, Mrs. D. W. Schleicher, of Johnsville, both ladies it is my pleasure to see here tonight observing the affair in honor of their older brother. Then there was Oscar Merritt, Sam's younger brother, born 1891 and passed away at the age of six of typhoid, so I guess you couldn't call him a responsibility when Boo died, although naturally Mr. and Mrs. Merritt must have thought back to their early loss when Boo died, and that was a sort of a responsibility for Sam.

I often think it was Boo that decided Sam to become a doctor. When he passed away, that is. Up to then I don't remember Sam ever saying much about being a doctor. This is only what I think, but when we were young boys together I would have said Sam would grow up to be a carpenter. Carpenter and builder. In those days a master carpenter could build a house and all the help he needed was an apprentice, and by the time Sam was fourteen or fifteen years of age, he was the handiest with tools in our bunch, and one summer when he was fifteen or sixteen, he put in new shelves and bins and one counter in his father's store. He did it all by himself.

Today I guess Sam has the best amateur carpentry shop in town down in the cellar at his house, and a lot of us here tonight have articles of furniture that Sam made in his own shop, just for pleasure. Very fine workmanship, too. Not only articles of furniture, but also the gavel they use at Rotary, that was made by Sam. The pulpit at the M. E. church, that was made by Sam, not to mention countless cigar humidors and things for the ladies to keep their sewing in.

I often heard Sam say he could make more cash money as a carpenter than as a doctor, because people pay their carpenter before they pay their doctor, but I promised I wouldn't say anything about that tonight because I don't think anybody'd have the nerve to show their face here tonight if they owed Sam for an unpaid bill. I wouldn't think of mentioning that, because I don't think anybody'd drive here in a nice new sedan if they still owed Sam for medical attention a year or two ago. So I won't say anything about that.

Nobody has to make excuses for not paying Sam the money they owe him, because Sam makes up their excuses himself. I remember saying to him some years ago, I said I noticed that a certain family were sending their son away to college and they seemed to forget they owed Sam over eight hundred dollars. "Well," said Sam, "eight hundred dollars will only pay for one semester and if the boy's no good and flunks out at the end of the one semester, that'll be a heartache for the parents. And if the boy finishes and makes a good showing, I'll get some satisfaction out of knowing that I helped put him through." That's the kind of story that everybody here can tell about Sam Merritt.

I used to try to persuade him to leave his money at home when he went out on his calls because if he had twenty-five dollars in his pocket when he went out, that was no guarantee that he was going to have twenty-five when he got home. And don't forget, friends, some of his patients used to pay him cash by the visit.

"At least don't give away more than you earn in a day," I used to say to him. But Sam would take a look at some poor family and how they were living, or existing, and before he got home that evening he'd have an order of groceries and meat and clothes for the children on their way to the poor family.

Not that the poor weren't grateful. It wasn't the poor he should have worried about. I guess if there's one man here tonight that knows more about that than I do it's Reverend Smirnolinski, because he had more poor people in his parish than the other denominations. If you want to know what the Irish think of Sam Merritt you ought to take a look at some of the embroidery tablecloths and napkins the Sisters made for the Merritt family. And don't think that makes Sam any the less a good Methodist, because it doesn't. Sam's a good Mason and I don't have to say any more on that subject because I just got the signal to pipe down, but I think you all got my meaning.

I WAS saying a minute ago that when he was a young fellow in his teens, I didn't think Sam Merritt would ever be a doctor. I never even gave it a thought. Take high school. In botany he was all right, but when he had biology Sam would turn green when he had to dissect a frog. As far as any of us know, there was never a doctor in the Merritt or the Langendorf family, and the nearest thing to it was I understand the Merritt store did a thriving business in Peruna. That was a medicine that you didn't need a prescription for and it cured all your aches and pains. Some people took Peruna that wouldn't permit you to mention the name of Old Overholt, but the one made you feel just as good as the other.

One summer Sam got a job tending the soda fountain at Brown's but he didn't learn anything about medicine that summer. I had the same job another summer and we used to close at half past nine, but it was always near eleven before I got home by the time I got finished washing the soda glasses and ice-cream dishes and packing down those cans with ice and mixing syrup for the next day. Nobody had time to learn anything on that job. Except how smart old Doc Brown was, hiring a young fellow that thought he was going to gorge himself on ice cream and paying him two dollars a week and working him so hard he didn't even have time to eat up the profits.

But I'm not up here to pay compliments to old Doc Brown and his business ability. You wanted somebody to take a cinder out of your eye, Doc was as efficient at that as any professional man. Or, a little indigestion,

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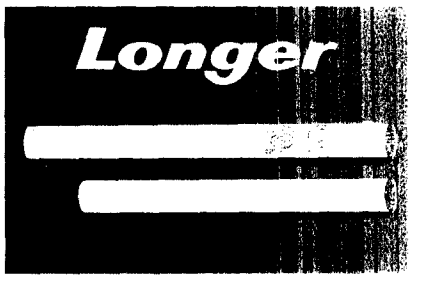

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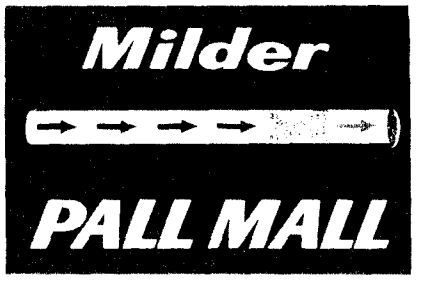

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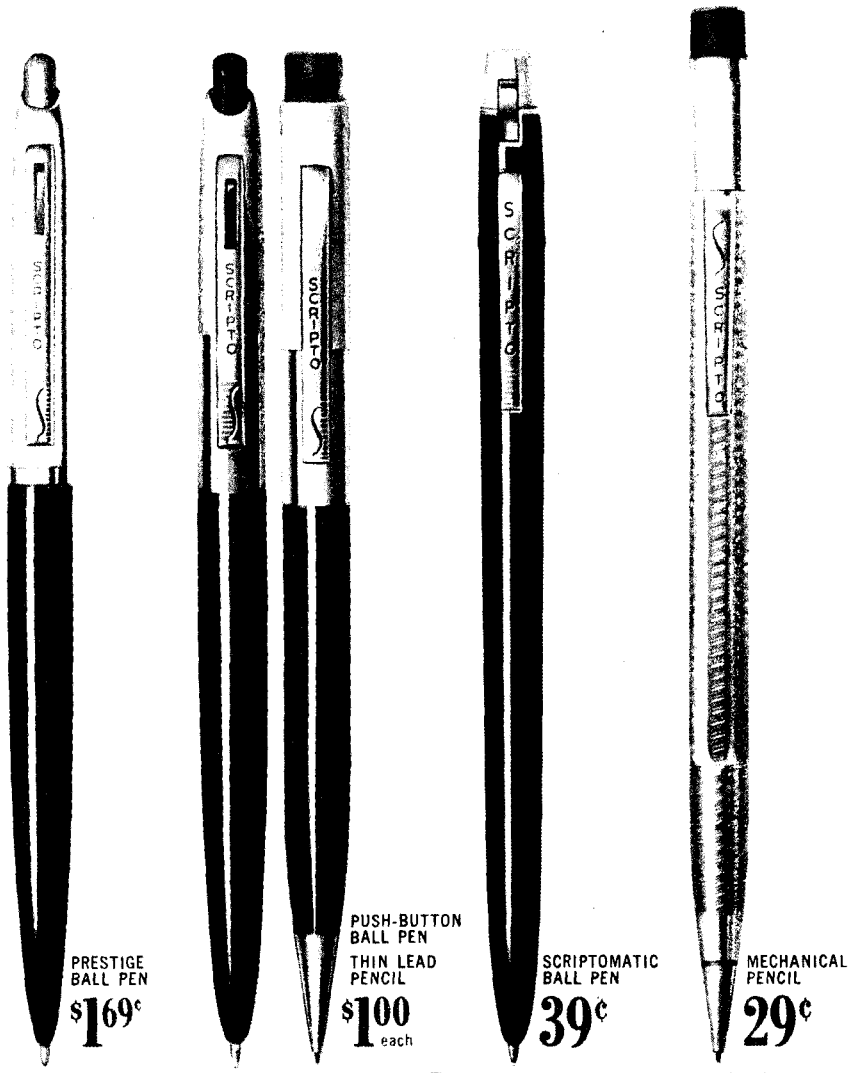

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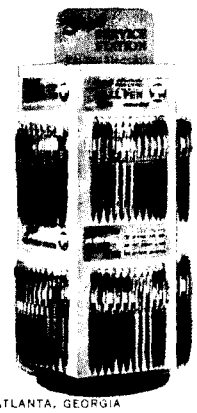

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Doc would give you a glass of soda water, or somebody'd faint and they'd be revived in Doc Brown's drugstore. In fact, Brown's drugstore in those days was the closest we had to a hospital here in Lyons. The collieries had shacks where injured men would be taken and put in bed till it was time to move them to the hospital in Fort Penn. But if there was a runaway horse and somebody got hurt, or for instance somebody fell on the ice and broke a leg, if it happened anywhere near Doc Brown's drugstore, that's where they'd take him.

And all those things meant expense to old Doc and usually there wasn't anybody to send a bill to, not to mention who had to clean up the drugstore after an accident. In a way Doc Brown should be here tonight, because although he didn't start Sam Merritt to becoming a doctor, I know that when Sam finally did go away to medical college, when he came home for vacation he always used to sit and talk to Doc Brown in those two big easy chairs Doc had in the back of the drugstore.

Doc would sit there in one of those big easy chairs and without getting up he could see who was in the store, and usually he could guess what they wanted. I guess a lot of people used to wonder how Doc Brown would know they were in the store. Well, I'll tell you. He had a peephole. It wasn't a regular peephole, such as they have in the curtain on a theatrical stage. Doc's peephole was this way: there was a row of medicine bottles on a shelf that stood between the store proper and the back room. Well, there was an empty place in that row of bottles and from where he sat Doc could sit in the chair and see through that vacant place and watch the people come in the front door.

I remember one time when I was about fourteen years old, I went in the store and Doc was in the back and I didn't think he heard me. So I reached down in the cigar counter and helped myself to two Philadelphia Hand-Mades and stuck them in my pocket. Then I called out, "Anybody here?" and Doc came out and waited on me. I guess I was getting something for my mother or father, and whatever it was, I said to charge it, and Doc said to me, "Want me to put the cigars on the bill or will you pay for them yourself? Since when did your father start smoking cigars?"

Well, I guess Doc Brown and Sam Merritt had many an interesting chat after Sam started going to medical college. I noticed since then that other Lyons boys that went away to study medicine used to drop in and loaf around at Doc Brown's. One way of keeping in touch with the profession and learning about prescriptions. Even after they got their degree they used to be in Doc Brown's till they got started building up a practice, although in a town like Lyons there was always plenty of work for a doctor if he didn't care when he got paid. I guess that's the same everywhere, not only Lyons.

The older men, the established ones, they got so much a year being company doctor at one of the collieries, and so much for various lodges, and usually the Protestant doctors got all the Protestants and the Catholic doctor got all the Catholics, and one of the older doctors would get the Reading Railway and the other would get the Pennsy. What was left for the young fellow just starting out was pretty slim pickings and some of it we don't have to talk about in mixed company. I know this much, that in 1915, when Sam Merritt hung out his shingle, I was getting eighteen a week working for my father on the old Republican and Sam was Dr. Samuel G. Merritt, or Dr. S. G. Merritt, I was a married man with a wife and daughter and Sam didn't feel he could afford to get married yet. Of course I didn't have to have my own tin lizzie and buy surgical instruments and things like that.

Surgical instruments. I want to ask Sam Merritt here and now, yes or no, is it true what I heard thirty-five or more years ago that one day he and four or five other fellows were out gunning for deer out in the Valley and they spent the night at a farmhouse out there and the farmer was putting in new

TIZZY

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timbers in the barn and somehow or other a big stone block fell on him and crushed his foot and they couldn't get the stone off. Now what I want to know, tonight after all these years, is it true that Sam cut off the foot with an ordinary handsaw? Sam says yes, he's nodding to me. That's all I wanted to know. I've been waiting thirty-five years for the answer to that, but Sam would never tell me. I don't know why. If you can do as good a job—well, some of the ladies don't appear to be very pleased with this kind of talk, so I'll change the subject.

Perhaps it would be more fitting if I went back to what I was saying about Boo Merritt and how when he passed away it decided Sam to be a doctor. Up to then Sam wouldn't even help out if a mare was having a colt, and I told you how he felt about dissecting. I'll tell you this much too, and I don't think it will make anybody sick. Sam Merritt the first time he ever saw a real operation fainted. He told me that himself. That was at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia and he just keeled over. He got used to it, but the first time, he and I think two other students fell flat on their faces. Well, a man that wanted to be a doctor that bad must have had some underlying reason for it, and according to the way I look at it, Sam was so incensed over what happened to Boo that he began to wonder or say to himself, "If I can prevent that, it's my job to prevent it."

Why do I say that? Well, I don't think Sam said it in so many words. But if you look at Sam's whole career as a doctor and as a man, I never saw anybody like Sam for wanting to right a wrong. A doctor is always righting wrongs. That's his business, or profession, if you prefer. He is supposed to cure people, which is the same thing as righting a wrong. But now there was brother Boo, passing away just when he ought to be starting life. I don't say Sam resolved to find a cure for spinal meningitis, nothing like that. But Boo passing away just showed Sam that there was a way he could right wrongs and make it his lifework.

MAYBE when Oscar passed away that had something to do with it, but by the time Boo passed away Sam was a little older and more likely to think about such things. Up to then Sam was destined to be a carpenter, if the signs meant anything, but shortly after Boo passed away Sam began taking an interest in doctoring and have long talks with Dr. George Steever, and there is a man that ought to be here tonight to give us the full story of how Sam finally made his decision, because if it hadn't of been for Dr. George Steever, in my opinion Sam never would have gone to medical college.

Looking around, my guess is that Dr. George Steever is responsible for over half the people in this room. Those he didn't personally bring into the world, he brought one or both of their parents. In my case he brought me into the world and Sam Merritt and all Sam's brothers and sisters. But they gave Dr. Steever a celebration years ago when he retired to St. Petersburg, Florida, and this party is for Sam Merritt. But it wouldn't be complete if I didn't mention the late Dr. George Steever. He used to let Sam go along with him on his calls and that way Sam got a firsthand look at what it would be like to be a doctor, and of course we have to give Dr. Steever credit for recognizing Sam's ability. Or maybe not ability, because Sam didn't have any ability then, but Dr. Steever had the insight to realize that Sam would make a good doctor and helped him get into medical college and also convinced Mr. Isaac Merritt that it was worth going to all that expense. I just remembered now that I made a note of Dr. Steever and here I mentioned him without consulting my notes.

WELL, since I took a look at my notes I might as well take a good look at them and see what I have down here. *Hobbies.* I guess if you didn't know it before you know it now, that Sam always liked to go gunning. That was one hobby. I wouldn't be surprised if Sam brought down as many as fifteen deer in the space of thirty years. That's nothing unusual in Lyons, but I'll bet some of you will be surprised to hear that Sam was I think the last man to get a bear in this town. I mean by that, within ten miles of town. I haven't even heard of a bear being seen the last twenty years, but there were still some in the woods on Klinger's Mountain as late as 1916, the year Sam got his. That's still pretty wild country through there but I never heard of anybody from town getting a bear since Sam shot his. What would that be? Thirty-five years ago. I mean thirty-nine. Thank you.

Sam hardly ever took a real vacation but there was one day he kept sacred and that was the opening day of the hunting season, even if all he went out for was pheasant. If he ever came back with an empty pouch I never heard of it, because Sam was a very good shot with gun or rifle. A little better with the shotgun because he got more practice, but he was what I call a hunting shooter. Some of our fellows out at the Gun Club could beat Sam shooting blue rocks or target, but when you got out in the woods or out where there was quail, Sam didn't miss very many. He had a lot of patience. I don't mean that the way you took it. I meant the other kind of patience, not p-a-t-i-e-n-t-s. He had both kinds, but the kind of patience I have reference to is the kind whereby you can wait and wait for hours, if necessary. If Sam was convinced there was deer in a certain locality, he'd stand there like a statue till he got a shot at the animal. Sam could stand there with a chew of tobacco in his mouth and never move a muscle. Maybe I shouldn't have said that about chewing tobacco. But Sam chewed all his life and half the time I wouldn't know if he had a chew in or not. Most people didn't know he even chewed. Well, I guess that about covers gunning.

Carpentry I already spoke of. This do-it-yourself craze you hear so much about nowadays, Sam was ahead of the public by forty years. Other hobbies I won't mention because a Methodist isn't supposed to play cards. Well, anybody that ever played bridge or poker with a certain friend of ours, he didn't violate any religious scruples with the kind of bridge and poker he played. All I can say is that if Methodists aren't supposed to play bridge or poker, this friend of ours played like a Methodist.

Maybe the true test of how fond we are of this man is that I notice there are several people in this room, myself among them, and anybody that speaks to him, let alone attends a banquet for him, must be very fond of him after being his partner at a game of bridge. Suffice it to say that he went right on playing auction after everybody else in the country was playing contract. They tell the *(Continued on page 44)*

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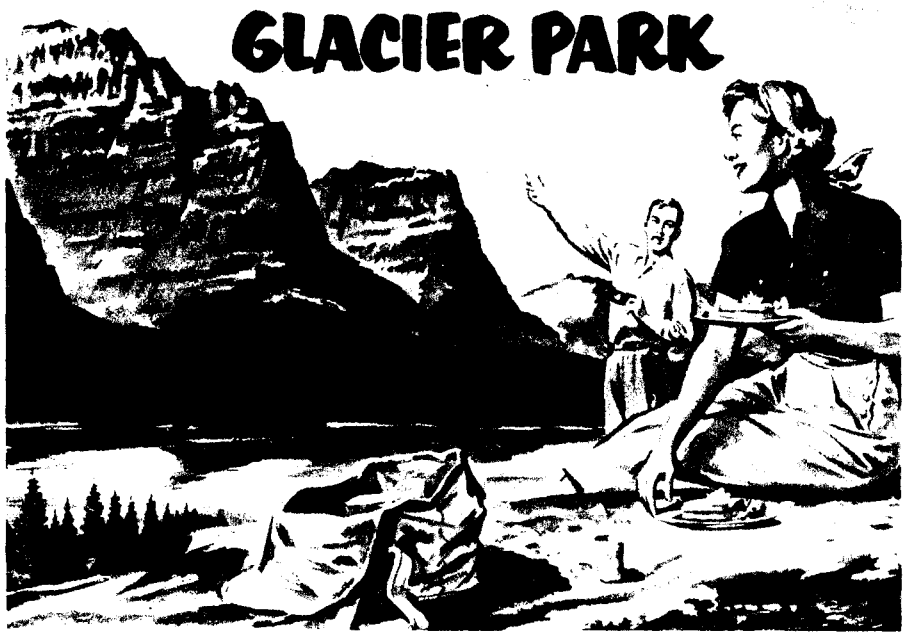

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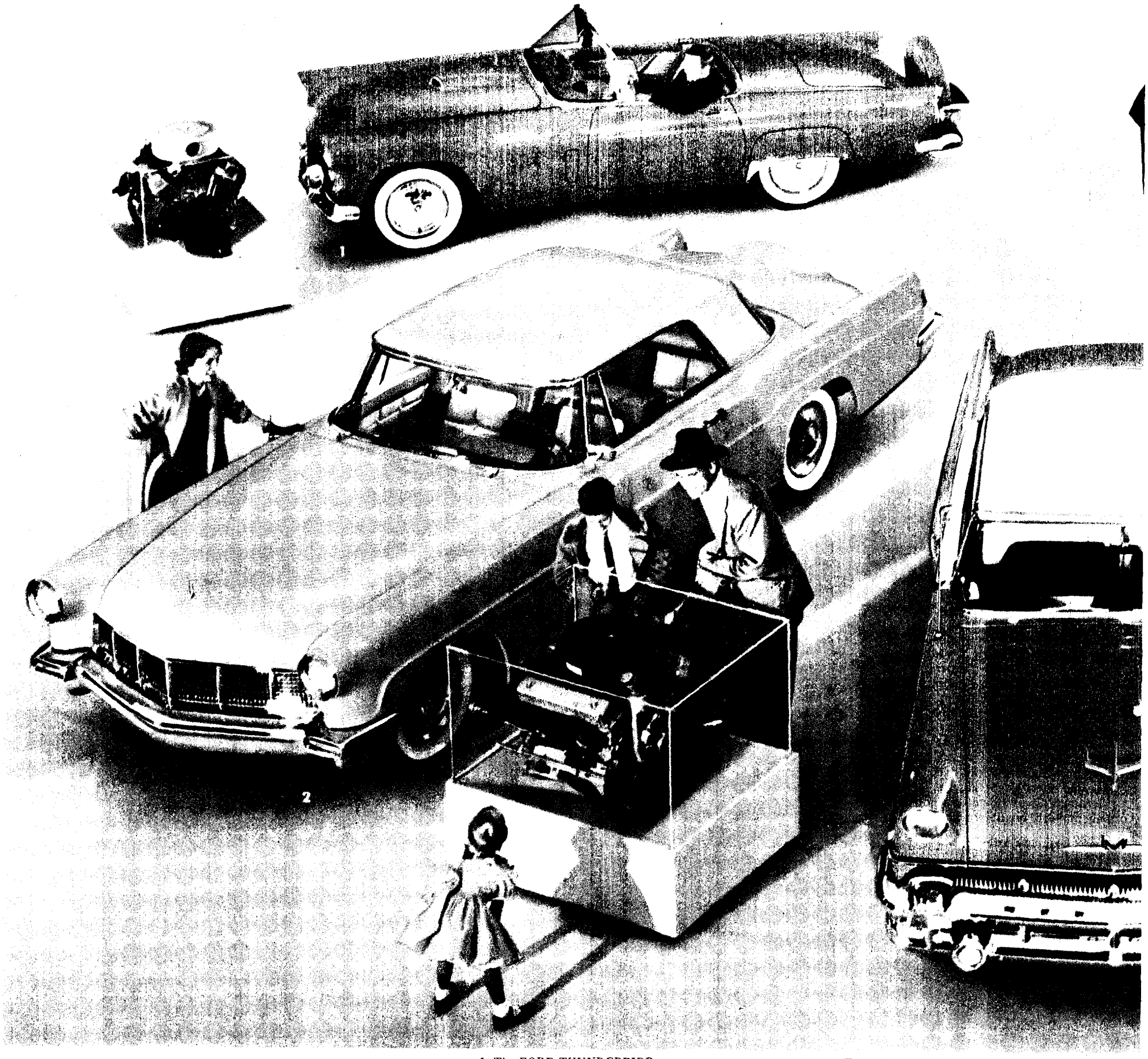

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(*Continued from page* 41) famous story of the fellow that was playing bridge one time and after he got set five tricks doubled and redoubled and vulnerable, his partner said to him, "Herman, when did you learn to play bridge? Don't just say today, say what time today." That fits our friend to the letter. Yes, our friend had to have a lot of lovable qualities to overcome his lack of ability when it came to playing cards.

Earlier in this talk, or remarks, or whatever you wish to call them, I spoke of Sam Merritt's service to the community. In my opinion it would have been enough just to have Sam Merritt attending to our aches and pains, great or small, and carrying us through our illnesses, major or minor. The majority of us here tonight have felt the touch of his hand on our pulse or had him tell us to say "Ah" and do all the things a family doctor does in the course of his daily routine. Old or young, rich or poor, we all felt better for having Sam in charge because we had the confidence that with Sam there beside us and looking after us, we had more than a doctor there. We had if not a friend—those that did not know him on that basis—we had the instinctive feeling that here was a man that the thing he wanted most in the world was for us to get well, and if there was anything in his power, he'd see to it that we did.

I LOOK around and see a lot of you nodding in agreement. Yes, so many of us have shared that experience in our acquaintance with Sam. Speaking from personal experience, he saved my life on two separate occasions. Once when I had pneumonia and the other time was when we were both about twenty and out swimming at the Glen I got cramps and it was Sam that not only pulled me out but brought me to. Many of the young people he brought into the world went out and served their country in Africa, Europe, the Pacific and Korea, and there are children in this town tonight that Sam not only delivered them but also both of their parents. Some of us are walking around with both legs or have the use of both hands that if it hadn't of been for Sam's care we would have been minus a limb. In all our memories as long as we live we'll all have some reason to be grateful to Sam Merritt. And it ought to be a great satisfaction to Sam, although the kind of man Sam is, I don't even think he gives that a thought. He would only consider that he had done his duty according to the oath of I am sorry to say I can't recall the name of the famous Greek person that made up the oath that all doctors are supposed to take.

But as though that were not sufficient to make an indelible impression on the history of our community, let us not, my friends, overlook his service to the community as a whole and not merely what we know and recall as individuals. For Samuel G. Merritt made a contribution to this community that is not generally known and to the best of my knowledge and belief, never was given credit for. Perhaps many of you, even those who hold him in high esteem and consider that you are his friends, perhaps many of you will be hearing this for the first time.

Now I see our friend frowning at me because he is beginning to suspect the nature of what I am about to tell you and he would vastly prefer that I maintain silence on the subject. But this is a family party in which I see nobody here that does not belong here. This is a family party and I was delegated to make the principal address because I happen to be the guest of honor's best friend. Therefore in spite of the silent protest of our guest of honor, I consider it my duty at least once and for all to relate to you the true story of a service which he rendered the community that many of us are apt to overlook and many others do not even know about.

Sam, you're just going to have to sit there and let me talk, so stop making faces at me.

Back in the middle of the nineteen twenties, and all the years preceding, if somebody from Lyons had to have a major operation or hospital care, they had their choice of two hospitals. The person could go to Gibbsville, thirty-five miles away, or they could go to Fort Penn, a distance of forty-four miles. Most people preferred to go to Fort Penn because although Gibbsville was nearer by nine miles, it meant mountain travel all the way, whereas Fort Penn meant there was only one mountain between Lyons and there.

In the old days when I was a boy the only ambulance we had was owned by the colliery and it was drawn by mules. If a miner got badly hurt in the mines they would bring him first to the first-aid shack and then put him in the ambulance and put him in the baggage car of the Pennsy train, the morning one or the evening one, and I don't have to tell you that half the time by the time the train was ready to leave, the injured man was beyond all assistance on this earth.

Later on the collieries had an automobile ambulance, but even that wasn't much of an improvement in bad weather. The roads from here to Gibbsville were usually drifted, or the tires would go bad, or that old Winton would get engine trouble and there they'd be stuck halfway between here and Gibbsville till somebody came along and pulled them out. From here to Fort Penn was better, but not all that better.

Well, then came the great influenza epidemic of 1918 and the people around here were dying like flies. Odd Fellows Hall was turned into an emergency hospital and so was the Moose Hall. Sam and our other doctors used to work till they dropped and then they'd have a cup of coffee and start working some more. But all those conditions convinced Sam that we needed a hospital here in Lyons. Thirty-five miles away, forty-four miles away was too far to take somebody that was dying of illness or accident. So that was when Sam began his one-man campaign to raise funds for a hospital here in Lyons.

You know what the first thing he did was, after he got an estimate on how much the hospital would cost? He put up all his savings, a little over $14,000, mortgaged his house for another ten, got his mother to donate a thousand, and he was in business. In other words, he was able to go around to people and say he had raised $25,000 toward a new hospital for Lyons.

The lowest estimate he could get for a completely equipped small hospital, completely equipped but with nothing fancy, was $300,000. So he went to his sisters and got between them another five thousand, and that way he was able to tell people that ten per cent of the cost was already raised. He didn't bother to tell anybody that all the money had been raised inside his own family, mostly by Sam himself. Some of you easily remember what a campaign he put on. First he started with his friends, and he bled us dry, but we were only too glad. All you had to do was listen to Sam giving his sales talk and he made it seem like a pleasure to dig down in your pocket or your bank account and give till it hurt and then give some more, as they used to say. The other two doctors in town put up five thousand apiece and more credit to them, because it was a lot of money in those days.

Of course everywhere Sam went to collect money or pledges, everybody said what about the coal companies? Why don't you get the money from them? But Sam said he was more anxious to have it a community enterprise first and save the coal companies for big contributions later, when more than half the money was raised and the coal companies couldn't say no. The same with the Union. Sam felt that if Lyons raised most of the money, the Union and the operators would be practically forced into putting up the balance.

Well, Sam was doing fine, pleading and persuading and badgering. All the town churches had euchres and bake sales and sold chances on this or that, and Rotary and Kiwanis and the fraternal organizations all chipped in, and Sam added up one day and realized that he had in money and pledges just a little over $200,000. Now was the time to go to the coal companies and the Union!

Then the ax fell.

The day before he was going to call on the coal companies the miners went out on strike. That turned out to be a strike lasting from the first of September, '25, to the twelfth of February, '26. What a winter that was. Men standing around with nothing to do and no colliery whistles sounding in the hills, everybody short on rations or going to soup kitchens, and merchants wondering if they'd be able to stay open much longer. And who was the most unpopular man in Lyons? Not the superintendent, not the district leader of the Union. No, the most unpopular man was Sam Merritt, because he held onto the cash he had collected and wouldn't give it back. He knew if he gave it back it would be twice as hard to collect again and he held onto it in two special accounts at the two town banks.

I am proud to confess that I gave one fellow a punch in the jaw right out in the middle of Main Street when he hinted that the strike didn't worry Sam Merritt with all that money in the bank. And there was a lot of that kind of talk that I didn't hear firsthand or I would have had to give a few more socks in the jaw. I happened to know that the only meat Sam had in the house during the whole month of December was some venison he shot, and likewise he only had enough heat in the house to warm the first floor where the office was. I think a lot of people went to that office that didn't have much wrong with them but only wanted to keep warm.

WELL, the strike was settled on Lincoln's Birthday and Sam and I had a little drink of schnapps to celebrate the occasion and he said he was going to go back to work. "Back to work?" I said.

"Back collecting for the hospital," he said. And so he did. Inside of a week he was around getting a few pledges, then he tackled the coal companies. He got twenty thousand apiece from the two independents, but then when he went and called on the Nesquehela he got nothing but a cold stare.

"Why not?" he said.

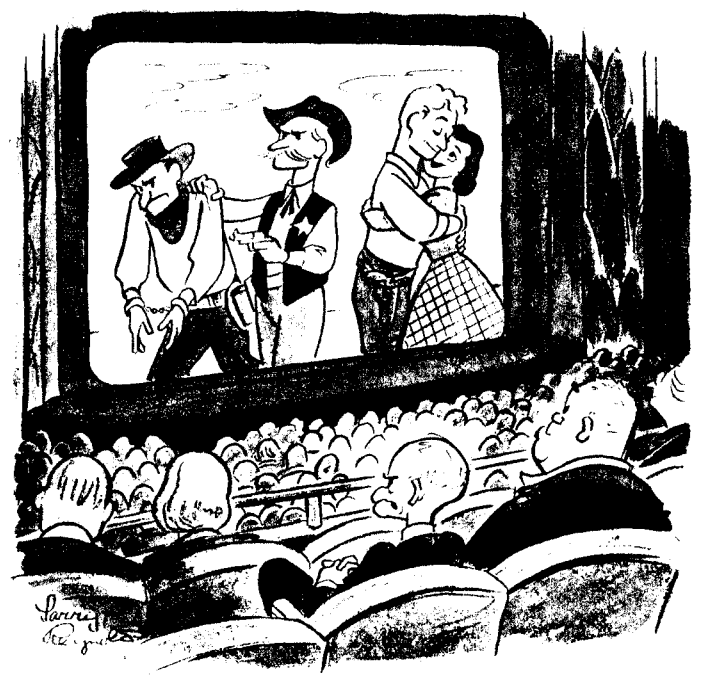
"We have other plans," they said.

"Well, let me in on the plans. I've raised most of the money. It's all in the town banks. Every penny accounted for. It didn't cost a cent to collect the money, but we can't start to build without your contribution. We need seventy-five thousand." Sam pleaded with them.

"We have other plans," was all they'd say.

Then about two days later Sam had a visitor. Call him Dr. Blank. He's a blank as far as I'm concerned. He came into Sam's office and said, "Doctor, naturally we've been hearing a lot

BUTCH



"The bad guy gets caught. The good guy gets the girl. I knew it would have a sad ending"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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about your little hospital, or at least your plans for a little hospital."

Sam said yes, and to go ahead.

"Well," the other doctor said, "we've been having the same idea up in Johnsville."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Sam. "When did you first get your idea?"

"Well, when we got the idea doesn't make any difference. The point is we've raised some money too because we want the hospital to be in Johnsville."

"Why not Lyons? We've been working on this for a year," said Sam.

"Yes, but you've gone as far as you can without the contribution from Nesquehela."

"That's true," said Sam. "Why don't you come in with us and we'll have a Lyons-Johnsville hospital. We can go ahead without Nesquehela."

"Ah, but we have Nesquehela, and we want the hospital for Johnsville."

Sam picked up the phone and called the super and asked if it was true that Nesquehela was backing Johnsville. Yes, he was told, it was true. "And I suppose Dr. Blank is to be superintendent of the new Johnsville Hospital?" said Sam. Yes, that was true.

"All right, Doctor, you'll hear from me," said Sam.

I don't know what must have gone on in Sam's mind the next few hours, but I know that he sat down and wrote a letter that we printed and sent to every single person and organization that had contributed to the Lyons Hospital campaign. I could quote you the whole letter but what's the use. It explained what had happened, that Johnsville was also planning a hospital and had been promised the Nesquehela contribution, without which Lyons could not start to build. He then urged all who had contributed to the Lyons hospital to authorize him to turn the contribution over to Johnsville, because it would mean a much bigger and better equipped institution, and after all Johnsville was only eight miles away.

SAM worded that letter so carefully that most people were convinced that it was their duty to turn the money over to Johnsville, and over 85 per cent of them did. And this is something that nobody ever knew before tonight—namely, that included in the money that Johnsville got was the $30,000 that Sam raised inside his own family.

That's the kind of man we honor here tonight.

Now I hope Sam forgives me for telling that story. I know he won't hold it against me, because if Sam was the kind of a man that held things against people, that story never would have happened and I wouldn't be telling it tonight. I know this much: I would not have forgiven myself if I hadn't come out with the true facts on why Johnsville has a hospital and Lyons doesn't. And I could tell by the way you good people applauded that many of you were hearing it for the first time, and that does my heart good. I don't know of a better story that illustrates the bigness of Sam Merritt, a bigger man than his own personal, professional disappointment, bigger than envy, bigger than mere personal pride. No one would have blamed Sam for getting out of the hospital deal and withdrawing his support, no one would have been disappointed in Sam. But I'll tell you, my friends, I think we would have been surprised. It was no surprise when he gave the Johnsville Hospital his support, not to mention his money. What would have been a surprise was if he had acted in any other way, because the finest principles is what we take for granted when we think of Sam Merritt. . . .

And now I come to the part of Sam's life that we all make the mistake of pretending it did not exist and therefore, in my opinion, make it worse than it really is. This is a family party and every person in this room is a member of a family and every family has its family secrets. Or so we think, that they are secrets. Yet I say with no hesitation that there is not a man or woman here this evening who has not at some time during the course of the evening said to himself or herself, "How sad that Alice cannot be with us tonight."

You look at me, some of you, as if to say, "Haven't you got sense enough to avoid certain topics? Do you have to speak of Alice tonight of all nights?" I say to you in reply, to pretend to ignore the subject of Alice would be hypocritical to the nth degree. And worse than that, if I got up here and talked about Sam without talking about Alice would be as wrong as if I did not mention Dr. George Steever and the part he played in Sam's medical career, or the sadness that came to Sam when his brother Boo died. And the worst thing of all, I would be cruelly unfair to Alice herself. Yes, unfair to Alice.

I know what is going on in some minds, but I do not agree. We have now been here since half past seven, a good three hours, and yet I have not heard anyone mention Alice by name. Why? Alice is not dead. We all know that. But if I don't risk the displeasure and disapproval of a few, this evening would pass without mentioning her and it would be as though Alice had never existed. And how dishonest and false that would be.

Do some of you think that by not mentioning Alice I would be sparing Sam? If you do, then you don't know the man as I know him. For there is never a minute of the day when Alice is not in his thoughts. And believe me, my friends, if we ignored Alice tonight, I don't think we would earn Sam's gratitude. I know Sam Merritt and I know that when he finally went home tonight, after he turned out the light and was alone with his thoughts and mulling over the events of the evening, I know that he would wish that someone, someone had found the words to express some appreciation for the one person, the one person who more than anybody else in the world was responsible for the position Sam Merritt occupies in our community and in our hearts.

They have a saying that they use nowadays and like so many sayings, they think it's a new one. But it isn't. We used to say it when we were young fellows and girls. It is the expression "going steady." Young people were going steady forty, fifty years ago. It is that long ago that Sam Merritt began going steady with Alice Connor. In fact, Sam started going steady with Alice when he was in high and she was still in grammar because they had the three years' difference in their ages.

SOME parents, like today, did not approve of their daughters going steady so early and Mr. and Mrs. Connor were among them. But with Alice it was Sam or nobody and it was the same with Sam. Mr. and Mrs. Connor had nothing against Sam, but they naturally didn't want her to get serious when they were only in high school. Therefore they had a talk with Sam about it and in a friendly way they told him that they thought Alice should be given the chance to get better acquainted with other boys.

But they soon found out that their daughter had no interest in other boys. Luckily they were sensible people and accepted the verdict but they would not allow the young couple to become engaged until Sam finished medical college. Then it was delayed because Sam was interning at a hospital in Philadelphia and then delayed some more while he was getting started. They finally felt they were in a position to get married and I was given the honor of being best man. Now I don't believe there's anybody in this room that would be such a damn' fool as to think that I would say anything that would injure Sam Merritt. I was his best man, he was my best man, and next to my own wife Lou there was never a girl that I revered more than Alice Connor.

They got married and the early years of struggle were happy ones because they were practically the one person. Alice didn't take the training course to be a nurse, but she learned it all. She learned bookkeeping in high, so she was able to keep Sam's books for him. In addition she did all the housework herself and when Sam began doing a little better financially and tried to persuade her to get a hired girl, she said she would rather use the money for some other purpose, such as a new car, or office furniture, or for the new additions to the family. Unfortunately, both times they were expecting, they lost both babies. One died at birth and the other was premature.

Alice was terribly disappointed when the babies did not live but it did not deter her from going right on working to assist Sam in his professional career. But without realizing it, her strength must have been more seriously affected than anyone realized, and soon after that she began to show signs that after the second baby she had not made a complete recovery. She was subject to depression and after a time Sam took her to the best doctors in Fort Penn and they examined her and recommended a complete rest in a private hospital near Fort Penn.

When she came home she was all right for a while, but the old trouble returned and once again Sam accompanied her to Fort Penn. Only a few of their closest friends knew about her condition at the time. We used the excuse that Alice was having a series of operations. The second time she came home from the private hospital Sam brought a trained nurse back and we all made believe that the nurse was there to help Sam in the office, but then I guess the truth got to be known publicly when what we all know happened. One of her moods of depression and she jumped out of the second-story window. Broke both her legs, one arm.

We all know about it. It happened in broad daylight, people walking in the street. I never saw the use of any secrecy after that. As long as there was a chance of recovery, yes. But by the next day it was no more a secret in Lyons than if the borough hall caught fire and burned down. We didn't run anything in the Republican about it, but I often thought since then that it would have been better for all concerned if we had. Maybe we would have put a stop to all the idle rumors that circulated.

WELL, that was a long time ago, a long time ago. Some twenty-five years, and a little more. We're all getting on. What Alice looks like today, I don't know. But what I do know is how I prefer to think of her, slender, light brown hair, devoted to the only man she ever cared for, working with him, encouraging him until she was no longer able to. Now they have operations that they say can cure the kind of illness Alice had, but they didn't have them then and they don't advise it now.

Well, I've brought it out in the open and it isn't a happy story, of course, but would anybody be any the happier if I didn't mention the only woman that Sam ever loved, the woman that loved him? That helped him when he needed help the most? Friends, I don't think anybody, Alice or Sam or anybody, was hurt by any of this, and maybe somebody was even helped.

In fact, I can be sure of that. I don't have to say maybe. Because I have the honor to announce—to you, Sam, because everybody else in this room knows it—that those here tonight have raised the sum of $20,000 for the maternity ward of the Johnsville Hospital, to be known as the Alice C. Merritt Ward. And I take great pleasure in handing you this check, on this engraved silver platter. I will read the engraving: *Presented to Samuel G. Merritt, M.D., at a Family Party in Honor of His First Forty Years of Service to His Community.*

I thank you. —JOHN O'HARA

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Dr. Clyde Crobaugh of the University of Tennessee has gathered 500 interjections —world's largest collection (whoops!)

HAW... what

By LYDEL SIMS

OUTSIDE the pleasant house in the foothills of the Smokies near Knoxville, a dove perched on the limb of a poplar tree. Mist clouded the mountains in the distance. In the peaceful study overlooking Rainbow Valley, Dr. Clyde Crobaugh of the University of Tennessee was deep in scholarly research.

Suddenly the sylvan quiet was broken by a series of explosive sputters. *"Ah! Ahem! A-hey!"* went the stubby little professor. *"Bah! Blah! Blimy!"*

The learned doctor of philosophy had not, as you may suppose, gone right off his rocker from overwork. He was merely *(Chut! Clack! Coo!)* seeking a fresh approach *(Dash! Deuce! Drat!)* in his campaign to defend that most neglected of all parts of speech, the interjection.

A man who approaches his hobby with gleeful solemnity, Dr. Crobaugh boils *(Faugh! Fiddle-dee-dee! Fudge!)* when he considers that some grammarians refuse even to admit there *is* such a part of speech, while even those who admit its rank with the haughty noun and the bustling verb generally dismiss it as a mere exclamation, outside the pale of normal sentence structure. "To my way of thinking," the doctor snaps, "this is a very shabby treatment of our most primitive form of speech." By way of counter-attack, he has compiled and published a "Master List and Classification" of more than 500 of the violent little words, the largest collection *(Gardy-loo! Haw! Jiggers!)* ever made. *Wahoo, yoicks* and *zounds!*

At first blush, this stirring crusade seems far removed from Dr. Crobaugh's field, for he is a professor of finance rather than of etymology, and enjoys a national reputation as a writer on insurance. But to the professor, it all fits together. His huge Handbook of Insurance, a standard reference work, defines more than 10,000 terms. What is more natural than for a specialist in one kind of words to make a hobby of other kinds?

The professor dates his interest in communication from his cradle days in Los Angeles at the turn of the century (he is now fifty-seven years old). "I was born with a yen for the use of words," he says. "While in my crib I started sputtering, and even before I was weaned I began the use of interjections such as *oh! bah! phew!* and the like." But it wasn't until 1940 that his interest in interjections really began to develop. Delving into a three-volume grammar of the English language, he found only 50 words devoted to them. He studied other grammars with mounting indignation, and found such cavalier treatment the rule rather than the exception. *Botheration!* Clearly, the time for a crusade had arrived!

Crobaugh began combing the dictionaries, reading all kinds of explosive writing, listening intently to the conversations of those about him, and taking notes. The field was ripe. The interjection served man equally in expressions of grief and joy—*alas! hang it! heigh-ho! lack-a-daisy! lud! waesuck! wirra! woe!* were matched by *goody-goody! heyday! hot dog! hurrah! tee-hee! whoopee!* With naught but a single word, one could signify agreement *(aye! amen! bravo! hear! hurrah! yea!)* or contempt *(bah! boo! bosh! faugh! humph! pah! propudor! ugh!).* There were interjections for blame *(fie!)* or dismissal *(hee! scat!),* for surprise *(eek! golly! lawsy!)* or for warning *(beware! hold! whist!).*

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JEROME YULSMAN

a hobby!

And, in the world about him, Crobaugh discovered a crying need for the economy and precision of his little words. Picking up his newspaper one day, he found most of the editorial page given over to a rambling attack on a political enemy. The villain could have been dispatched more efficiently, he declared, if the editor had merely written:

PUGH!

PISH!

PSHAW!

"Pshaw," he explained, expresses *impatient* contempt. "Pish" expresses *extreme* contempt. "Pugh" expresses *disgusted* contempt. "Put together in the form given above," he pointed out, "the formula expresses contempt in rising crescendo."

By 1954, the task was done—or so he thought. He had not only collected, listed and defined, but also classified, more than 500 interjections. He arranged for publication of his opus and thought to turn his attention to other lighthearted word adventures.

But the old fire for interjections has continued to burn. Recently, undertaking to write a few comments on the word "a," he found himself beginning: "Ho, such a word, this a! What an a!" He has been tinkering with the idea of getting out a pocket-sized, ready-reference card, listing interjections appropriate for every occasion, so the man caught away from his dictionary with an urgent emotion can simply whip out his card, spin the dial to the suitable classification, and let go. Even his classes in finance have felt the impact of the interjection. A recent quiz challenged his students to say whether the sound of a sheep's bleat is *boo! bah!* or *baa!* Another inquired whether an agitated hen says *blab! cackle!* or *smack!*

The students loved it, and—Dr. Crobaugh is convinced—began to acquire a stronger feeling for exactness in words as a result. After one has puzzled out the fine distinction between *blab!* and *cackle!* he will inevitably hesitate before confusing gross and net.

Meanwhile, word of a doctor of philosophy with a sense of humor who can do wonderful things with words has begun to spread. Requests for copies of his study on interjections have come from the most improbable places, with other appeals tacked on. The operator of a collection agency in Oklahoma wrote for the list, and asked for any other words available that convey unusually strong emotion. A novelist in Canada asked if he had a collection of rough and tough words. A student in Berkeley, California, whose creative writing instructor had jeered at her ventures into naturalism, asked for a list of racy words in a plain cover.

Stimulated by this show of interest, Dr. Crobaugh tried not long ago to get the university to change the name of its course on etymology to something with more of a how-to flavor, so more students would take it. "Call it 'Working With Words,' " he suggested.

Shortly after this advice was ignored, he found a wry bit of satisfaction in a conversation with a student seeking advice on the choice of an elective.

"Try that course in etymology," Dr. Crobaugh urged.

"Aw, I don't think so," said the student. "I'm not interested in bugs."

Touché! Or, as the old master himself exploded, *Wow! Scalp 'em Indians! Whopper-woops!*

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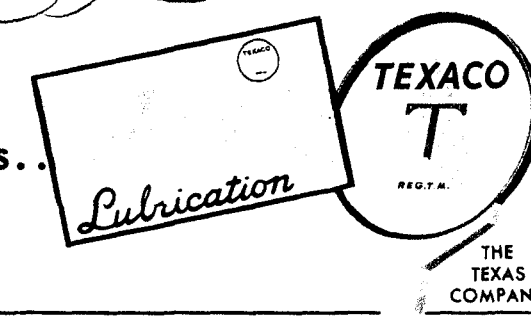

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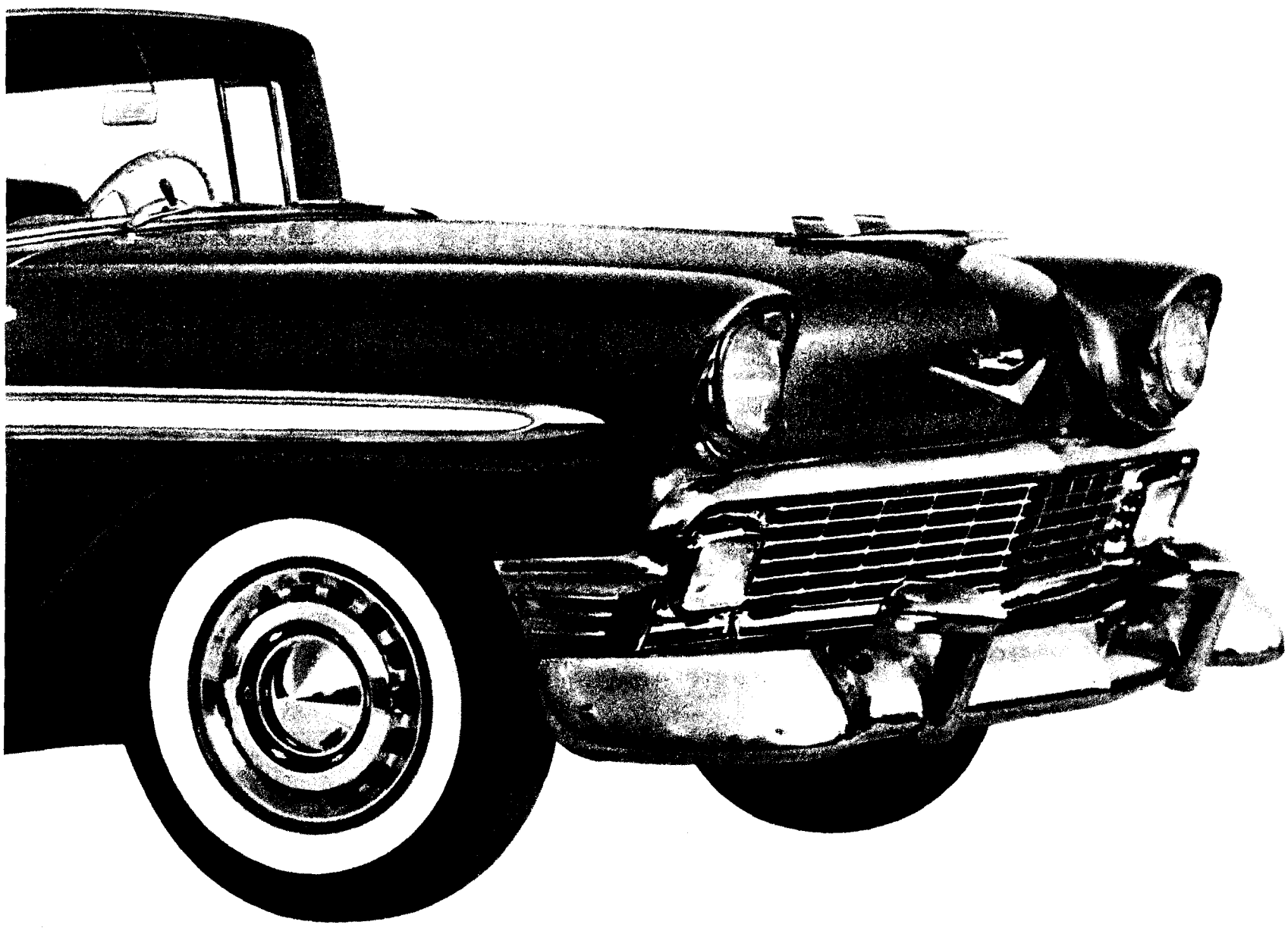

OTORS *leads the way*

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WILBURN DAVIS

BRAGAN'S BRASH AND BRIGHT–

Can He Win For Pittsburgh?

In the minors he left an eight-year trail of burning umpires and red-hot teams—and it led to the major leagues

Man baits umpire. Bragan climaxes a dispute in Long Beach with a lay-down strike. But Al Mutart, a veteran of Bragandry, roars him off the diamond

WIDE WORLD

By MELVIN DURSLAG

WHEN THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES open their spring training camp this month, Robert Randall Bragan, a teetotaling, umpire-baiting native of Birmingham, Alabama, whose healing powers have been noteworthy in the past, will undertake the heavy assignment of trying to restore health to a team which has finished in the National League basement for four straight years.

Last season, after one of their better showings, the Pirates wound up 38½ games behind the leader. The club hasn't won a pennant in 28 years. In fact, the last time it finished in the first division—it was fourth in 1948—the accomplishment was so startling that Billy Meyer (long since fired) was voted Major League Manager of the Year. The Pittsburgh situation is perhaps summed up best by a comment made the day last November that Bragan was announced as the new manager.

"This is a great break for Bobby," wrote Morris Frank of the Houston Chronicle. "It's almost like going to the big leagues."

The man chosen to lead the Pirates from the wilderness is doubtless the only manager in baseball history to get thrown out of the first game of a double-header for berating an umpire only two hours after teaching a Sunday-school class. In his eight years as a minor-league manager, Bragan has probably been thumbed from more games and paid more fines than anyone else over a similar span. He has staged a lay-down strike on the first-base line, has done a strip tease in front of the dugout, and once was chased around the outfield, around the infield and off the field by an oversized policeman.

Yet, Bragan as a manager has never finished out of the first division. In five years with Fort Worth in the Texas League, he won two pennants, was second twice and tied for fourth once. With Hollywood in the Pacific Coast League, he won a pennant, tied for another and finished third last year. He even won two pennants in three seasons in the Cuban winter league.

At Pittsburgh, Bragan will be replacing Fred Haney, who was

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Behind Bragan's buffoonery is a religious fervor. He's a-stern but daring manager and

fired summarily last year for permitting the losing habit to crystallize. This is the second time that Bragan has followed Haney on a job. Bobby went to Hollywood as manager and part-time catcher in 1953 when Haney made the calamitous decision to move to the Pirates. In his first year at Hollywood, Bragan won the Coast League pennant with a club comprising mostly Pittsburgh castoffs. In the eyes of experts, this immediately established him as a baseball genius in the class of John McGraw, for it was their feeling that if a man could win with Pittsburgh castoffs, he could win with anyone.

IT IS HANEY'S frank opinion, however, that the job this time is considerably tougher for Bragan. At the close of the 1955 season, according to Fred, the Pirates had only six players on their roster of major-league caliber.

Still, Bragan, a hustling man of thirty-eight with a colossal ambition driven by a great charge of energy, is confident that he can wring conditions at Pittsburgh for all they're worth and produce a winning club.

"I'm not discouraged in the least," says Bobby. "I've been wanting all my life to manage a major-league team. I know I'm going to make the grade. After all, even if I finish seventh this year, I'm a hero."

For such an irascible individual on the playing field, Bragan, a stocky, dark-skinned Irishman with a smooth face that houses a sometimes caustic tongue, is remarkably gentle out of uniform. He leads his family in prayer at every meal, bangs out jazz music on the piano and delivers by the gross speeches salted with humor to clubs and church groups around his home town, Fort Worth.

The mild phases of Bragan's makeup, however, are little known to fans in visiting ball parks and foreign altogether to umpires, whose life with Bobby over the years has been one of exasperation.

Though Bragan is long gone from the Texas League, the memory of him remains indelible. John Reeves, the former president of the Fort Worth club, estimates that in five years with that Brooklyn farm club Bobby was thrown out of 60 games and paid almost $2,000 in fines. But when the league president threatened to bar him for life, Fort Worth fans rallied to his side, staged a "Bobby Bragan Night" in the ball park and showered him with $4,000 worth of gifts.

In Oklahoma City, Dallas, Tulsa and Shreveport, Bragan left his tracks. There was the night in Oklahoma City that a policeman was sent out on the field to haul Bobby away in the midst of a disagreement with an umpire. Bragan saw the policeman coming and took off for center field with the cop in hot pursuit. The chase that ensued was plainly out of a Keystone Komedy. The cop was a 240-pounder, not especially built for speed. He followed Bragan, also slow afoot, from center field to left, then back to the infield and around the bases before nailing him finally near the dugout.

On the Pacific Coast, too, Bragan became a troublesome figure. In his first year in the league, he was thumbed from nine games and paid $250 in fines. Umpires complained that Bobby was not only sarcastic, but often reduced the argument to a personal acrimonious level. One day, for instance, in a quarrel with umpire Chris Pelekoudas, who is possessed of a rather large proboscis, Bragan said bitingly, "There's a perfect reason for you to miss that call. With a nose like that, how can you be expected to see around it?"

The remark cost Bobby $50. A short time later, he drew a three-day suspension for a celebrated strip-tease act while catching against San Diego. When the umpire ordered him from the game following an argument, Bobby began shedding his raiment and throwing it out on the field. First came his chest protector, then shin guards, mask, glove and cap. Retiring to the dugout, he brought the number to a hot finish by tossing out shoes and undershirt and, finally, a towel.

The subsequent suspension still didn't break Bragan's spirit. In an exhibition game the following spring with Los Angeles, Bobby charged into battle again against rookie umpire Emmett Ashford on a dispute over a hit batter. When Bragan, in the heat of the rhubarb, removed his cap and threw it angrily against the screen, the umpire, possibly fearing another strip tease, ordered him off the field. Bragan had other ideas. He dropped to a reclining position along the first-base line and remained there, sunning himself and thumbing casually through a newspaper which an angry fan had thrown at him.

Ashford was frankly flustered and he screamed, "You're out! Get off the diamond!" Bobby didn't budge. This prompted veteran umpire Al Mutart, a man well acquainted with the Bragan psyche, to come on the run from first base. Leaning over, and pointing a finger menacingly in Bobby's face, Mutart roared, "You heard the man, Mr. Bragan! Out!" Bobby went meekly.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE PLAYED for Bragan insist that most of the scenes he starts on the field are not without reason. They recall, for example, a game two years ago between Hollywood and Oakland in which two Hollywood outfielders engaged in a violent debate with an umpire in the 14th inning over a fly ball which the ump ruled was trapped, not caught.

Worried that his outfielders would be thumbed from the game—they were Hollywood's strongest hitters—Bragan started for center field. Umpire Mutart, however, intercepted him at the pitcher's mound. "You take one more step," said Mutart, "and you're out of the game." Bobby ignored him.

Mutart followed Bragan to the scene of the argument in center field and tossed him out. The tension now eased, the Hollywood outfielders went back to their positions. Afterward, Bragan explained, "I had to take the pressure off our two guys. It was more important they stay in than me. So I kept going."

It would be natural to assume that umpires hate Bragan. On the contrary, most umps are darkly fascinated by him and regard him with a healthy respect.

"Bragan is horribly vitriolic," says Umpire Ashford, "but he's one of the smartest cookies I've ever met. He rarely comes to argue unless he's standing on good ground. He forces an ump to keep alert to match wits with him. Believe me, tangling with Bragan is a real education."

Bobby has even won the deep-felt admiration of the All-American umpire baiter, Leo Durocher.

"Bragan is a fighter," says Leo, for whom Bobby played at Brooklyn, "but he's not a hothead. There's a big difference. A fighter is always thinking, even when he's nose to nose with the umpire and jawing a mile a minute. He's going to get the most for his team. A hothead just blows off aimlessly and sits down. There's nothing in the rulebook which Bragan doesn't understand. He's a very savvy fellow."

President Robert H. Cobb of the Hollywood club draws a significant parallel between Bragan's interest in religion and his activities with umpires.

"Bobby is an honestly religious person," says Cobb. "He's not professionally religious. He doesn't go to church just to be seen. He goes because he believes in it. It's the same thing when he runs out on the field to argue. He sincerely feels that he is in the right and that the umpire has wronged him."

With all his shenanigans, Bobby still has a reputation among baseball people as a solid manager and a topflight judge of talent. At the Brooklyn training school at Vero Beach, Florida, in 1952, Bragan appraised a young shortstop named Billy Hunter as a first-class prospect. Hunter had been playing for the Dodger farm club at Pueblo, Colorado, where he had hit .252 the previous season. Bragan brought him to Fort Worth.

Bobby worked patiently with Hunter, taught him to stand more confidently at the plate and swing more boldly. Hunter boosted his hitting 33 points and was sold at the end of the season to the old St. Louis Browns for $90,000. He now plays for the Yankees.

There were others at Fort Worth whom Bragan helped, such as Carl Erskine, Chico Carrasquel, Billy Loes, Preston Ward and Bob Milliken, all major-leaguers today. In his first year at Hollywood, Bobby was sent a well-constructed first baseman from New Orleans named Dale Long, who could hit powerfully on occasions, but had struck out 128 times the season before. With Bragan's help, Long reduced his strike-outs to 74 at Hollywood, hit 35 homers, batted in 116 runs and was voted the Coast League's Most Valuable Player for 1953. He is now the regular first baseman for Pittsburgh.

Instilling confidence in his athletes seems to be Bragan's long suit. Tom Saffell, outfielder for the Kansas City Athletics who played for Bobby for two years at Hollywood, describes Bragan as one of the most painstaking managers he has ever seen.

"He makes a big effort to understand your problems," says Saffell, "and he never stops giving you encouragement. For example, the year before Bragan came to Hollywood, I was used mostly against right-handed pitchers (Saffell is a left-handed hitter). I soon began to have qualms over whether I could hit a left-hander. Bragan assured me I could. He used me against pitchers who threw from either side. This helped me develop confidence that I needed. As far as I can see, that's the thing that distinguishes a good manager from an ordinary one—the ability to get the most out of his players."

GENERALLY REPUTED as a zany, Bragan is actually an intense, serious-minded manager who works exhaustively at his job and rules his club with a pretty tight fist. He demands strict adherence to training. He permits no beer in the clubhouse, watches the curfew closely and refuses to tolerate tardiness among players reporting to the park.

"There aren't many rules on my club," says Bragan, "but with those we have I don't mess around. A manager can get into serious trouble by letting little things go unnoticed. They soon grow into big things."

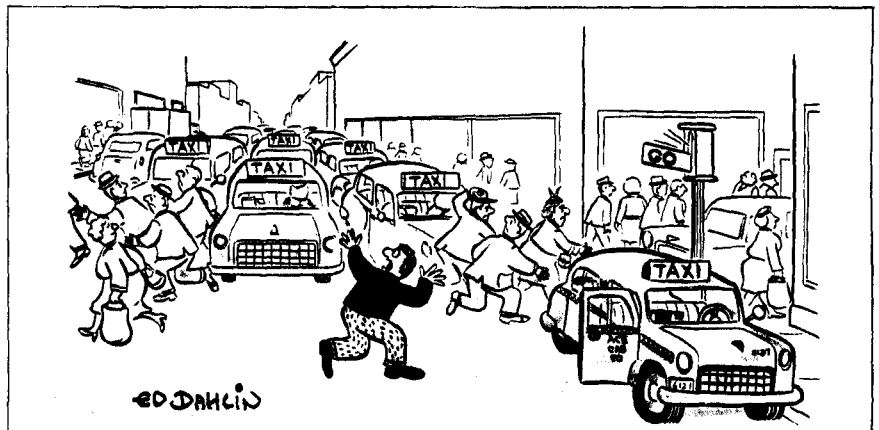
When a Bragan team goes sour, as Hollywood did during the early part of last year when it occupied the cellar, the extracurricular work for the players gets heavy. In June, while 13½ games behind the leader, Bobby often called team practice in the morning, or occasionally summoned a group of five or six players for special drills, or sometimes fewer players yet. One morning, Bragan held a private session for first baseman R. C. Stevens, to whom Bobby personally pitched batting practice.

"He had been striking out too often," explains Bragan. "I knew he could do better if he could learn to pull the ball to left field. So we worked together."

Stevens wound up the season hitting only .241, but Hollywood moved gradually from last place to first in the standings before fading in the final week and finishing third.

Unlike most managers in baseball who find it advisable to pursue a policy of aloofness from their players, Bragan remains on the most sociable terms. When a new player joined his club at Fort Worth or Hollywood, it often was Bragan's custom to make a house guest of the player and his family until the newcomers were able to rent a place of their own.

Bobby was on such intimate terms with members of his team at Hollywood that frequently they brought him



COLLIER'S "No, no, please! I'm one of *you*" ED DAHLIN

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their personal problems. One night, well past midnight, Bragan was awakened by a call from a distraught player whose daughter had just left home following a family quarrel. After driving to the player's house to comfort the family, Bragan found out where the girl had gone, tracked her down and talked her into returning home to her parents.

"Some say that being too friendly with players is the wrong approach," says Bragan, "but I feel it's the only approach. How else can a manager get to understand the people who work for him, and vice versa? I plan to follow the same policy at Pittsburgh."

Bobby is a restless, chain-smoking man, who has no hobbies and, unlike most of his associates in baseball, has a horrible aversion to outdoor life. He spends the fall and winter selling real estate in Fort Worth. While he feels that the publicity attendant to the Pittsburgh job will help sell houses, others feel that the way things have been going lately with the Pirates, any connection with the club may be more a stigma than an asset.

Yet, by a method of rationalization peculiarly his own, Bragan ignores the fact that the team won only 60 games last year.

"Neither Frank Thomas, one of our top hitters, nor Dick Littlefield, a first-line pitcher, was right all season," says Bragan. "If they had been in the best shape, they would have accounted for at least 17 games between them, which would have given us 77 wins and fourth place."

The way Bobby sizes up Pittsburgh at this time, the club is solid defensively in both the infield and outfield, but lacks power hitting.

"Speed can compensate for power," says Bragan. "The minute we hit spring training camp at Fort Myers, we're going to start working on our speed. That big Pittsburgh park is perfect for line-drive hitting. A lot of singles can be stretched into two-baggers there."

TACTICALLY, Bragan patterns his operation largely after that of his old general, Durocher, in that he encourages a gambling, venturesome game in which his runners move boldly and his pitchers throw defiantly. Bragan says he will emphasize "aggressive" play at Pittsburgh. First, he will demand aggressive base running.

"We won't use a steal sign," says Bobby. "All we'll have is a don't-steal signal. When that isn't flashed, our runners will be free to go at their own discretion. We won't tolerate men pussyfooting around the base, afraid they'll get picked off."

Bragan will also insist upon aggressive batting. "We don't want anyone on our team who will look at three pitches and pray for a walk."

Finally, Bobby will advocate aggressive pitching. "We don't want pitchers afraid they're going to get batted around if they throw something good," he says. "We're also going to encourage our pitchers to shake off the sign if they think the call is wrong. Catchers are no Einsteins. When a pitcher has qualms, he should use his own judgment.

"It's going to be our policy, too, to work our pitchers solely with the idea of winning today's game. I'm not worried about tomorrow or the next day."

Bragan feels that six pitchers will constitute the nerve center of the Pirate mound staff this year. They include Bob Friend, who had the best earned-run average in the National League last season; Vern Law, Dick Hall, Elroy Face, Littlefield and Max Surkont.

"If I were picking our starting team today," says Bragan, "I would probably open in the infield with Dale Long at first base—one of our few hitters with power. He batted a healthy .291 last year. At second base, it might be Johnny O'Brien, who was once a basketball star at Seattle. He moves well. At third base we should have Gene Freese, who is steady and has power. We need it. I'm not worried at all about shortstop. We're going to have Dick Groat there. Pittsburgh led the National League with 175 double plays last year. Groat figured in 107 of them.

"In the outfield," continues Bragan, "we're pretty sure of two of our starters at this time. Frank Thomas will be in left and Bob Clemente in right. Thomas is a long-ball hitter who was ill most of last season, but I haven't given up on him. Clemente hit only .255, but he has the kind of speed I like. We're going to try Bob Del Greco in center field. He played for me at Hollywood last year. Defensively, he's as capable as Willie Mays, but his hitting is the big problem. Our front-line catcher will probably be Jack Shepard. He needs help, too, with his batting and I'll give him all the time I can."

Unlike some of his contemporaries who have made the transition from big-league star to manager at the close of their playing days, Bragan switched to managing at the height of what passed for his major-league career. At the age of thirty, after seven undistinguished years with the Phillies and Dodgers as infielder and catcher, he surprised Brooklyn general manager Branch Rickey, Sr., one day with a brash request for a managing job.

"I had broken into the majors as a shortstop the same year as Pee Wee Reese," Bragan recalls. "But by 1948, Reese was making $18,000 a year and going up and I was making $9,000 a year and going back. This wasn't for me."

Two months after approaching Rickey, Bragan, much to his amazement, found himself on his way to Fort Worth as a playing manager. The subsequent friendship that ripened between Rickey and Bragan has easily been the most important thing to happen to Bobby in his baseball life. Rickey, in a sense, has become his trainer, coach and guardian angel.

When John Reeves was dismissed by the Dodgers in 1952 as president of Fort Worth, Bragan, who was personally fond of Reeves, quit in protest. By this time, Rickey had moved to the Pittsburgh organization which had, and still has, a working agreement with Hollywood. It was Rickey's recommendation to president Cobb that got Bragan the Hollywood job after Haney had left to manage Pittsburgh. Bragan's jump to the majors was the third time Rickey had used his power in Bobby's behalf.

Rickey's influence on Bragan over the years has been noticeable. For one thing, he has taught Bobby the value of a dollar, an item with which Rickey has never built a reputation for being reckless. Secondly, he has encouraged Bragan, whose selected reading was usually gleaned from The (St. Louis) Sporting News, to get interested in literary media of a more serious content, such as McGuffey's Readers, from which Rickey quotes prodigiously. A complete set of the Readers now occupies a place on the Bragan bookshelf. Finally, Rickey's long dissertations after dinner, which sometimes lasted for hours, have inspired Bragan to work diligently at his speaking and master it remarkably well.

"Mr. Rickey is one of the most beautiful speakers I know," says Bobby, rapturously. "If he describes a candy dish, or a typewriter or even a glass of water, he can really make you see it or taste it. I could listen to him talk for hours at a time."

BY HIS OWN ADMISSION, Bragan has never had a heavy leaning to the academic side of things. He was an easygoing student in school, who thought mostly of baseball. Born in Birmingham on October 30, 1917, he was one of nine children whose father, George Washington Bragan, now retired, was a building contractor. The Bragan home was a pious, temperate one. To this day, Bobby has never tasted a drink. His religious roots are still firmly planted; he teaches Sunday School and Bible class regularly at the First Methodist Church in Fort Worth during the off season.

When he was graduated from high school in 1936, young Bragan entered Birmingham-Southern College with the idea of studying theology. He lasted only a year, dropping out to accept an offer of $85 a month to play for Panama City, a Class D team in Florida. He has been in baseball ever since, except for two years in the Army.

Bragan is the father of two children, Bobby, Jr., thirteen, and Gwenn, eleven. His wife, the former Frances Gwenn Best, a bright-eyed, high-spirited brunette from Birmingham, is his most loyal ally in the Bragan war against umpires.

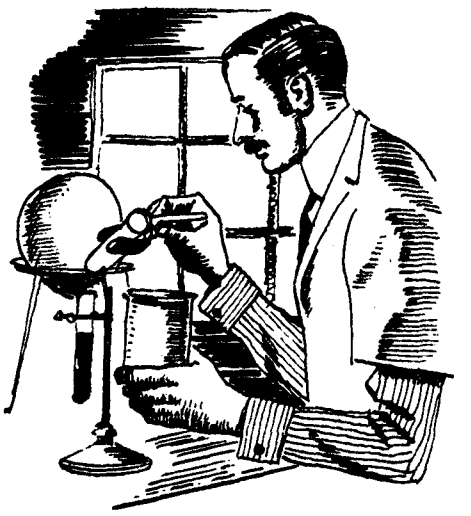
"It isn't a question of my being behind my husband right or wrong," says Mrs. Bragan, "because he's always right. He never starts an argument unless he feels he has been dealt an injustice. And then he does it in the hope of getting the umpire on the ball for the rest of the game."

Since attendance at Pittsburgh has been the lowest in the National League the last two years and has been decreasing steadily, the management is turning anxiously to Bragan to stimulate business. Durocher, now an executive with the National Broadcasting Company, assures the Pirates that Bobby will get the job done "if the umpires let him alone." Durocher fears the umpires may already have made Bragan a "marked man."

But Bragan is not dismayed. He has announced unwaveringly that he will conduct himself at Pittsburgh "exactly as I see fit."

"I don't plan to tolerate inefficient umpiring any more than I do inefficient playing," he says. "I trust that umpires in the big leagues do a better job than those in the minors. If they can't cut the mustard in the majors, they should drop to a lower league, just as players do. I see no reason to put any harness on myself," he concludes thoughtfully. "I'm just going to do what comes naturally."

For Bobby Bragan, that can be quite a bit. THE END



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Yesterday's enemy, today's ally, Japan is emerging strong and healthy from her 10 years of ruin, retribution and recovery. The big question now: Which way is she headed? "The new Japan," says Collier's reporter, "is mixing democracy with feudal loyalties, free enterprise with giant monopolies, and several shades of Marxism with a hankering for the good old days." Here is his illustrated report, in a special 10-page folio

BY PETER KALISCHER

JAPAN

Tokyo

THE bespectacled diplomat in the hotel-room chair seemed amused at my question: Why, in a country noted for government by assassination, had there been no serious attempt in 10 years to kill a Japanese or U.S. official? "Lack of enthusiasm," he said in precise English. "Young people feel social changes can be achieved without resorting to this primitive and ineffective method, while the general public, it would seem, has greatly lost interest in politics."

He glanced down to where his empty right trouser leg was tucked into his belt. The leg had been blown off by a Korean assassin's bomb in 1932.

This was Japanese Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu, sixty-eight, who served in two wartime cabinets, signed the surrender aboard the battleship Missouri, spent five years in prison for helping wage offensive war—and last August visited Washington as an official guest of the United States government. Shigemitsu is a remarkably durable barometer of his country's world standing: he and Japan alike have come through ten years of ruin, retribution and recovery.

Today the once-sprawling empire of Japan is reduced to four main islands the size of Montana. It is engaged in a frantic, endless race to balance its exports against imports of food and raw materials. Technically it is still at war with Russia, which never signed the peace treaty and whose Siberian airfields are only one hour by jet from Tokyo.

Yet for all that, this vulnerable, picture-post-card country, little more than a decade after its crushing defeat in war, again boasts the biggest industry in the Far East and with it holds the balance of power in Asia. A Japan harnessed to Russia and Red China could lure what is left of independent Asia into the Red camp and tip the scales fatally against the West. A prosperous Japan on the side of the free world remains a valuable ally.

Seizing or subverting Japan is therefore the Communists' jack pot in East Asia; keeping Japan our ally is America's first concern there; and getting the most for the least—from both sides if possible—is Japan's.

For seven Occupation years the Japanese had no choice of sides. We ran the country and fed them slabs of democracy sandwiched between $2,500,000,000 worth of relief and rehabilitation. Japan enjoyed our help and even digested a good deal of the democracy. But when the Occupation lid

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Symbolizing Japan's place in today's world, U.S.-built tanks maneuver in Hokkaido—manned by members of the new Self-Defense Force, and flying the Rising Sun flag

came off in 1952 it revealed a country weary of being told what to do, curious to taste the forbidden fruit behind the bamboo curtain, and relishing its authority over the foreigners who had been giving it orders for so long.

The new Japan is fermenting a mash of new ideas and old customs. It is mixing political democracy with feudal loyalties, free enterprise with giant monopolies, and several shades of Marxism with a hankering for the good old days. The nation that once meekly did what a handful of leaders told it to is now outspokenly divided on every major issue—American troops and bases, rearmament, relations with Red countries, neutrality, foreign trade.

Japan is on her feet—but headed where?

IN SEARCHING FOR the answer I took a long, fresh look at the country I first saw as a GI more than 10 years ago and have worked in most of the time since. Once-devastated cities—Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, Hiroshima—show hardly a scar. Phalanxes of new office buildings, new apartment houses and plaster-front shops cover ground only recently bare of everything but fireproof safes and brick chimneys. From the southern tip of Kyushu to the fishing villages of northern Hokkaido farmers have harvested a record rice crop. Handkerchief-size plots are still cultivated like truck gardens, but the machine age is creeping in; a few farmers' wives now own washing machines—something newsworthy enough to get their pictures in the paper.

The Dai-Ichi Building in Tokyo, General MacArthur's famed command post, has reverted to the insurance company which owns it. Crowds bunch around store-window TV screens instead of queuing up for rations. Gay print dresses and Italian hairdos are the vogue among girls whose elder sisters wore baggy wartime slacks. And the girls are walking "*avec*"—that is, with their escorts, arm in arm, instead of behind them. (They borrowed the word from the French but the habit from the GIs.)

Millions of Japanese spend more money in pinball parlors than the government does on national defense. For businessmen, the golf course vies with the geisha house as the place to seal a deal. In any city you can take your pick of Japanese, American, French or British movies. The All Girl Revue is at the Tokyo Takarazuka Theatre, formerly the Ernie Pyle,

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Part of Japanese culture still reflects traditions of the Oriental world. At left, women laboriously transplant rice, which remains the basic ingredient of the Japanese diet. Center, an attendant bearing a colorful parasol shields a high priest from the sun during a Buddhist festival. Right, a well-to-do young couple in a typical old-style house listen while the woman's mother plays on a guitarlike instrument called a samisen. Note that all are dressed in kimonos

formerly the Takarazuka. The burlesques feature battalions of classic strip-teasers and one new variety—a young lady shedding a kimono.

Fewer than 100 rickshas are left on Tokyo's streets, which now are choked with 8,000,000 people, 25,000 private cars, 12,000 taxis, enormous diesel buses, motorcycle-powered three-wheelers, and bike-riding delivery boys balancing anything from eight tiers of noodle soup to a plate-glass window. There is a major traffic accident every 30 minutes.

The Asahi, Japan's largest newspaper (circulation 5,000,000), now runs news bulletins in English, along with Japanese, on its moving electric sign-board, New York Times style. Throughout the country English is the second language, American products the technological yardstick, Marxism the religion of the intellectuals, mambo the latest dance craze and baseball, introduced 72 years ago, still the most popular sport. One hundred thousand Tokyoites turned out in the rain last fall to greet the New York Yankees—and the young man who carried a Yankee Go Home placard on May Day was more than likely among them.

PROBABLY THE MOST extraordinary sight in postwar Japan is Emperor Hirohito—for the very reason that he can now be seen. Up to a decade ago the Japanese people bowed low and averted their eyes even when the Imperial Presence passed in a speeding train or car. They would not have dared look at the awesome descendant of the world's oldest unbroken imperial dynasty. When they raised their heads after the war and looked straight at him, the Japanese saw an unassuming little man with a toothbrush mustache, thick glasses, a shy smile and a hesitant walk. Japanese eyes are still a little blurred by the image of the prewar emperor, but they genuinely love the one they see now. Not even the Communists dare suggest openly, as they did right after the war, that he be abolished.

Nowadays nobody apologizes to the emperor by kneeling in the Imperial Palace Plaza, or, as happened on the day of surrender, by committing group hara-kiri. But 16 persons were crushed to death on the double span bridge leading into the palace grounds when a crowd of 380,000 came to pay their New Year's respects in 1954; and thousands of countrywomen still troop into Tokyo to sweep the palace grounds in a labor of love.

The man who inspires this devotion is a curious mixture of ancient tradition and modern tastes. Hirohito wears only Western clothes, prefers European cooking, and sleeps on a bed instead of a Japanese-style straw mat, or *tatami*. He makes regular public appearances, and has informal pictures taken by the court photographer. He has fought a slow battle against the imperial household's 930 retainers, headed by a grand chamberlain, who have controlled his life since babyhood.

Recently, at fifty-four, he achieved a lifelong ambition by attending a *sumo* wrestling match, where he was ogled by the audience and the TV camera. The household granted him permission to go after first objecting because there might be beer drinkers and geisha among the spectators.

Still, there is strong conservative sentiment to enshrine Hirohito again—and he might be unable to resist it.

AMERICA, MORE THAN any other nation, has had a hand in shaping modern Japan. History brought Commodore Matthew Perry into Tokyo Bay a century ago and General Douglas MacArthur there 92 years later to fulfill a prophecy by Perry that ranks as one of the shrewdest pieces of long-range forecasting ever made.

". . . To me," Perry wrote, "it seems that the people of America will extend their dominion and power until they shall have brought within their mighty embrace multitudes of the islands of the great Pacific, and placed the Saxon race upon the eastern shores of Asia. And I think, too, that eastward and southward will her great rival in future aggrandizement (Russia) stretch forth her power to the coasts of China and Siam; and thus the Saxon and the Cossack will meet once more, in strife or in friendship, on another field. Will it be friendship? I fear not!"

Almost from the beginning, MacArthur's Occupation wrestled with this problem in a modern context: disarming and reforming an aggressor Japan and at the same time building up a solvent ally which could resist the growing Communist menace next door.

Under a broad State-War-Navy Department memorandum dated August 29, 1945, General MacArthur attempted more social changes in 2½ years than Japan had seen in the previous 50. He disarmed the Japanese down to the last KP, arrested high-ranking military and civilian jingoists, encouraged labor to organize, purged 200,000 persons (including Japan's present premier, Ichiro Hatoyama, and 12 of his 16-man cabinet), abolished Shinto as the state religion, dissolved the zaibatsu—the family cartels—, revamped the education system, remodeled the judiciary, decentralized the police force, gave women equal civil rights, and carried out a land-reform program so successful the Communists tried to claim the credit. The Japanese also were induced to adopt a new American-model constitution which renounced war and declared that "land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained."

As the cold war grew hotter, reconstruction took precedence over reform. By mid-1948, MacArthur was banning large-scale political strikes that were wrecking recovery.

The following year trust-busting ended, and the big zaibatsu firms he split began rolling back into one like balls of quicksilver. Inflation was halted by rigorous austerity and mass government firings.

When left-wing labor indulged in sporadic sabotage and violence, MacArthur purged from unions and then from public life Communist leaders whom he had liberated as political prisoners in 1945. With the Korean war, Communist publications were suppressed and key industries told to fire known Communist employees. The same year the first of the early purgees were depurged. Then, with all his Occupation forces ticketed for Korea, MacArthur set Japan on the road to rearmament by ordering the government to form a 75,000-man National Police Reserve. Every nation, he declared, has the inherent right of self-defense.

By the time the Occupation ended in April, 1952, nearly every stratum of Japanese society had got a pat and a kick. Now, four years later, many are outspoken about its policies and their effects.

"I had to report to the police once a month for a year because I didn't surrender my family's samurai sword," said Tetsu Nakamura, of Kyoto. "Now you want us to build jet fighters."

Labor unions organized under the Occupation accuse us of having revived the military and siding with the old order. Businessmen criticize early trust-busting and labor reforms that raised the price of Japanese

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Many aspects of life in Japan show the encroachment of Western ways—often mixed with the old. At the left is a modern department store—featuring large stock of traditional Japanese parasols. Center, once-reserved Japanese men now flock to see strip-teasers in theaters and night clubs all over the nation. At right, Tokyo, formerly associated with paper houses and rickshas, is now ablaze with bright neon street signs—one result of the American influence of past decade

products on the world market. Conservatives chide us for initially "encouraging" Communism. "The Communists you let out of jail were *not* political prisoners," Foreign Minister Shigemitsu told me. "They were common criminals in prison for breaking laws."

The average Japanese—if there is one—will admit we behaved far better than the Russians would have, or (some say frankly) than the Japanese under similar circumstances. But we, not the Russians, are in Japan today —135,000 U.S. servicemen in 600 installations—and the Japanese have a haunting sensation that the Occupation never ended. They called the old Occupation troops *Shin-chu-gun*—advance army; they call our present security forces *Chu-ryu-gun*—the army that stays.

Almost anything the security forces do may be held against them. Villagers in Kyushu protested the setting up of an antiaircraft battery nearby; villagers in Hokkaido, from where the battery was transferred, protested because of the loss of business. For three years our Air Force has dickered with the Japanese government to lengthen runways on five key airfields for safer landings and take-offs. In exchange for a reduction in Japan's share of the upkeep of American forces (currently $105,000,000 a year), the government finally agreed to buy up and turn over the necessary land at the end of the runways. But in a country with the highest farm-population density in the world (4,300 persons per cultivated square mile), finding new land for the dispossessed is a major problem even if they are agreeable to moving—which they are not. Explaining that eventually Japan will get the runways for her own air force doesn't help: to the evicted, the U.S. Air Force is still the villain.

Mrs. Kimie Hotta, for instance, is a genuine hardship case—and the stuff Communist propaganda is made of. Mrs. Hotta is a thirty-five-year-old war widow with three children who owns one acre of rice and wheat paddy just outside Komaki Air Force Base near Nagoya. The land earns her $500 a year.

I spoke to Mrs. Hotta a few days after a Sabre jet crashed into a nearby house, killing the pilot and a young boy. "This land was owned by my husband's family for 100 years," she told me. "I was never going to sell it, but now I suppose I must. The government says it will find me new land but I don't think it can be as good." A jet thundered down the runway and rocketed 150 feet overhead. Mrs. Hotta went back to her hand-plowing.

The great majority of our servicemen are well-behaved, but the GI who saves a Japanese child from drowning is not as juicy an item as the one who slugs and robs a cabdriver. Hundreds of individual good-will gestures are dissipated by the inevitable drunken drivers, dance-hall brawls and plain misunderstandings that crop up on both sides of the language barrier. In templed Kyoto, Japan's ancient capital, the city's biggest dance hall—once a high spot for GIs on leave—now turns away the Occidental with a polite, "Sorry, Japanese only."

By administrative agreement, criminal jurisdiction over American servicemen in Japan is split between the Japanese government and the Far East Command. Offenses committed while off duty are tried in Japanese courts; offenses committed on duty are handled by military courts. It is a sore point in America, where congressmen have threatened to withhold armed forces appropriations unless servicemen can be guaranteed all constitutional rights overseas. It is a sore point among some Japanese, who feel that Japanese law should apply under all circumstances to anybody in Japan except diplomats.

The Japanese government rarely intrudes on the lives of law-abiding American servicemen and their families. Living on an air base or even a "little America" housing area in the heart of Tokyo, they can work, play, pray, shop and go to school or the movies as isolated from Japan as they would be at an Army post in Texas. This may reduce chances for friction, but it also widens a gulf across which Japanese inevitably look on the American military as a privileged alien minority.

THE "YANKEE GO HOME" line runs through the whole spectrum of Japanese politics. One third of the present Diet, the national legislature, was elected in February, 1955, on flat opposition to the security treaty which gives us the right to keep troops and bases in Japan until Japan rearms.

"If you leave," said Minoru Takano, a left-wing Socialist labor official, "no one will take over Japan. We don't need your bases or a Self-Defense Force. You are trying to make us wear an overcoat on a hot day." Premier Hatoyama, a fervent anti-Communist, sells an unpopular rearmament program to the people by arguing that this is the fastest way to get American troops out. In the February, 1955, election his conservative Japan Democratic party—since reunited with the equally conservative Liberal party—gained a plurality with campaign phrases advocating a "new independent policy."

The late deputy premier, Taketora Ogata, former Liberal chieftain, whom I interviewed just before his death in late January, didn't think American forces were causing enough friction to warrant their leaving. "This anti-bases talk is a combination of Communist propaganda and a Japanese inferiority complex," he said. Such a view may be common sense but it has been political poison. The old Liberals dropped 68 House seats in the last elections.

One of the few bluntly pro-Americans is a white-haired old man generally associated with "a day that will live in infamy." He is ex-Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, Japanese Ambassador to Washington at the time of Pearl Harbor. An independent conservative in Japan's House of Councillors ("I am a Bull Mooser"), Nomura told me: "If Americans leave, Japan is open to subversion. It doesn't matter how many divisions of planes you keep in Japan—it is your *potential* that permits us the luxury of peace."

"THE BASIC PROBLEM, the one at the bottom of everything in Japan, war and peace, is the population," said Father Hugo Lasalle of Hiroshima's Peace Memorial Cathedral, the German Jesuit priest who adopted Japanese nationality. "It is easy for us who speak of faith and morals to condemn them for practicing birth control. But how shall they live?"

For a Catholic priest, these are strong words. The church tolerates the rhythm system in Japan and encourages the rather dim hope of emigration. But today's 89,000,000 Japanese are compressed into the Japan of Commodore Perry's time, which barely supported a population of 30,000,000 and stabilized it by infanticide. Despite a birth-control campaign since 1949 (there was one legal abortion for every birth last year) the population curve is expected to rise to 107,000,000 before leveling off around the turn of the century.

How Japan will support this many people is a problem every Japanese

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For the first time, women now walk *"avec"* —with their men, instead of behind them

Young steelworker. Japan's most precious resource is her labor force—of which there are now some 650,000 unemployed

The people of Japan are as modern as the twentieth century—and as ancient as the middle nineteenth, when Commodore Perry first exposed Nippon to the outside world

Laborer. Japan's per capita annual income is $150 (compared to $1,800 in U.S.)—yet it's the highest in Asia

Children parade in ceremonial dress for a religious festival. Japanese often wear Western clothes in the streets and traditional garb at home

Street baseball game—with young Shawn McKinney, son of an American captain, behind the plate. Baseball is Japan's most popular sport; 100,000 in Tokyo greeted New York Yanks last fall

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lives with every day. Japan is a have-not country in natural resources. She must import every ounce of raw cotton, wool, crude rubber, phosphate and bauxite; 98 per cent of all crude oil; 90 per cent of iron ore; 75 per cent of tin ore—and so on and on.

The country's greatest natural resource is, of course, her labor force, whose technical know-how makes Japan the foremost industrial power in Asia. But today, despite the glitter of good times, the country has 650,000 jobless and up to 10,000,000 "potentially" unemployed—they need full-time jobs but can't find them—and even more fortunate workers have no easy row to hoe.

Umenosuke Oka, for example, is a stocky, forty-three-year-old senior rolling-mill operator at Tokyo's Azuma Steel Works, which is two thirds idle. He works eight hours a day, six days a week for his take-home pay equivalent to $83 a month. He, his wife and their six children live in one of four bleak company apartment houses behind a hill of steel scrap. Oka pays $1.40 a month for one of the better apartments—two 9-by-12-foot rooms including kitchen space. There is no heat, no gas (a charcoal brazier does for cooking and heating), and water pressure is so weak that Mrs. Oka prefers to wash the dishes at the community sink downstairs. There is one toilet on the Okas' floor and one below, and the entire family hies itself to the neighborhood bathhouse regularly. For 90 cents all eight can soak in the steamy community tubs. (If they go early the water is clearer.)

Like all Japanese except those affecting foreign ways, the Okas sleep on the *tatami* flooring and stow the quilts away during the day. They have the customary furniture—a foot-treadle sewing machine (to keep abreast of the little Okas), a radio, and a desk and chair for homework. The plaster walls are bare except for a dozen pin-ups of Japanese movie stars and one of Audrey Hepburn, twenty-three-year-old Miss Oka's favorite.

Rentwise, Oka is lucky. On the open market, a similar apartment would cost 15 times as much. He also receives company medical benefits—for himself, but not his family.

Oka's earnings and benefits put him in the upper fifth of workers' and white-collar workers' salaries—he is a ten-year man, and knows his job. His recreation is simple and inexpensive. He goes fishing in the Sumida River or watches a ball game between two of the 10 company teams. His children, like children all over Japan, play *menko*—a game of cards bearing pictures of movie stars. The two boys hunt cicadas, or they flock to the *kami shibai*—literally, "paper theater"—the storyteller whose source of livelihood is perhaps the last mystery of the East. In the television age, he can still draw a crowd of kids anywhere in Japan by telling a story with painted cardboard illustrations propped up on the back of his bicycle.

Oka is a moderate Socialist who goes along with the party in wanting complete neutrality for Japan. But whatever his politics might be, he would not question where the business came from that might get the Azuma Steel Works going full blast.

TODAY JAPAN'S PRODUCTION is 80 per cent above "peacetime" 1935—after the conquest of Manchuria and before the invasion of China. But exports are not much higher than they were 20 years ago—and there are now 24,000,000 more Japanese.

There is only one way out for Japan—to sell more of what she makes and buy what she needs cheaper. The country's foreign exchange is in the black for calendar 1955 by $325,000,000, thanks chiefly to American military purchases in Japan—$557,000,000 for goods and services and good times. But these purchases are dropping yearly, and many Japanese are pining for old markets and cheap raw materials now behind the bamboo curtain. They tend to forget that most of Japan's prewar China-Manchuria business was conducted at the point of a gun. Restive businessmen can show that in 1935 Japan sold China-Manchuria exports worth $603,000,000 at today's prices, more than enough to make up for American military purchases. Furthermore, according to the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, if Japan can sell to China she can buy Manchurian coking coal, iron ore, soybeans and other items now purchased from the dollar bloc, and save a yearly $331,000,000. (One ton of American coking coal landed in Japan costs $21.00 compared to $12.28 for a ton of Manchurian Kailan coal.)

The hitch is that today China won't buy the vast quantities of cheap textiles and light consumer goods Japan sold her in the 1930s. Further, China's raw-material production is still too low to feed Japanese industries. China wants chemicals and heavy industry goods that America and other free nations have embargoed. Japan abides by the embargo because the United States is Japan's best customer (although we sell more than we buy) and because the U.S. Battle Act denies American economic aid to any country breaking the embargo.

Nevertheless, as American military purchases decline, Japan must boost her exports. Where will she get the business?

From China and Russia, shout the political left and the small manufacturers and trading companies.

From South America, the United States and Southeast Asia, say the Conservatives and big concerns, which have trade with the free world pretty

EMPEROR

Hirohito's change in status is a good indication of what's happened to Japan. His subjects now love him instead of holding him in awe—and they can look at him now, instead of averting their eyes. He likes life better the new way

PREMIER

Though Ichiro Hatoyama, 73, has always been considered strongly anti-Communist, Reds hope he'll lead way to settlement with Red China. As premier, he has had a mildly anti-Western policy, but he recently told the author that "I believe the United States is our best international friend . . ."

FOREIGN MINISTER

Mamoru Shigemitsu signed Japan's surrender on battleship Missouri, was imprisoned for five years as war criminal—but by 1955, once again in good grace, was welcomed to Washington as a friend. He's committed Japan to help maintain security of the Western Pacific

RIGHT-WINGER

Ex-Col. Masanobu Tsuji claims he has solution to Japan's problems. "What Japan needs," he says, "is another Hitler." His nominee for the job: himself. Tsuji, like other right-wing Japanese, is for some kind of alliance with Red China. Though their following is small, rightists pose real threat

COMMUNIST

No. 2 man of Japan's Communist party is Yoshio Shiga. He wants U.S. to leave Japan and give up Okinawa—but says occupation of Japanese Sakhalin and Kuriles by U.S.S.R. is entirely different

EX-AMBASSADOR

Adm. Kichisaburo Nomura, who was representing Japan in Washington on Pearl Harbor Day, now is one of the few outspoken, unreserved pro-Americans in the Diet, Japan's national legislature. "If Americans leave, Japan is open to subversion," he declared to the author in Tokyo

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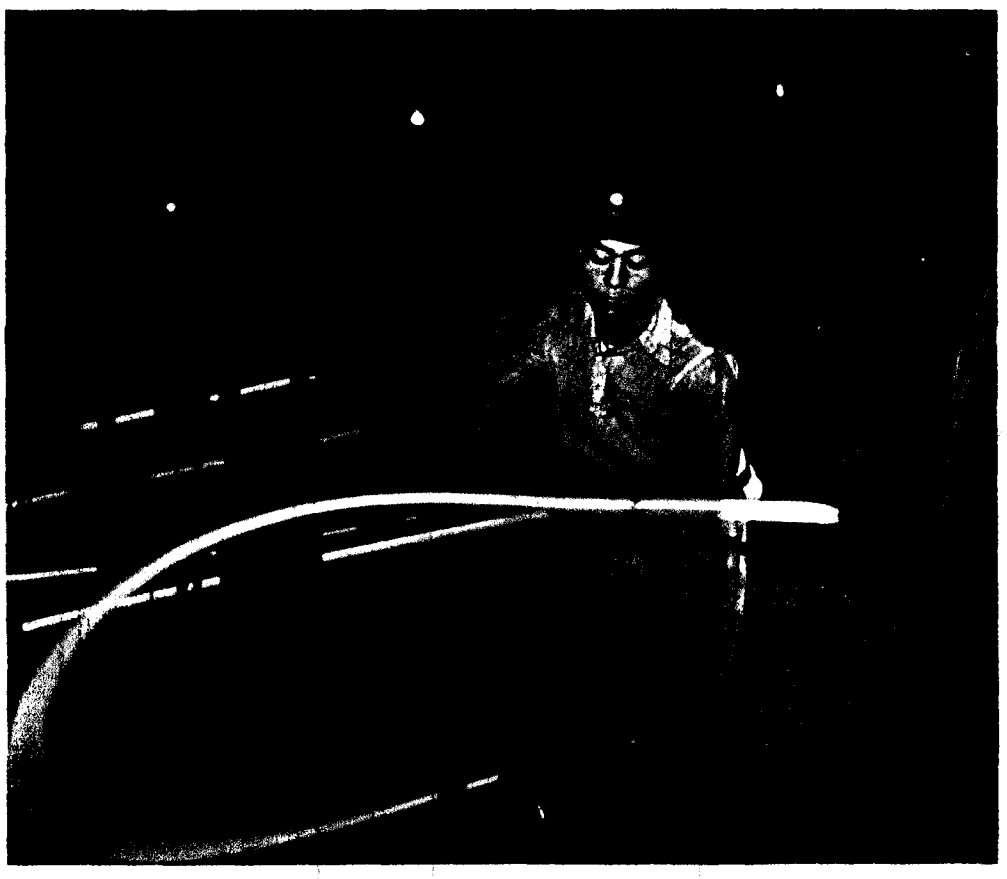
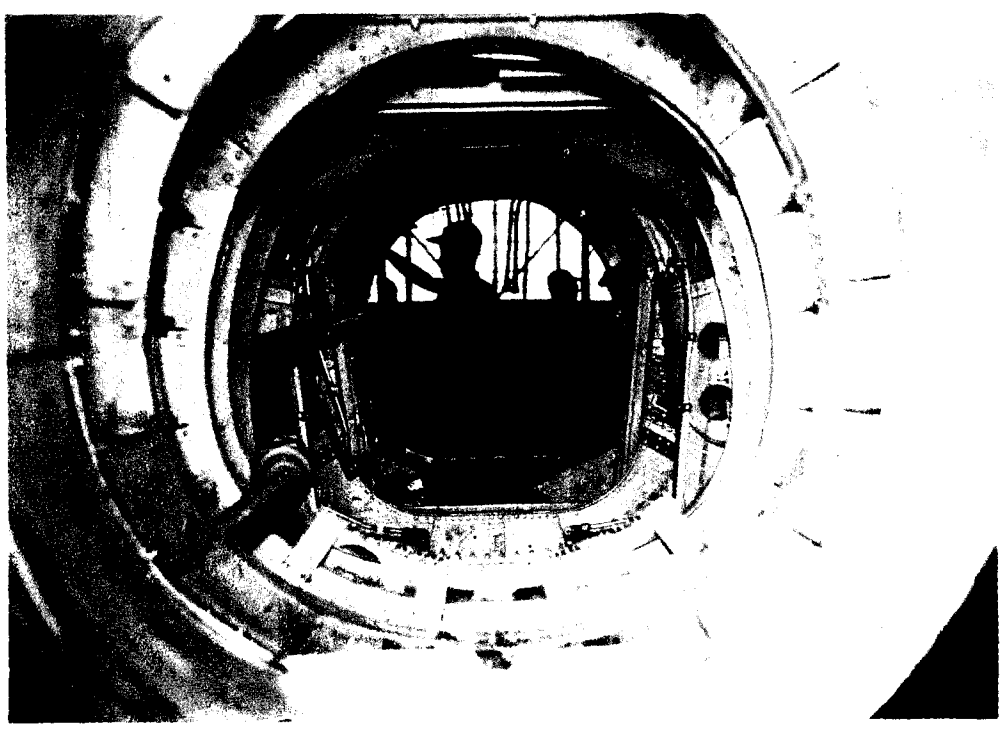
Once again, the Japanese are building military strength —somewhat reluctantly, but at the strong urging of the United States government





Top, the Rising Sun insignia is in the Pacific skies again, now on F-86s flown by Japanese pilots. Center, a workman handles hot steel at the Azuma works, part of Japan's rebounding heavy industry. Bottom, repairing aircraft at Mitsubishi plant —a major producer of World War II planes, soon to be making American jets

well sewed up, and don't want to risk being blackballed out of the lucrative Formosa trade by Nationalist China.

Conservatives like Finance Minister Hisato Ichimada, former governor of the Bank of Japan and one of the nation's real powers, see no immediate prospect of Japan swinging into the Communist trade bloc—unless. The "unless" hinges on what happens to Southeast Asia. If Formosa, Malaya, Burma, Thailand, South Vietnam and Indonesia (or many of them) are sucked into the Communist orbit "it would have a vital effect on Japan's economy," said Ichimada, in an understatement.

Without benefit of diplomatic relations, Japanese and Chinese trade missions have nevertheless crisscrossed between Peiping and Tokyo. A two-way $84,000,000 trade agreement and a smaller barter agreement have been semiofficially recognized—all for nonstrategic materials.

But Red Chinese officials and Japanese businessmen declare that this is just the beginning.

DEFEAT IN WAR and the physical and psychological destruction of the military caste have helped turn most Japanese into pacifists. The country's two big postwar best sellers are violently antimilitary. One called Long the Imperial Way relates the brutalized life of the Japanese enlisted man in China. The hero of the other, Homecoming, is a cashiered navy officer who copes with his problems better than his conventional fellow officers.

But the main reason most Japanese want no part of war is the obvious one—they were atom-bombed twice. In 1946, I called on a top Japanese nuclear scientist, Professor R. Sagane of Tokyo Imperial University, now dead, and asked what he thought about Japan rearming in the future. "Useless," he told me. "Today there is no such thing as a good second- or third-class military force. Without atomic weapons a nation might as well not have any."

That argument has gained ground since two former enemies are now armed with the H-bomb. The Japanese are understandably touchy on the subject—106,000 of them died in just two old-fashioned nuclear explosions. Fate also chose 23 Japanese fishermen to be the first victims of an H-bomb fall-out near Bikini in March, 1954. The "ashes of death" incident, for which we paid $2,000,000 compensation, brought Japanese-American relations to a postwar low.

Behind the boil-up of emotions is the Communist propaganda line that America drops A-bombs, or experiments with H-bombs, only on what we regard as inferior races. The U.S. lease of enriched uranium and the agreement to help build an atomic reactor in Japan was fought to the bitter end; the announcement that Honest John rockets—which may carry atomic warheads—would become part of American armament in Japan caused the Diet to adjourn in an uproar.

The director general of Japan's Defense Board resigned, but two weeks later the new director general, seventy-one-year-old Shigemasas Sunada, bluntly declared that Japan must learn to make hydrogen and cobalt bombs, and predicted that eventually Japan's defense force would also have long-range rockets with atomic warheads. It was the first time a Japanese official had ever mentioned nuclear weapons with anything but horror or reproach. The editorial comment on Sunada's remarks in the Japanese press was astounding—there wasn't any.

Last summer Sunada unveiled a long-discussed six-year defense program which, the Japanese government hopes, will permit all U.S. ground troops to leave by 1958 and all U.S. airmen by 1960. The projected Japanese defense establishment would have a 180,000-man Army (one third the size of South Korea's); a tiny Navy and a 1,300-plane Air Force (including 21 Sabre jet squadrons).

The fire-eating Sunada has since made way in the cabinet for the more quiet-spoken Naka Funada, who, however, has said that he would carry out Sunada's program.

WHATEVER ANYBODY SAYS ten years hence about the wisdom of re-arming Japan, the Japanese can point to an impressive record of resisting it.

University professors thunder that rearmament is unconstitutional; labor denounces it as a typical Fascist cure for unemployment; and the majority Conservatives who enact the necessary laws complain about the expense.

Yet gingerly, and with much American coaxing and prodding, Japan's new defense establishment has grown from MacArthur's National Police Reserve to today's all-volunteer Self-Defense Force, numbering 160,000 ground, sea and air. About 250 American officers serve as top-level coaches to the three services, which are armed with slightly used American equipment. We are also paying 57 per cent of the cost of tooling up two Japanese aircraft factories to make Sabre jets.

Tsuiki Air Force Base, in the southern main island of Kyushu, is the American-run training center for Japan's new air force. The base is jointly used by 450 American Air Force personnel and 600 Japanese student pilots and enlisted technicians. It looks like any other small American air base—except that all the parked jet trainers are painted with the Rising Sun insignia.

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"If anybody told me twelve years ago, when I was flying against these boys out of New Guinea, that I'd be running a training base in Japan to teach them how to fly jets—well, I'd have had his head examined," said Tsuiki's base commander, Lieutenant Colonel Bennett P. Browder, of Dallas, Texas.

Browder has nothing on Captain Stanley Corvin, a jet pilot instructor from Levelland, Texas. Corvin flew P-51 fighter escort for B-29s and shot down two Japanese interceptors over Osaka and one over Yokohama. His star pupil, Lieutenant Colonel Kenshi Ishikawa, was the group commander in the Osaka area and shot down seven B-29s.

Corvin and Ishikawa—slated to be senior squadron leader in the Japanese air force—share the respect of two professionals in a pretty exclusive profession. The years have erased everything but a fascination for flying, with the Japanese satisfying a 10-year frustration. There are 30 applications for every opening in the new Air Self-Defense Force. The entire training program is taught in English, a real skull-cracker for many who have to learn the language from scratch. The first crop of pilots are all old men of nearly forty and include World War II aces like carrier pilot Lieutenant Colonel Masanobu Ibusuki, who took part in the attack on Pearl Harbor and the Battle of Midway. Ibusuki shot down 25 American and five British planes. As a flying lieutenant colonel with a family he gets a take-home pay of $90 a month.

From Tsuiki I flew to Sapporo, headquarters of the Japanese Northern Corps—three infantry regiments and supporting troops—which took over the defense of Hokkaido from the U.S. First Cavalry Division. Hokkaido is the northernmost Japanese main island, opposite Siberia and Russian-held Sakhalin and the Kuriles.

The new Japanese army I saw wasn't any dedicated group of firebrands. Most of the officers and some of the noncoms are Pacific war veterans with a distinguishing snap to their bearing. The enlisted men have a scrubbed, eager, new-uniform look that reminded me of American Army camps just before Pearl Harbor. But they don't have the same "our boys" support from local civilians. The first-anniversary parade of the Self-Defense Forces through the streets of nearby Chitose brought out mostly children. There was no cheering, no flag waving—just a mild curiosity. When permission was asked to put up a recruiting poster near the Sapporo City Hall the request was first turned down. "If we let you advertise," said a spokesman for the city council, "we would have to give Nippon Beer and other advertisers the same rights."

Of a random group of enlisted men, I found two who wanted to make soldiering a career, one because his father had been a first lieutenant and the other because he liked Army social life. Three men came from large families in economic straits. A private's $16-a-month pay is princely compared to the prewar $4 a month.

"The main difference between now and the way it was before," said a thin, burning-eyed ex-warrant officer, now a captain, "is the discipline. Do you know, there is no more punching an enlisted man in the face? I don't know how long it will take to make a first-class army. Right now we're trained as well as the American Army, but your infantry isn't as good as the Russians'. You're too soft—you need too many supporting units. And you are teaching us the same bad habits—one vehicle to every four men, for instance."

The old Army, said the captain, was the emperor's, and the troops died willingly for the emperor. Today? "We are trying to fill the place of emperor-devotion with a love for the country, but it takes time," he said.

THERE IS ONE MAN who believes he has a solution for Japan. He is ex-Colonel Masanobu Tsuji, a lean, balding member of the House of Representatives, with a hearty handshake and eyes that smile from behind glasses as thick as portholes. "Japan," he told me, "is too much like France—little men, little parties, squabbling over little problems. What Japan needs is another Hitler."

I asked whom he had in mind for the job.

"Me," he replied sincerely.

When Japan surrendered, staff officer Tsuji was in Bangkok. He changed his uniform for the saffron robe of a Buddhist priest and went underground. While British and American authorities hunted three years for him, Chinese Nationalists spirited him to Nanking, where he served as a back-room military adviser to Chiang Kai-shek. He surfaced in Japan when the war crimes trials ended. His account of his adventures, Underground Escape—a sort of sukiyaki Mein Kampf—launched him in politics.

Tsuji wants a firm economic alliance with Red China and scoffs at the idea of danger from that quarter. "The Chinese," he said, "do not have the capability for scientific warfare. They are a nation of businessmen."

I jokingly asked Tsuji what minority in Japan would be the domestic scapegoat so necessary to a modern dictator—after all, Hitler had the Jews. "The Koreans," he answered promptly. "There are 500,000 Korean residents in Japan and 80 per cent of them are Communists or in the black market. The first thing I would do is expel the Koreans."

Although Tsuji has no following outside his constituency, he cannot be dismissed as a crackpot, because he is the new face of the old Japan that looks toward Asia, the Japan that coined the slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" long before native Communists adopted it.

For Americans who worry about Japan's drift toward neutralism there is something else to ponder—a possible affinity between Communism and Japan's mystic blood-and-iron right-wingers. Tsuji is a Milquetoast compared to scar-faced ultranationalist Takashige Toyada, twenty-eight-year-old leader of the National Youth Martyr Corps, whose followers wear blue uniforms and black combat boots and practice para-military drill. In recent months Toyada has indicated that he may be having a change of heart about his once "immovable" opposition to Communism. "If the United States wishes to benefit itself," he wrote Leroy Hansen of the United Press, "they should co-operate with us in opposing Communism. If this is impossible I will have to sacrifice myself for the sake of our motherland and our race and ask the Communist nations to co-operate with us."

U.S. GIs—among 135,000 now stationed in Japan—get their shoes shined in a Tokyo street

Another extremist group is the National Protection Society, whose two top officers were first sentenced to death, then to life imprisonment for political assassination, but were freed by general amnesty in 1940. At the society's Tokyo headquarters, I was courteously received by Vice-President Yoshiaki Sagoya, a cement sack of a man with cauliflower ears, who had shot down Premier Osachi Hamaguchi 25 years ago on platform four of Tokyo Station. It was a delicate question, but I asked Sagoya why he had done it. "London Naval Treaty," he said curtly. Hamaguchi had accepted "an inferior position" for Japan, and Sagoya had erased the national disgrace with a Mauser pistol.

Sagoya, who was jailed three years by the Occupation for attempting a postwar uprising against the Americans in Korea right after the war, explained that the society, whose members like to wear uniforms, was out to promote love, clean politics, self-sacrifice, education and good etiquette. Good etiquette? "Our members circulate in streetcars and buses and encourage people to give their seats to the old and infirm," he explained. The society would like to bring back the best of the old Japan, "make the emperor a real father to his people—and combine the best that Russia and America have to offer."

Shortly after I saw him, Sagoya and two colleagues were arrested and charged with extorting money from business firms to "aid the political right."

The 600,000 Japanese belonging to some 20 right-wing organizations vary from philosophical old men doing brushwork Chinese characters on silk to bullyboys and strikebreakers and the kind of zealot who will cut off one joint of his finger and send it to someone as a warning. They are weak and disunited, but they are as much a part of Japan as the 7,000 little earthquakes that shake the country each year—no one can tell when a really big one will come along.

BY COMPARISON with the extreme right, the Communists are alien to Japan. Today, with three seats in the Diet, they have less political power than 10 years ago. According to police, they have 100,000 members and sympathizers. Their strategic strength lies in the electric power, communications and railway workers' unions, and their intellectual shock troops are in the Teachers' Union. The party's big obstacle to popularity has been its identification with Russia. The Communists have had to brazen out the seven-day war for which Russia got southern Sakhalin, the Kurile Islands, $1,000,000,000 worth of industrial plants in Manchuria and thousands of still unrepatriated prisoners. There is also Russia's occupation of Habomai and Shikotan islands (which are generally recognized as part of Hokkaido), its intermittent seizure of Japanese fishing boats in northern international waters, and the fact that Soviet spies have been caught landing on Japanese beaches.

The Communist party is making a determined effort to be respectable. Japanese security officials unearthed a party order to dissolve its secret "combat" organization, abandon illegal activities and unobtrusively dispose of hoarded weapons. A core of 500 crack agents remains underground in

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One fact is sure: Japan will look out for her own best interests—whether it helps us or not

case of changed signals, but otherwise the new watchword is, "We have nothing to hide."

I visited Yoshio Shiga, the party's present No. 2 man and a member of the House of Representatives, at his office in the Diet building. He wore an impeccably tailored dark-blue gabardine suit and looked like a Connecticut commuter. I had seen him last in January, 1949. After commenting that he had grown a little deafer in one ear ("I was six years underground—where?—ha-ha, nowhere"), Shiga observed that one thing hadn't changed—the Americans were still occupying Japan.

I replied that we said we would leave as soon as Japan had an adequate Self-Defense Force, something the Communists vigorously oppose.

"If the American forces left Japan *first,* we would acknowledge the Self-Defense Forces," he said. "But they are not a truly Japanese force. You are training and influencing them. I am a patriotic Japanese and must oppose this."

If all American forces left Japan tomorrow and immediately Russia or China offered to train Japan's army would Shiga as a patriotic Japanese oppose the offer?

Long pause. "Russia and China would never interfere in the internal affairs of Japan," he replied.

But suppose they made the offer?

"They wouldn't make it. They would never interfere in the internal . . ."

On another tack, Shiga said that as a patriotic Japanese he wanted to get the Americans out of Japan and Okinawa, "where we hear from workers you are stockpiling atom bombs."

"The Communist party always talks about Okinawa," I pointed out, "but I never hear a word about the Kuriles and Sakhalin. As a patriotic Japanese, do you think Russia should return them?"

"The case of Okinawa is different," Shiga said. "At San Francisco, Premier Yoshida renounced Japan's claims to Sakhalin and the Kuriles to conform with the Potsdam Declaration." (Russia, however, did not sign the San Francisco Peace Treaty, Shiga neglected to add.)

I asked what he thought of Premier Hatoyama's efforts to normalize relations between Japan and the Communist bloc.

"Hatoyama is always being pulled from the right and from the left," said Shiga, shrugging him off. It was the mildest Communist remark I had ever heard about Hatoyama. It indicated that the Reds are willing to hold fire on an archenemy—if he keeps his promise to bring about a *rapprochement* with Russia and China.

ICHIRO HATOYAMA actually has only one thing in common with Communist Shiga—they both got the back of the hand from the Occupation. Hatoyama emerged from semiretirement after the war to found the new Liberal party. He was a veteran politician with administrative experience, and a militant anti-Communist.

In 1929 he had been secretary-general of the Tanaka cabinet, the same Tanaka whose alleged "Memorial" for Japanese world conquest made such lurid anti-Japanese propaganda. Then, as education minister in the early 1930s, Hatoyama had organized a purge of "Red" professors. (His most celebrated purgee, Professor Takigawa of Kyoto University Law School, is now president of Kyoto University and last June was beaten and locked in his office by Communist students.)

Lt. Col. Bennett Browder (l.) Pacific combat vet, now helps train new Japanese air force—which includes war ace Lt. Col. Masanobu Ibusuki, who bombed Pearl Harbor

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Hatoyama was within tasting distance of the premiership in 1946 when he attended a Tokyo Foreign Correspondents' Club Dinner. During a question-and-answer period his hosts played him the dirtiest trick of his rough-and-tumble political career: they produced a translation of his book, The Face of the World, written after a prewar trip abroad, in which he praised aspects of Hitlerism. Howard Handleman of International News Service summed up the two-hour grilling that followed with one of journalism's classic leads: "The correspondents threw the book at Ichiro Hatoyama last night—his own."

Hatoyama was later purged by direct order of Courtney Whitney, then a brigadier general in charge of MacArthur's Government Section. For five years he tried to run the show from backstage. He entrusted the Liberal party to Shigeru Yoshida (now seventy-seven), who became premier, with the understanding that Yoshida would bow out when the Americans did. But Yoshida apparently did not understand the understanding, and Hatoyama's crippling stroke in 1951 lengthened the odds against a comeback. But after his depurge he and Nobosuke Kishi, present secretary-general of the Liberal Democratic party, pulled anti-Yoshida conservatives into a coalition and, with a helping push from the Socialists, toppled him from power.

At seventy-three, and partially paralyzed, Hatoyama has achieved his life's ambition, the premiership, by sheer grit and by the surest political touch in Japan. A baptized Protestant in a country which has only 530,000 Christians, upon assuming office he dutifully reported to his ancestors at the Shinto Grand Shrine of Ise. He wears well-tailored Western clothes in public and like millions of his countrymen relaxes at home in a kimono. "He is not a popular leader-type," a member of his party described him, "but a popular mirror-type." His friends insist that Hatoyama is basically pro-Western but had to placate nationalist sentiment by initially taking a mildly anti-Western line.

Hatoyama answered my flat question, "Which country do you feel is Japan's best international friend?" with a written answer, "I believe the United States is our best international friend." He wants the constitution overhauled to remove any doubtful legality on rearmament—he is for limited rearmament—and to rectify some Occupation reforms that "went too far." (He would like to restore some of the emperor's former prerogatives, for instance.) But he still lacks the two-thirds majority necessary to pass constitutional amendments, and, ironically, it is the left-wing one third of the Diet which will defend the "MacArthur constitution" against any tampering. In any case, the political soothsayers claim that the agreement has already been made for Hatoyama to resign in favor of a top former Liberal next month.

When the Foreign Correspondents' Club extended Hatoyama a second invitation—to be a luncheon guest of honor last year—he accepted and brought a roar of relieved laughter when he said: ". . . During the past several years I have had no chance to converse with you directly; nor have I since made any trips abroad or written a book . . . The building is different and I might say that The Face of the World gathered here is also new."

IF THERE IS ONE personal history that shows the new face of Japan it is that of thirty-year-old Tadashi Itagaki. Itagaki graduated from the Japanese Air Force Academy in March, 1945, was sent to Korea as a second lieutenant pilot in June and was taken prisoner by the Russians in August. In July, 1948, he was moved to a camp in Khabarovsk, Siberia, which held 400 Japanese enlisted men and 300 low-ranking officers. By the time Itagaki got there a social revolution had taken place. A small group, supplied with books, pamphlets and a Japanese-language newspaper which gave the news according to Moscow, had converted most of the men to Communism. Enlisted men would surround an officer and badger him until he tore off his insignia. "After three years, do you still want to fight wars?" they would jeer. "Japan doesn't even have an army." Itagaki held out for six months. He was a fervent believer in the emperor system, and he had another special reason: his father was Lieutenant General Seishiro Itagaki, one of Japan's most aggressive militarists.

One day a fellow prisoner came up to him waving a copy of the Japanese newspaper.

"Great news today," he said. "Tojo and your father and five other war criminals were executed in Tokyo."

"To me," Itagaki recently explained, "my father was almost synonymous with the emperor. When I heard the news my world collapsed. I thought if this could happen, then Japan was really turning inside out, as the Communists among us said."

The next day Itagaki joined the Communists.

In 1950 he was repatriated. The Communists lionized him; they tried to use him as a speaker in an election campaign.

But something was wrong. The picture of Japan that Itagaki had inside his head did not jibe with the Japan he had come back to.

"I talked with my mother and my friends," Itagaki said, "and I read the new constitution. Then I made up my mind."

Six months after his return he quit the party. Today he is a very ordinary young man with a very ordinary job he wants to keep. He is not much interested in politics, but he votes Right Socialist.

"I think Japan should be friends with everybody," he said. "I don't want any more war."

DURING FOREIGN MINISTER SHIGEMITSU'S recent visit to Washington, a joint statement issued by him and Secretary of State Dulles declared that Japan should "assume primary responsibility for the defense of its homeland and be able to contribute to the preservation of international peace and security in the Western Pacific."

To Americans it was an acknowledgment that Japan is now the leading power in free Asia and as such should pull its weight on the team. But to the Japanese at home it sounded like an implied commitment to send Japanese armed forces outside the country. There was a storm of criticism.

As desirable as a rearmed Japan in a collective-security pact with our friends in the Pacific sounds to us, it doesn't sound so good to most Japanese or to most of our friends. President Syngman Rhee of South Korea has emotionally declared he would rather throw in with the Communists than with Japan. In Australia last summer, I found most people resigned to the idea of a rearmed Japan—but barely. "They decapitated my father in a prison camp," a Sydney newspaperman told me. The Philippine Republic is still trying to collect $800,000,000 war reparations.

Only Chiang Kai-shek would welcome Japanese military aid—and if there is one thing the Japanese don't want it is any part of a shooting war over Formosa.

At home, Japan is approaching a two-party system. The reunited Socialists—under left-wing Mosaburo Suzuki—have rejected a tie-up with the Communists, but demand the abrogation of the U.S. Security Pact, the peaceful return of territory seized by the Russians, and of U.S.-occupied Okinawa and the Bonin Islands. The reunited Conservatives—unless they split over personality differences again—have a clear sailing majority.

Since both Socialists and Conservatives espouse a welfare state at home, the main points of difference revolve around the question of which foreign policy will assure Japan peace and continuing prosperity: 100 per cent neutrality or a U.S. alliance granting the maximum security and economic benefits with the minimum sacrifice. The majority of Japanese will continue to support the Conservatives' formula—favoring the American alliance—just as long as it supports them. (The nation is still traditionally Conservative by two to one.)

But let there be a depression, or let it appear that the American alliance is costing Japan more than it brings in, and the country will go Socialist, or, even likelier, the Conservatives themselves will junk the American alliance.

Thus, Japan's economic health will be a bigger factor in keeping her on our side than the number of U.S. troops and bases on Japanese soil, or the size of the new Japanese defense establishment. At the current rate of exchange, a U.S. tariff cut on Japanese products would be worth at least a division.

Japan's recent failure to get a seat in the United Nations, when 16 other nations were admitted, rankled her national pride. Russia was tagged the chief villain for twice vetoing Japan, but there was open exasperation with Nationalist China for vetoing Outer Mongolia and the 18-nation package deal, and sharp criticism of the Japanese government for "inept diplomacy." The press also placed a share of blame on the United States: Japan had banked everything on American sponsorship and we failed to deliver.

Making due allowance for pique and disappointment, no matter what we do for Japan, we must expect the Japanese to pursue what they consider their best interests. Sooner or later they are going to re-establish diplomatic relations with Russia. Sooner or later they are going to do the same with Red China. In a practical sense they have already bypassed such formalities: since Geneva, more Japanese newsmen, actors, legislators and traveling salesmen have been glad-handed in Peiping by Mao Tse-tung than Americans have been toasted in Moscow by Khrushchev.

JAPAN IS DEFINITELY back in the international poker game. I asked foreign minister Shigemitsu if Japan wanted the return of Okinawa, our $300,000,000 island outpost which the U.S. has declared it has no intention of vacating.

"Yes," he said, "we would permit U.S. bases on Okinawa for the common interest and mutual security, but the people there want to be part of Japan."

If Russia offered to give back the Kuriles and perhaps other lost Japanese territory on condition the United States gave up Okinawa, would Mr. Shigemitsu consider this a good bargain?

"I would pass the information on to my friends in the American Embassy," he said with a smile.

The smile was frank, but plainly that of a man with only a pair of deuces who hopes that deuces are wild. THE END

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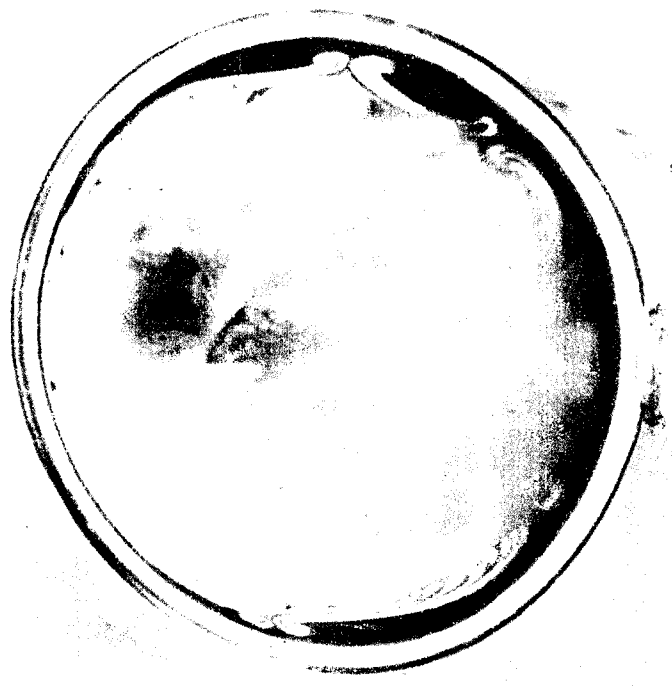

love that soup!

It's one of our most versatile foods. Now it's being hailed as a breakfast dish—and a cooling summer drink

IT WAS thirty-seven-hundred-and-ninety-two years ago that a desert man named Jacob boiled up a bone and some red lentils, and waited for his brother to come home from the hunt. Esau, arriving faint with hunger, was so beguiled by his twin's cooking that he promptly disposed of his birthright for the famous mess of pottage. The ability of soup to influence man had at last found its way into the record.

Yet soup has been a dietary staple since Stone Age cooks learned how to boil water. It has caused an English clergyman to admit that "of soup and love, the first is the best." and incited a French epicure to remark rather sourly that no girl unable to make soups should be allowed to marry.

Nowadays no man gets much opportunity to scoff at non-soup-making wives, because canned soups have been on the market for 100 years, dehydrated soups for more than a decade, and frozen soups began to hit the nation's supermarkets in quantity during 1955.

As a matter of gastronomical fact, the soup news of the moment is on the cool side. Some soup supporters have turned their favorite liquid food into a summer beverage: Soup on the Rocks. Bouillon over ice—or imbibed straight from a cold can like beer—has made its greatest hit with men, because its high salt content is an answer to exercise in the sun, whether behind a lawn mower or on the fairway. Trainer Doc Wendler tried it on his Brooklyn Dodgers and pronounced it "better than salt tablets." Another hot-weather pickup is the Soup Shake, an ice-cold blend of equal parts of milk and any condensed cream soup,

By EVAN JONES

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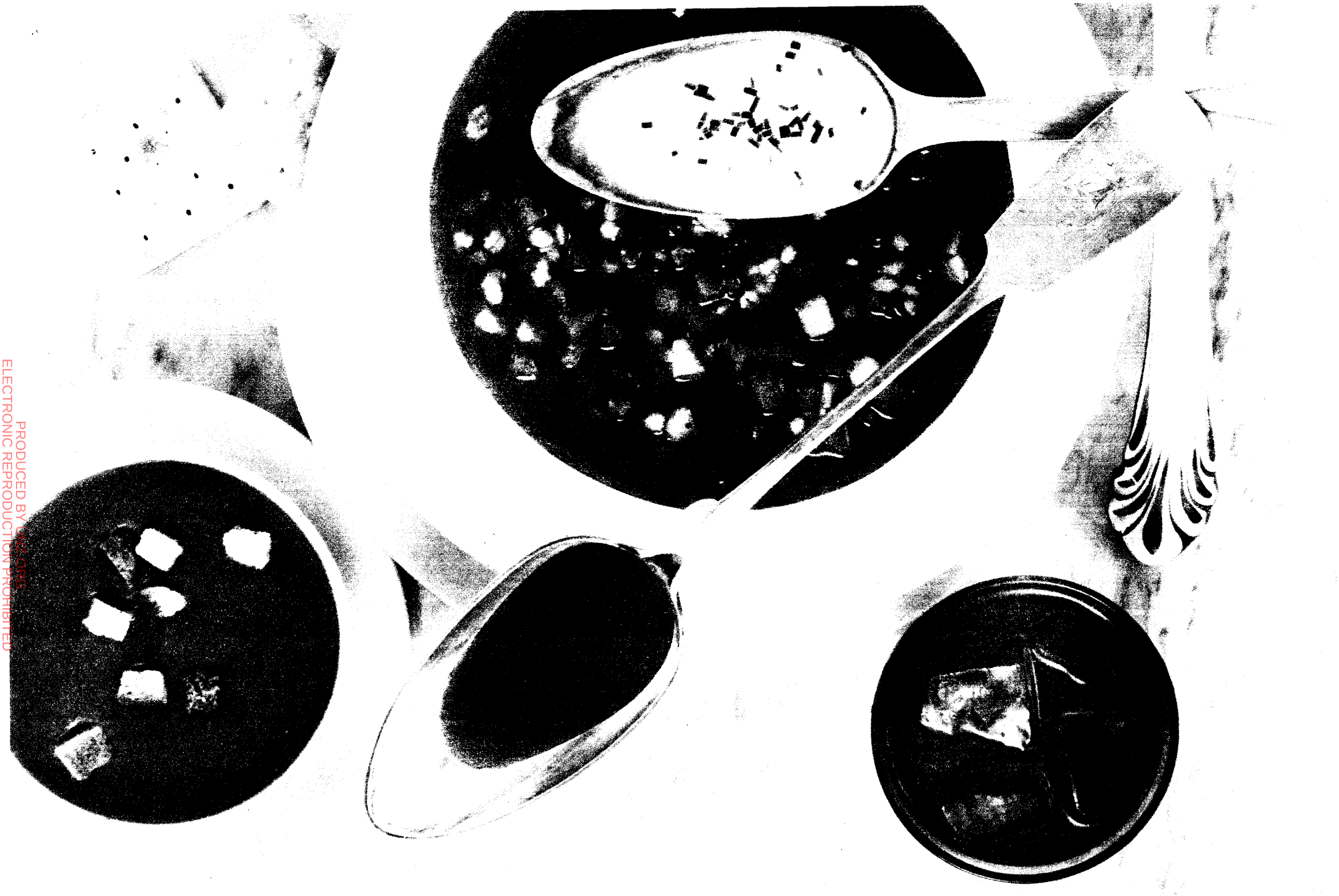

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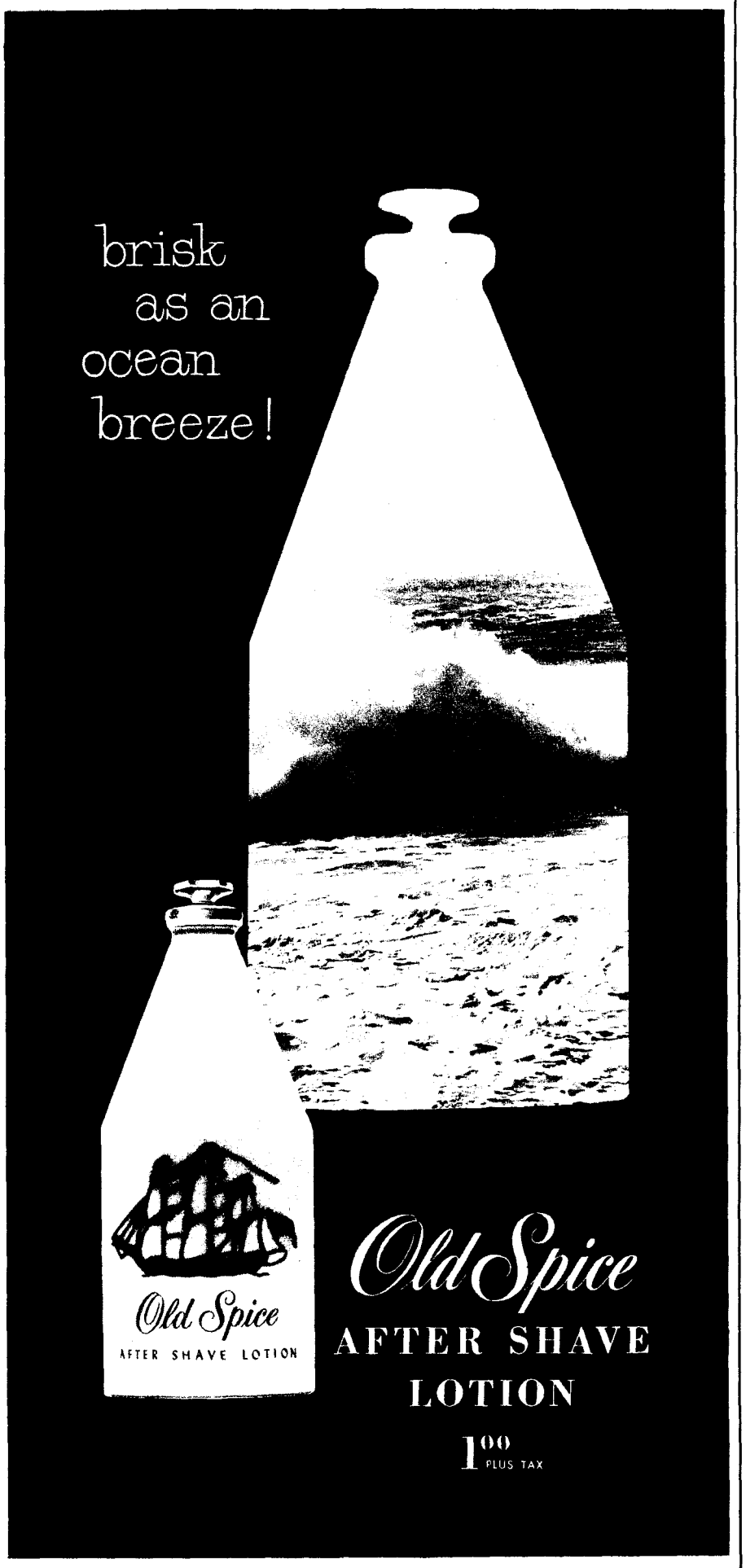

It's a pleasure to get to know Old Spice After Shave Lotion. Each time you shave you can look forward to something special: the Old Spice scent—brisk, crisp, fresh as all outdoors . . . the tang of that vigorous astringent—banishes shave-soap film, heals tiny razor nicks. Splash on Old Spice—and start the day refreshed!

Make your next shave OLD SPICE SMOOTH SHAVE *in the pressurized container. Rich, creamy lather—stands alone in quality.* 1.00

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Beer in your soup? It's popular in Wisconsin. A

served in a tall glass; connoisseurs of Chicken Shakes (made, of course, with cream-of-chicken soup) add a dash of curry powder.

The manner in which it was consumed aside, American housewives in 1955 served the equivalent of 150,000,000 gallons of soup, of which an estimated half-billion dollars' worth was canned or otherwise packaged. Yet the back-of-the-stove soup pot still simmers away in millions of kitchens. Forty per cent of all soup served in homes is still homemade.

No conclusive tally has ever been made, but it's a safe estimate that there are more than 1,000 different kinds of soup throughout the world. In this country, one survey of national eating habits shows that soup outranks both sandwiches and fruit as a noon-meal staple and is served oftener than pie in the evening.

Soup is so much a part of the American scene that close to $50,000 of taxpayers' money is budgeted annually to help maintain a bean-soup emporium for the United States Senate. Officially called the Senate Restaurant, this eating place dispenses its own famous pottage (at 15 cents a cup or 20 cents a plate) at the rate of more than 30 gallons a day.

Soup has a way of arousing legislators. Daniel Webster was known during his stormy career not simply as the great champion of the Union but as the Great Chowder Maker of New England, and he was most particular about the way his potatoes were sliced. Webster's stand on the running argument between the Manhattan (tomatoes) and New England (no tomatoes) clam-chowder stylists isn't known, but it's a matter of record down Maine way that a local lawmaker tried to make it illegal to use tomatoes in any chowder at all.

So it goes with soups in every region of the country; they reflect as many tastes as America has national groups. In Alabama some cooks boil down okra, tomatoes, green and red peppers and green corn into a "vegetable jam," seal it for the winter, then serve it as soup by adding milk or meat stock. A cold orange soup which originated in Portugal and combines gelatin, orange juice, lime juice and a sweet cordial is a favorite in Florida, and many Wisconsinites go all out for German beer soup, in which hot beer is thickened with flour and flavored with lemon juice and a cinnamon stick. Iowa has its Indian green corn soup—essentially a corn chowder—and Virginians have espoused a soup of West African heritage made by blending peanut butter, cream, chopped celery and onions with chicken stock. In spite of the absence of exotic Mediterranean fish in the Gulf of Mexico, any bouillabaisse purist can please his palate in New Orleans with a local variation made with eight kinds of seafood instead of Marseilles' twelve.

Local produce has been responsible for great soups all over the world. In Hungary people still gather on the shores of 50-mile-long Lake Balaton or beside the Tisza River to fish and make a distant cousin of La Bouillabaisse known as *halászlé*. The Hungarians drain the blood of carp, catfish and pike into an iron pot, then cut the fish in one-and-a-half-inch slices, placing them in the pot in layers. Thinly sliced sweet onions separate these layers and enough Balaton or Tisza water (nothing else will do) is added to cover; sharp and sweet paprika go into the pot as soon as it begins to boil. The soup is never stirred, so the fish slices stay whole, and just before it is finished big round noodles are tossed in to cook in the rich juices. When serving time comes, a wine called "bull's blood" from the town of Eger is brought out and the diners gather around the fire. The news of such fish-soup parties always travels to nearby villages, bringing gypsy orchestras to accompany first the sad songs and then the gay czardas.

If, as some hard-thinking gastronomes believe, soup is more closely related to folklore than any other food, perhaps it is because there is no more basic dish. No national diet was ever simpler than that of ancient Sparta, and soup—black broth—was its mainstay. And at the other extreme, the soup pot contributed to

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any Virginians like to put peanut butter in theirs

the reputation of self-indulgent Louis XIV of France. He became responsible for the invention of consommé when he ordered his chef to create a soup so clear that he could see his kingly reflection in it. He originated the first cold soup because he was afraid of being poisoned—he had so many tasters that by the time his soup plate got to him the stuff was lukewarm. So instead of having it reheated, the unpredictable Louis one night sent his dish back to the kitchen to be iced. Here was the real beginning of all chilled soups, perhaps the most famous of which is America's Vichyssoise, a leek-and-potato specialty created by Louis Diat for the old Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York. He named it for the famous spa, Vichy, near his home town in France.

In England soup is considered so much a part of the lore of the land that a soupy exhibit has been preserved in the austere British Museum for almost 200 years. It is a primitive cake of meat extract aptly entitled Portable Soup (very probably the granddaddy of all bouillon cubes) for which a home recipe was included in a volume called Mrs. Gardiner's Receipts, published in 1763.

Soup has made inroads in all facets of history. For reasons no one seems able to explain, it has always been a favorite of musicians. The great Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi sustained himself with noodle soup while he was turning out such operas as Aïda, and Poland's Ignace Paderewski habitually consumed sauerkraut soup for breakfast.

Starting the day with soup, always common in other parts of the world, has been revived recently in the United States, with its chief supporters those who have to eat on the run. But as much as soup manufacturers are interested in promoting new times and places to serve their favorite product, they are equally concerned with improving the contents of their cans and packages. Companies like Heinz, Hormel and Campbell's maintain experimental farms to develop new strains of vegetables. Master chefs guide the factory kitchens, and external research takes soup men to some of the world's flossiest soup kitchens in search of ideas for new products.

Dehydrated soups appeared in Europe before the first World War, packaged in cloth rolls which gave them the exact appearance of sausages; not so strangely, they were known as soup *wursts*.

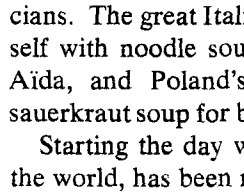
When the idea took hold in America, the elongated container was abandoned in favor of an envelope, and this new field for soup makers was soon dominated by the Lipton Tea Company.

As with dehydrated soups, frozen soups are far from new, even though facilities for manufacturing and distributing them became a reality only recently. In America's early days pioneer women used to freeze large batches of soup to make transporting it easier, tying the icy cakes to the saddle or the side of the wagon, and melting slabs of it as needed.

Soup has come a long way from its original watery design. You may find it hidden in almost every dish in a full-course dinner—in vegetables, as flavoring for meats, as an essential ingredient in cocktail dips, and so on. But no matter how intrepidly it is disguised, it seems pretty unlikely that it can ever be better served than in its old reliable liquid form.

"There is nothing," said Louis P. De Gouey, sometimes called the world's most famous international chef, "like a plate of hot soup, its wisp of aromatic steam making the nostrils quiver, to dispel the distressing effects of a grueling day at the office, rain in the streets or bad news in the papers. Soup is to the meal what the hostess's smile is to the party, a prelude to the goodness to come."

THE END



FOR A DINNER OFFERING SOUP IN EVERY COURSE, TURN PAGE

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Bye now- Newt Kook

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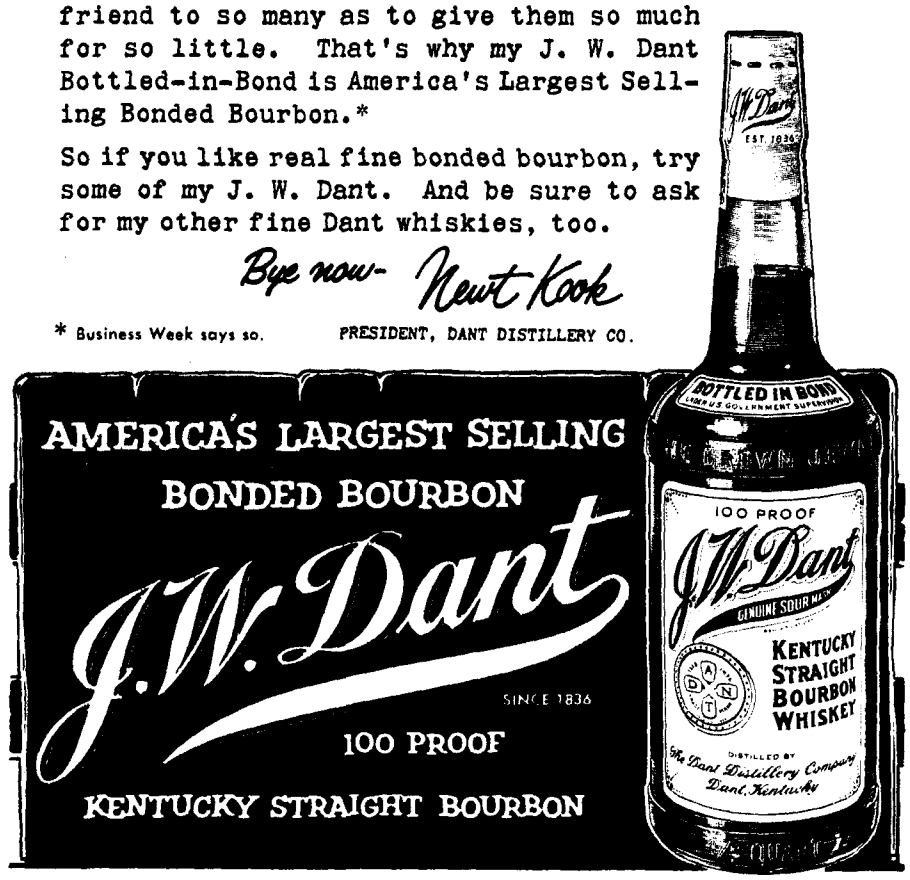

Live life each day-don't just pass through it
Bye now-enjoy J.W. Dant

THE DANT DISTILLERY COMPANY, DANT, KENTUCKY

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DINNER FROM SOUP TO SOUP

SOUP SPREADS

CALIFORNIA DIP

Mix six tablespoons of dry onion soup in one pint of sour cream. As a variation, add two tablespoons of catsup, or four tablespoons of sweet pickle relish and two tablespoons of light cream. Serve with crackers.

MANHATTAN DIP

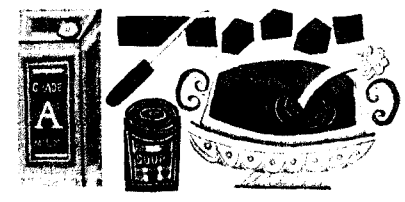
Mix two tablespoons of dry onion soup and two tablespoons of canned mushroom soup. Combine with two three-ounce packages of cream cheese and thin with sherry or cream to desired consistency.

SHRIMP SPREAD

Chop one can of shrimp and mix with undiluted canned asparagus soup to make a thick paste; serve on crackers or as sandwich spread.

BLUE CHEESE DIP

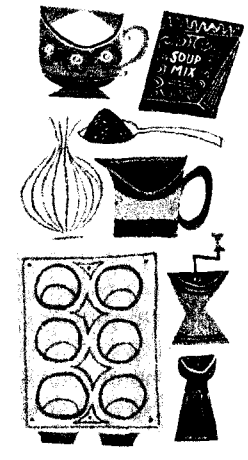
Combine 1 pint of California Dip with 4 tablespoons of blue cheese, 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons of brandy.



SOUP SOUP

Add an equal quantity of milk to: two cans of condensed cream-of-celery soup, one can of condensed cream-of-tomato and one can of condensed cream-of-mushroom. Let the whole boil down so it is reduced by about one fourth. Season to taste and serve with a garnishment of cubed ham and chicken breast and shredded toasted almonds in each bowl.

SOUP PATTIES



- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1 package tomato-vegetable soup mix diluted with water to make 1½ cups
- ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs

Combine ingredients and distribute evenly in two-inch muffin pans. Bake at 450 degrees 12 to 15 minutes, or until done to taste. Makes 12 patties.

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SOUP ASPIC

1 large cauliflower
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 package smooth dry asparagus soup mix diluted with milk to make 1¼ cups
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
2 four-ounce cans pimiento, finely chopped
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
salt and pepper

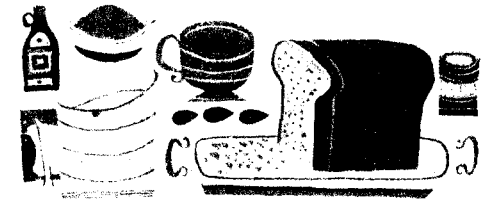
Separate cauliflower into flowerettes, cooking in boiling salted water 15 minutes or until tender, not soft. Drain well and chop fine, meanwhile softening gelatin in cold water for five minutes. Heat soup mix to simmering. Add a small amount of soup to beaten egg, stirring constantly; then pour egg mixture back into soup, add gelatin and blend in mayonnaise and lemon juice. Chill. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream, stir in cauliflower, pimiento, parsley, onion and seasoning. Chill until firm in 1½-quart mold rinsed with cold water. Serve with French dressing or mayonnaise on a bed of lettuce.

SOUP SALAD

1 head of romaine
2 tablespoons chopped anchovies
1 cup garlic croutons
1 to 2 tablespoons of dry onion soup mix
1 tablespoon vinegar
3 tablespoons of salad oil
½ tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 egg
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese

Tear romaine in pieces and put in salad bowl. Add anchovies, croutons and onion soup mix. Combine oil, vinegar and Worcestershire sauce and mix with salad. Boil egg for one minute in hot water, then break it over the greens and toss well. Sprinkle with cheese, mix lightly and serve.

DICK ROSENBLUM



SOUP CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon soda
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon ground clove
½ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 can condensed tomato soup

Sift together flour, soda, baking powder and spices. Chop raisins; mix with two tablespoons of the flour mixture. Cream shortening and sugar, then add eggs and mix well. Add flour mixture alternately with soup, stir until smooth, then fold in raisins. Pour into a greased and floured 8-inch square cake pan and bake at 350 degrees about one hour or until done.

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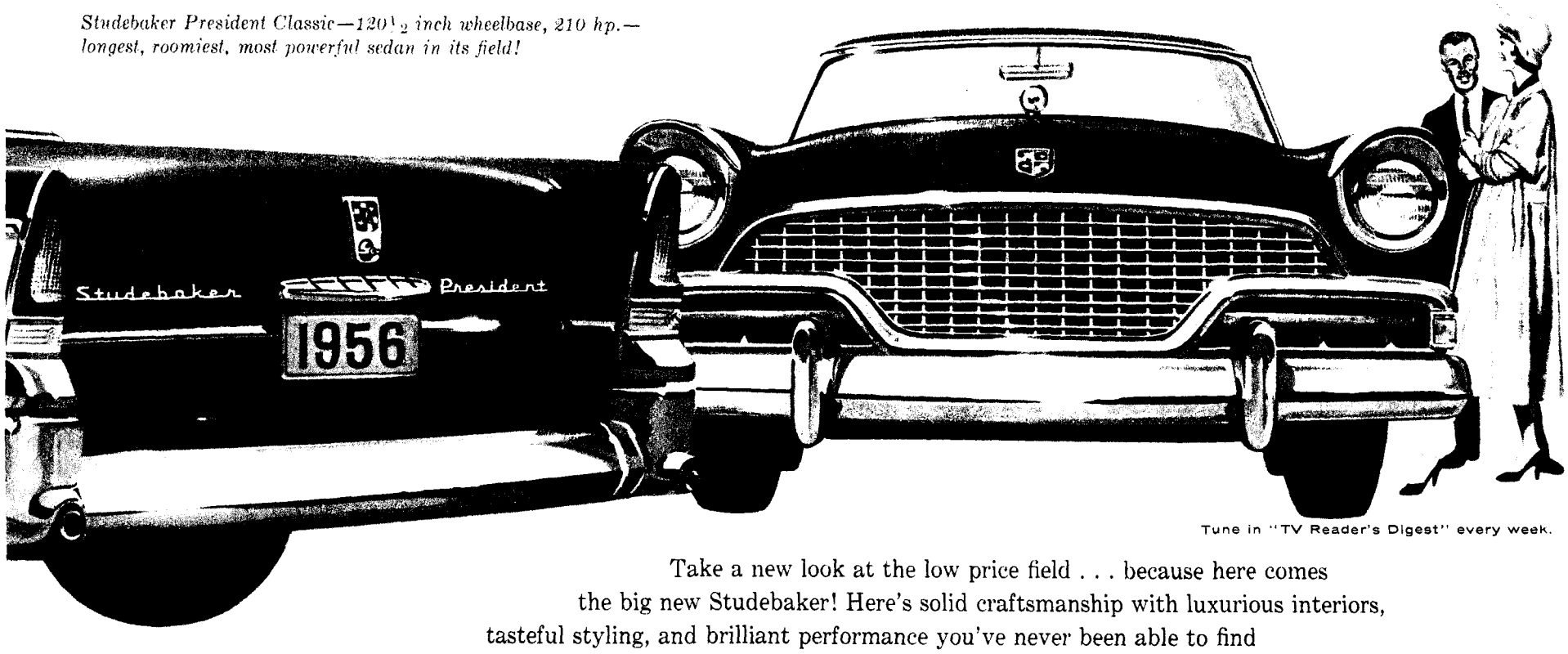

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PEOPLE . . . POLITICS . . . AND '56 Continued from page 21

another opportunist. Didn't look the part. Just another slick politician. Look, mister, I'm a Democrat—not a registered Democrat, mind you, just a Democrat. I voted for Stevenson in '52 because I was afraid of having a soldier at the head of the government. Thought maybe he'd be warlike. But I'd vote Ike in November because I was wrong about him last time. But Nixon. What's he got that I need? If it's not Ike it's Stevenson or somebody for me this time.

Eddie Miller, the tenor sax in the Bob Cats (Bob Crosby's show), is a gratitude voter. "I voted for Stevenson last time," he said. "Oh, I don't know. Guess I'd vote for him again even if Ike ran. Guess I'm still voting for F.D.R. Roosevelt did a lot for some of the boys I know. Sure, Ike's a great President. But I guess I'm still voting for F.D.R."

AND THAT, an elbow nudger nearby said, was "nice sentimental stuff but lacking in reason." His name, John Furlando. A Hollywood guide, Mr. Furlando had piloted a group of ladies to the TV studio where Mr. Miller was working. Mr. Furlando beckoned to a plump, elderly lady, asked her whether she'd like to answer some questions. She nodded and said: "How much?" He explained that I was asking a few political questions and she immediately lost interest. "I'm looking for the quiz show where you get something for answering questions."

Supermarkets are lush opinion producers for inquiring reporters. But there are hazards—traffic congestions, for example. There was that place in Kansas City. Before the manager begged us to depart and let commerce flow, we were deluged with opinions on everything from the price of frozen orange juice to Chief Justice Warren, from Adlai Stevenson to spinach, from hog prices to Joe McCarthy. Nobody mentioned foreign policy.

But a number of bored children wandered off while their mothers sopranoed that Chief Justice Warren was a fine man albeit a trifle austere, that Mr. Stevenson talked over his audience's head, that the political picture would be clearer if someone discovered a way to make Harry Truman shut up, that hog prices were a crime, that Mr. Nixon (the lady wearing a man's slouch hat called him Junior) was "too small for the big job." But also that only one contributor to the Babel would refuse to vote for Mr. Eisenhower.

If the uproar produced no other unusual feature, it was the first time Joe McCarthy's name popped up. The lady back yonder wanted to know "what had become of that senator from Michigan?" What senator from Michigan? "The one who had all the trouble with the Army and those Communists," she said. After a brief pause someone asked: "McCarthy?" The lady said yes, McCarthy. She was told that Mr. McCarthy was Wisconsin's senator and was still around. The lady said "Oh" and seemed satisfied.

Throughout the country you are repeatedly impressed by the simplicity of the voter's estimate of politics and politicians. In this lack of complication and diffusion there is solid wisdom, too—that clarity of narrow vision that seems to be the fortune of those who know a few things well and are not bogged down in uncertainties.

Here and there, of course, I ran into Republican die-hards, like the Texas gentleman who took to his bed with a nervous breakdown when Senator Taft failed to win the nomination over Mr. Eisenhower. I met Republicans who hoped for convention miracles such as "a repudiation of Eisenhower socialism and the nomination of either Thomas E. Dewey or Senator John Bricker." Another gentleman of the same school had lost faith in Herbert Hoover because, he said, Mr. Hoover had gone "pretty far to the left lately."

Speaking generally (and I hope not too generally), women had more liberal views and viewpoints than the male voters. Of this much I am sure: that their political vistas seemed wider than the men's, if not as sharply focused. Somewhat typical was the woman in Portland, Oregon, who said that she tried as best she could before voting to find out where each candidate stood regarding child welfare as well as business, public health as well as tax cuts, race relations as well as foreign relations, family problems as well as farm problems. Men to whom I mentioned this were inclined to dismiss it as "most women's lack of appreciation of life's stern realities, such as making a living."

Before leaving the West I listened to a baby sitter—a wise, gentle lady, Mrs. Lena Poole, who thus supported herself and invalid husband. She is a Republican and she had prayed for Mr. Eisenhower just as she knew that she and all other Americans are in Mr. Eisenhower's prayers. She would vote for him too, but for no other Republican. Not for Stevenson, though—he was the candidate of the great, not the humble. Kefauver. Kefauver is a great, tall, strong-looking man, she said. But she is afraid he will not be nominated.

And there was Mr. Charles L. Smith, successful insurance man and Exalted Ruler of Negro Elks, Lodge 86, in Los Angeles. He told me that seven out of ten of his brother members were registered Democrats but that the same proportion of them had voted for Ike and hoped to do so again. Why? Because the Negro, he said, was bone-tired of the promise-glib professional politician. Mr. Eisenhower was asked in 1952 about his thoughts on the constitutional rights of the Negro, went on Mr. Smith. "He made no wild promises. He said merely that the Constitution would be his guide. He didn't court our vote. We gave him our support in return for his sincerity. We have not been disappointed."

In San Francisco's Chinatown, Averell Harriman's name got into my notes. A dentist, Dr. Howard Low, told me that whereas he voted for Ike in 1952, he's now convinced that the Democrats would "sweep the country" with Harriman and Kefauver on their ticket. Dr. Jun-ke Choy, executive director of his own organization, the Crusade for Free Democratic China, announced for Governor Harriman but said nothing about Senator Kefauver. Dr. Choy is not too concerned with domestic problems but in international, particularly Far Eastern, he is pyrotechnic. But there, so far as my trek through the country is concerned, the name of Harriman vanished until I arrived in New York State. And even there I found no Harriman frenzy.

Lumber workers in Oregon and Washington were preponderantly Democrats, though probably a little less so numerically than the dock workers on San Francisco's waterfront—and much less certain that a Labor party would be desirable. "It takes years," said lumberman Stanley Benz, "for a political party to get rid of its bosses. No party's worth a damn until it is run by the voters and not the bosses. A new party—a Labor party—would be run by the guys organizing it and it would take years to get it out of their hands. I'm union—hot. But I don't want anybody telling me how to vote." I asked Mr. Benz how he intended to vote. He said it was none of my expletive business.

Manuel Correia, at the helm of the tug Mantaniollo, nudged huge flats of lashed-together logs across the Willamette River's current. He did it with the sure-handed delicacy of a surgeon. He told me as the nose of his tug thrust the vast raft toward its moorings that he'd had a change of mind and heart since 1952 when he, a stanch Democrat, voted for Governor Stevenson. "Maybe I'll go for Ike next November. Guess I will if I get a chance. What d'you know about a guy like him? Nobody ever heard of him in politics before. And he steps in and does a job. He does a swell job. Nobody knows how tired the guy is until he's knocked down with his heart. That guy's got guts. You gotta give it to him."

Seven hundred beef cattle in huge feeding pens were fattening themselves in Derby, Colorado, against the day when they would be on their way to the American dinner table. Mr. Frank Hawkes, their owner, and his friend Mr. Willard Cooper, of Colby, Kansas, were appraising the placidly gorging animals and talking politics. Mr. Hawkes had decided that Mr. Eisenhower would not run for a second term. He announced for either Milton Eisenhower for President or former Governor Dan Thornton of Colorado, friend and adviser to the President. Mr. Cooper rejected the President's brother. We had had, he protested, too many professors in government. But he'd go along on Dan Thornton.

Thereafter both gentlemen were in harmony. Neither wanted any part of Mr. Nixon. Both agreed that the badly askew cattle market could be leveled by the government with the relatively paltry outlay of $25,000,000, with which Washington would buy 10,000 head of fat steers and feed them to friendly peoples overseas.

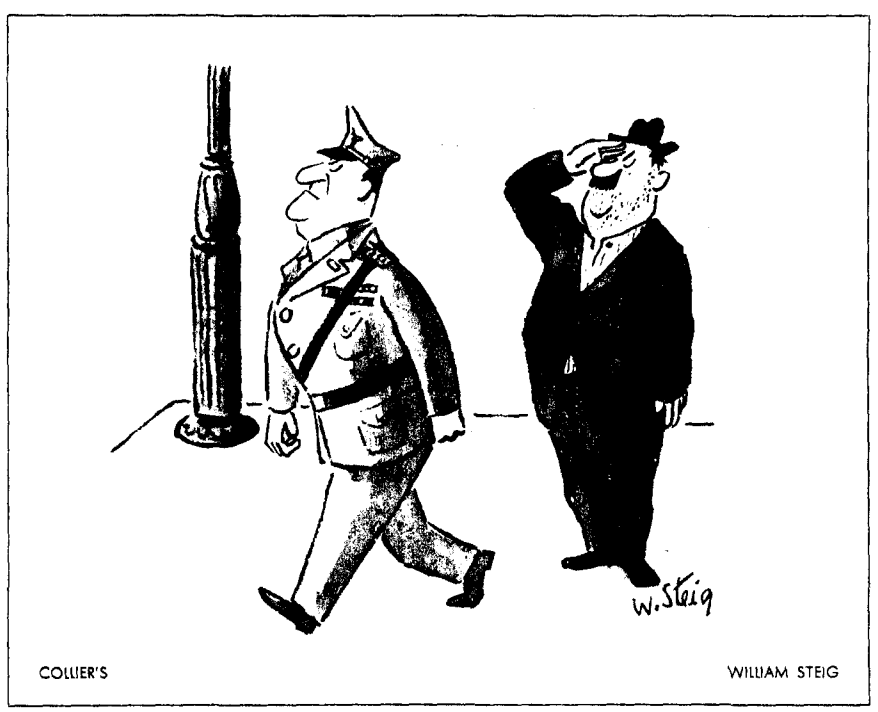
From Colorado east to Ohio, the central and north central air was heavy with subsidy oratory—government purchases, parity payments. The biggest of the great farm organizations, the American Farm Bureau Federation, spoke well and even favorably of the besieged Ezra Taft Benson, the Agriculture Secretary. The bureau wanted no fixed parity payments, preferring the sliding scale that Mr. Benson had set up. Farm Bureau members favored the two-price system, too—a fixed price for their produce in domestic markets and get what you could for the excess sold abroad. Furthermore, almost all the bureau farmers I talked to agreed with Mr. Benson that about 10 per cent of tired food-producing land should not be seeded, but should be left to lie fallow and restore itself for a few years—the soil-fertility-bank idea.

PRIMLY IN STEP with the American Farm Bureau Federation was the Grange. But the more effervescent Farmers Union and some of the state agricultural organizations were far less united and in accord with their more temperate advisers. Even so, I found no farmer "up in arms" and very little indication that his liking for the man he had overwhelmingly voted for in 1952—Mr. Eisenhower—had soured.

I won't attempt to quote the farmers state by state. Their stories were similar through Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Illinois and the rest of the food-producer area. They'd tell you that h-o-g spelled loss, that production costs were too high, that new farm machinery, which they must have, eats up any profit they might have won. For example, Mr. Don Sandnacht, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"That tractor there," said Mr. Sandnacht, pointing to the rusted remains of what looked to have been a tractor. "A 1947 machine—a good one. Not as good as the new one I've got, but good. That tractor cost me what I got for 770 bushels of corn in 1947. The same tractor today would be 2,600 bushels. And where does that leave me?"

Even this early in a campaign year you learn not to confuse the tearful shouting of political hopefuls with hard farm facts. You learn, too, that the



COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

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oratory-weary farmer in convention will vote one way—to condemn the Eisenhower administration's farm policies—and then, out in the clear, cool air again, is prepared to vote in another direction. The Osage County (Kansas) Farm Bureau voted 84 to 6 for 90 per cent parity, for example. One of them told me that that was merely red-flag stuff for the politically ambitious.

"Just to let Congress know that we don't care who sponsors a fair piece of farm legislation, Republicans or Democrats, but that they'd better do something—and not something that's only going to add to the stored-up surpluses we already have."

A FARMER in Hannibal, Missouri, agreed. "We planted every square foot of land during the war," he said. "Raise food. Raise food. Well, the war ended, the great demand fell off. Washington was afraid to tell us to stop raising food. If everybody ate six meals a day starting with a heavy breakfast we couldn't eat it all. And now look at us. The politicians are blaming Benson. They're blaming him because for the most part he's right."

A youthful salesman for the Universal Auto Club in Denver, Mr. Paul Stone, brought variety into my notebook. Hitherto it was all Ike and Stevenson with no Nixon thrown in. Here and there a vote for Warren and now and then a kind word for Kefauver, a speculative "What kind of a fellow is Harriman?" or a demand to know what Stassen was doing now. Mr. Stone was for none of these. He would vote for the Prohibition party's candidate. Who was the Prohibition party candidate? Mr. Stone couldn't recall. But Mr. Stone, while conceding that Ike was a fine man and that business was good, had wrestled with his conscience, and the Prohibition candidate, whoever he was, had won.

Similarly, a gentleman in Topeka, Kansas, departed from the conventional. He didn't want his name mentioned because he "didn't want to be investigated." He was going to vote for the Socialist party candidate—whoever he was. "Because," he explained, "I'm a realist, not a hypocrite. The country's going Socialist, so why not admit it? Let's go. Let's have a go at it—like England. They tried it there and found out. Now they're Tory again. The way to find out what won't work is to try it. I'm voting Socialist."

Gerald Goldsmith, a husky young farmer (160 acres) over near the Flint Hills of Kansas, thinks he'll vote for Adlai Stevenson. Not that he's sore at Ike but he thinks Stevenson is "a sincere and honest intellectual who will try to do what he says."

The price of farm machinery, even replacement parts, kills the farmer's chance for profit, thinks Mr. Goldsmith. And he has a theory of how that situation might be bettered. In the current situation, "suppose the government bought feed and machinery and sold it to the farmer at cost. Or anyway at a price that would make the raising of food animals profitable. Wouldn't that be cheaper than buying farm produce merely to store it?" Mr. Goldsmith thinks so.

The long, lean, relaxed fellow lolling on the bank steps in Topeka looked to us like a man who might view the political situation with detachment. We were wrong. Nope, he wasn't going to vote in 1956. He hadn't voted in 1952. Well, how had he voted in 1948? He hadn't. Well, when had he voted?

"Not since my foolish country adopted that amendment letting women vote," he said. "Country began going to the dogs right then and there." We asked what his wife thought about it.

"What wife? What the hell would I be doing with a wife? She'd probably vote and make things worse."

Nor had he anything to offer on the farm situation. "The trouble with farming," said he, "is farming."

Up near Watertown, Wisconsin, I stopped at a huge farm (beef cattle) studded with gleaming barns, silos, feed sheds and pens. Here is efficiency that pays off in profits, mechanization that minimizes labor costs. I was met by a man in a car that was in keeping with the splendor of its surroundings. But I was wrong again. The man told me he managed the place for a Chicago manufacturer, and that it cost $60,000 to run the place in 1955—at a loss. In fact, he said, there had been losses ever since 1949. Why keep at it?

A dairy farmer farther on, a man named Prelitzi, told us to bear up. Personally, he said, he's making a little money selling milk and cream to cheese manufacturers but, he added, his farm compares with the great one down the highway as a simple, clapboard county church to the Taj Mahal. After all, said Mr. Prelitzi, it is not easy to weep with a farmer who is telling his tale of woe from the driver's seat of a Cadillac. "Personally," went on Mr. Prelitzi, "I shall vote for either Ike or Stevenson, depending on which appeals most to my common sense—not to how much money they promise me."

Joe Huffington, of Hockley, Texas, has 500 beef Herefords on 540 acres of the vast 28,000-acre Huffington ranch. It used to be that it took 10 acres to sustain one cow. Now, with modern methods, feeds, machinery and fertilizers the ratio is one cow to one acre. Mr. Huffington is making money, real money. He prefers to keep the amount secret. He raises a thousand animals a year and wants nothing to do with price controls because, he says, that means you must take volume controls along with them. To Washington Mr. Huffington says: Let government do the governing and let me raise beef.

"I am neither a Democrat nor a Republican," Mr. Huffington said. "The only things I belong to are my wife and the Baptist church."

IN HOUSTON, a registered nurse, Miss Ramah Camenzend, waved her hands despairingly when I asked what her advice would be if she were the President's wife. Her opinion was professionally cold. "I'd say no," said Miss Camenzend, "if the man wants to live." And yet, she said, she'll vote for him if he runs. "That," she added, "or not vote at all. Who else is there?"

An oil-field pumpman who has "no gripes to sell, no party to belong to and no opinions I ain't had for years" would vote for Mr. Eisenhower because "he makes all the rest of them on both sides look like boy scouts."

In New Orleans was Mrs. Murray Spindler, who said she thought she knew pretty well the problem Mrs. Eisenhower must be pondering. Mrs. Spindler said she was "living with a coronary case" and knows what a tragedy it can be. She smiled briefly

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Few national issues have caught hold. "The voter," explained one man, "is local-minded"

and said: "Here I'm sitting on a bench in a New Orleans street and saying what I'd advise if I were Mamie Eisenhower. I guess a woman couldn't be more presumptuous. But she must know that no matter what doctors say, a man is never what he was before that heart attack. I know. He will worry about that heart. He'll think first of his heart and second about the job. All right, I'm for Ike and Mamie, whatever they decide to do. But God knows the man has earned a little rest."

MRS. CARL ROBERTS, a Virginian who helped by her vote to give her state to Mr. Eisenhower in 1952, told me that she hoped to do it again. But any other Republican? She guessed not. Stevenson? Well, she said, he'd have to do some straighter talking than he did in '52. But she didn't agree with the others about Mamie. "If," said Mrs. Roberts, "if I were she I'd let him make up his own mind. He will anyway."

Throughout the South you'll find the individual voter's opinion less flexible, more circumscribed by social fixations, than elsewhere. Except perhaps in Vermont, Maine and rural New Hampshire. As witness, there was Mr. John Coache, a Vermonter visiting Boston, who told me that "to be a true Yankee you must never change your mind." There was no evidence, he said, that any voter in generations of his family had ever voted against a Republican candidate for any office. There was some doubt, Mr. Coache went on, about his wife's grandfather, "who was a trifle tricky and given to wanderings."

Most of the Southern voters I interviewed seemed to be fighting fear. There was Mrs. John Huff, for example, in Greenville, Mississippi, a young mother. Mrs. Huff "just couldn't" send her child to school with Negro children. She'd go further and "wouldn't." Moreover, her decision was broader than historic prejudice, although "the unfairness of Northern newspapers" in reporting recent events in Mississippi had something to do with her decision. In college maybe racial segregation could safely be dropped, she thought. At that age both white and black students would have a clearer evaluation of race problems. Mrs. Huff believed too that it was all right for whites and Negroes to compete in athletics. But, she said, with finality, there could be no social intermingling. She had voted for Ike, hoped to do it again. But she hoped too that Mrs. Eisenhower would advise him not to run. She, Mrs. Huff, would.

I cite Mrs. Huff because her opinions were widely shared by Southern mothers—particularly by young mothers. Like her, Mrs. Barbara Hoy, another Greenville young woman, said that the "prejudiced reporting of Northern newspapers had set back a solution of the South's racial problems for years."

Mr. Eisenhower's popularity in the South forced you to wonder where the Stevenson votes were. Anyone predicting that Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina would reject the Democratic candidate, whoever he might be, in November should be regarded with considerable suspicion, but you are nevertheless impressed by the doubtful scrutiny that Dixie voters are giving possible Democratic candidates. Mr. Stevenson is acceptable but without cheers. I heard no applause for Kefauver. Harriman seemed to have no backing at all but plenty of rejection as "a New Dealer with support from those Americans for Democratic Action." The ADA was repeatedly coupled with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and as such was condemned as "un-American."

Whereas I found a certain tendency in Mississippi to sulk, to retreat into a sullen resentment, Georgia and South Carolina were shrill with militant defiance of the Supreme Court. North Carolina seemed inclined to tut-tut Georgia's and South Carolina's nose-thumbing. Maybe the Raleigh lady I talked to in Charlotte was not speaking for all North Carolina but her political opinions lacked the clangor that I heard in the states to the south.

"Here in North Carolina we are quietly, steadfastly firm," she said. "We will not tolerate desegregation. We shall keep to our policy of separate but equal schools. That's all there is to say on that subject."

A week or so later I spoke of this Carolina lady to a gentleman named Probert. Mr. Probert, a resident of Nashua, New Hampshire, listened with remarkable patience as I told him of what else I had heard throughout the country. When I had finished he smiled bleakly and said: "Is that so? Well, good day." This explains why I have no report to make on Mr. Probert's political opinions.

IT SEEMED like a brilliant idea to search for an old-fashioned New Hampshire farmer, one of that vintage who strictly regulates his life by the Old Farmers Almanac. This search was futile. I was, I was told, a little late—"a matter of some twenty-five years," a poultryman told me.

A farmer's wife, Mrs. Myron Watts, said that there were no such people because there were no such farms any more. About all the Wattses had left to show that they once were farmers were nine or ten chickens, "all of them old enough to vote and just about as intelligently as most." She is an Ike voter, contemplates no change, but aside from "his inexperience" sees no reason for rejecting Mr. Nixon.

When the ladies at the Dedham, Massachusetts, Community House had finished with their dancing class, an exercise we could hear but not see, they willingly told me where they stood politically. With one exception they had voted for Mr. Eisenhower in 1952 and had not regretted it. They were prepared to vote for him in '56—all of them, this time. Except for his youth, none could see why anyone should object to Mr. Nixon as a nominee. They agreed, too, that while Mr. Nixon might not be the astute statesman that Mr. Eisenhower was, he was "earnest, honest, diligent and intelligent, which is considerably more than can be said of certain other aspirants to the White House." No names were offered.

New England comment was conventional enough. Terse, too. Something, we were told, should be done by "Congress or somebody" to stop "the theft of New England's textile industry by Southern states." The Lawrence, Massachusetts, gentleman who said this also saw a threat in Mr. Eisenhower's personal popularity.

"You might think to hear people talk that there's no one worth voting for except Ike," said he. "That isn't true. We've got a governor, the Honorable Christian Herter, who'd make a fine President. And there's Sherman Adams, who used to be governor of New Hampshire and is now sort of assistant President. I'm not saying anything about the Vice-President, although he's okay, I guess. But there's danger in this idea that there's only one Republican worth voting for. It gives folks the false idea that this country's running short of good material. Me? Oh, I'm voting for Ike."

No one we interviewed in New England believed the AFL-CIO merger was going to make any difference in November's voting. Most didn't think it would ever make any difference.

Miss Dora Weiss, who is an account executive in a Pittsburgh advertising firm, was about to have her hair curled in Miss Anna Mahrama's beauty salon. A busy woman with very definite ideas, she suggested that we talk while Miss Mahrama worked on her. That's how I got into my first beauty parlor.

Miss Weiss admitted that Mr. Stevenson's oratorical talents almost won her in 1952. But every time he stopped speaking and she was freed from the spell of his ready tongue, she "began to think." He is a star phrase-maker, she said, a gift warranted to kindle kindly feelings toward him in the advertising business. But he was "too glib."

"I voted for leadership, for someone I could have solid confidence in," she explained. "I voted for Mr. Eisenhower. I hope to do it again. I wouldn't have that confidence in Mr. Nixon. Earl Warren? Yes, maybe. But not Mr. Nixon." We left Miss Weiss under the drier, reading, of all things, Collier's.

Neither at the steel mills in Homestead, Pennsylvania, nor in Youngstown, Ohio, did I find either belief in or enthusiasm for concentrated labor activity in party politics. In Youngstown, Mr. Mike Treskas said that he was a Democrat, that in his estimation 75 per cent of his mates were Democrats and that labor "ought to go ahead as Democrats until that party shifted over to policies that didn't suit us." And if that should happen? Mr. Treskas didn't know. "All I hope is," said he, "that we'll have sense enough not to try to set up labor candidates, a Labor party. This country ain't ready for that. A lot of us Democrats are not going to vote for Stevenson in November, though. Why? Well, all I can say is he's not our kind of guy."

IN JOE'S PLACE, nearby in Homestead, we had a drink with Mr. Jim Tester, grievance representative of the clerks' local, CIO United Steelworkers. Mr. Tester was a Stevenson voter, didn't know what may come politically of the new AFL-CIO combine, but of this he was convinced: "The men will vote their convictions like everybody else, no matter what the big shots do."

Then Mrs. Julia Slavonic, a Democrat who voted for Mr. Eisenhower in 1952 and guessed she'd repeat this year unless he decided to take a well-earned rest on his Gettysburg farm, took us for a ride. Mrs. Slavonic operates a streetcar over a 12-mile run through the steel district. She didn't believe that a Labor party would be organized nor that it would be effective if it were. As elsewhere, Mrs. Slavonic saw a greater and greater individual independence of party affiliation in voting.

"We decide—we the voters—who's to be President," said Mr. Arthur Boyle, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where our plane developed engine trouble and made an emergency landing. "Why shouldn't we decide who's to be nominated, tell the convention who we'd like a chance to vote for? National primaries, like."

"Then why have conventions?" I asked Mr. Boyle.

"No reason," he replied. "No reason except it's a good TV show."

Thus the average American voter's outlook on the upcoming campaign and elections. It may not be an exciting campaign; nation-wide bellyaches are absent. In this lengthy trek I ran across no issue meriting the "national" tag; Ike's heart and Ike himself came closest to that designation. The farm situation, a perennial howl, came next in importance but too many of the voters I talked to shrugged that off to give it prime importance. Nobody talked about depressions and few had anything to say about foreign policy—except occasionally to ask what it was.

A South Carolinian, Mr. Joseph Crozier, summed it up as neatly as anyone. Votes, said he, are always influenced by what the voter sees and hears within eye range and earshot. "Look," said Mr. Crozier. "In the Northwest it's private versus public power. See? In the Midwest it's corn and hogs. In the South it's race relations—this year anyway. See? The voter is local-minded. He votes against the guy who interferes with what he regards as his local right. Get what I mean? That's how people vote—unless they're hungry. And they ain't today. See?" THE END

"If I ever do get rich I'm going to buy an old jail and walk in and out of it whenever I feel like it"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

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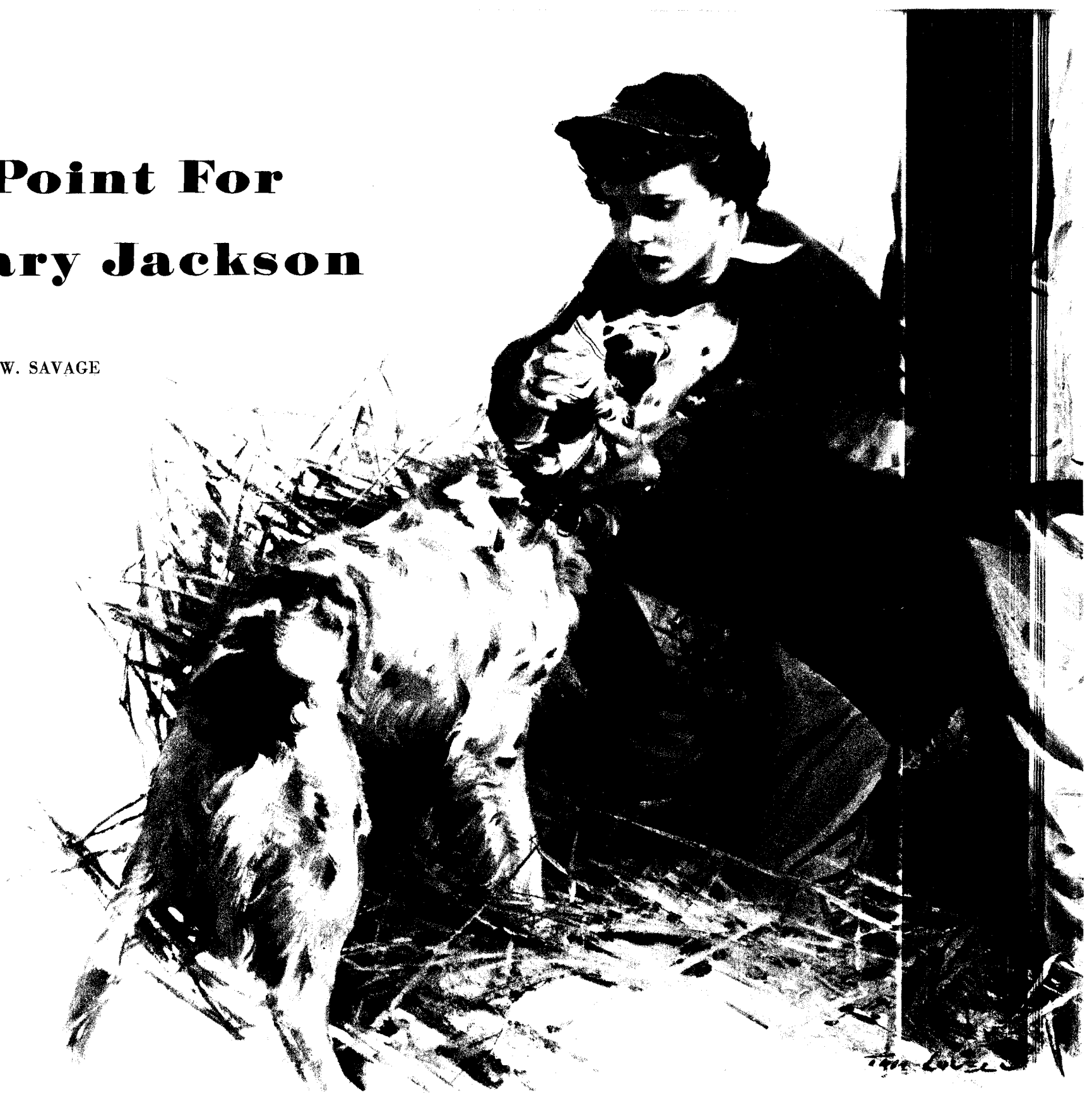
A Point For Mary Jackson

By JOE W. SAVAGE



"You'll have to wash his head," I told her. Mary quickly wiped Ben's face, eyes and nose with a damp handkerchief

Mary was determined her dog should win, and so was I—until I saw what the victory would do to Mary

THE first time I ever saw Mary Jackson, she was climbing out of a station wagon down in my barn lot. I knew Judge Jackson had a daughter in a school somewhere over East, but I had never thought of her as being grown up; I couldn't even remember the judge ever mentioning her by name. And then on this bright cold day in early January, she drove her father out to my place in their station wagon, and that was how I met Mary Jackson.

Her father was circuit-court judge. He and I had been hunting together for several years; we'd go out a couple of times each winter. Judge Jackson was a lot older than I, but we always had a good hunt. We had a lot in common—especially hunting dogs.

Anyhow, on this day in January, I heard the car coming over the bridge and I started down to the barn lot where Judge Jackson always turned his dogs out. He had two fine, big, well-trained pointers. When I came up to the car, the judge had already got out on the other side and Mary Jackson was sliding out from behind the wheel. I remember she had on a green sweater, and she had an orange scarf tied around her neck. She was a very pretty girl.

"I know you," she said, and smiled as I came up to her. "You're Jim Perkins."

The judge came around the car then and introduced us properly. Then we turned the pointers out. They were eager and kept watching the judge for the signal to get moving.

"Well," the judge said, looking at his daughter, "suppose you come

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back and pick me up about four thirty."

"I'll be here," she said, and climbed in the station wagon and drove off down the county road.

We had a good hunt. I took Flashlight along and was very proud of her. She had whelped five puppies in November and this was her first time out since that event. We found seven coveys of birds and Flash picked up four of them. She was a great dog in those days; one of the finest setters I ever owned. She didn't range wide like the pointers, but she had bird sense. She just knew where to look.

We were late in starting back, but we both had our limit and we felt good. As we came across the lower pasture toward the barn lot, the station wagon was already there, and I saw Mary Jackson climb through the fence and start toward us. The pointers were working the north end of the pasture. They were tired and worked very slow. When we were part way across the field, Mary Jackson started over toward a patch of weeds below the barn.

"Your dog," she called. "He's down there. I think he has birds."

We joined Mary and walked down toward the barn, and presently we saw Flashlight through the weeds. Her tail was high and straight, like broom sage reaching for the sun. Her right paw was doubled back, well off the ground, and her body was pointed downward. She was beautiful and I was glad to see her put on that show for Mary Jackson.

Judge Jackson held his hand open above his head as a signal to the other dogs. When the pointers saw it, they came bolting down the pasture. Mary Jackson came over quietly and stood next to me.

"He's beautiful," she said, looking at Flashlight.

"He's a she," I said.

"Well, she's wonderful."

THE pointers loped up and practically skidded on point, one behind the other. The birds moved off a few yards. Flashlight moved up carefully. The pointers moved up behind Flashlight. Then they all froze.

"There they are," the judge said.

I walked in and flushed the birds. It was a big covey; it boiled out with a whir of wings and flew off into the pinewoods.

"Why didn't you shoot?" Mary Jackson asked as we walked back to the barn.

"We both had our limit," I said.

"I'd like to have a dog," she said. "I think I'd like hunting, especially if there weren't any killing."

Back at the barn we loaded the pointers in the station wagon. They had worked hard and were very quiet. They knew it was time to go.

"Look," I said to Mary Jackson, "would you like to see Flashlight's pups?"

"Pups?" she said. "Oh, yes."

Judge Jackson looked up from putting his gun in a sheepskin-lined case. "I'm a pointer man myself, of course, but I've got nothing against setters. I'd like to see those pups again," he said. "I'm surprised you haven't had them in the field yet."

The three of us walked up and around the house to the dog run. The pups came toward us with a rousing welcome—running, jumping, barking, pawing at the fence. Flashlight stood quietly like the well-bred lady she was. Mary Jackson knelt when I opened the gate and the pups rushed at her, chewed her gloved hand, tussled with one another, and rolled over one another.

"Would you like to have one?" I asked her.

She turned her head and looked up at me. "Are you serious?" she asked.

I nodded and she looked at her father. "Could I, Dad?" she asked.

There was something about that girl, about the way she looked at you, that dissolved male resolutions. Judge Jackson was strictly a pointer man, but Mary Jackson went home with one of my setter pups.

I SAW Judge Jackson only once or twice during the rest of that winter and the following spring. He told me Mary had returned to school and had boarded the pup at Floyd Malcolm's. Malcolm was a young, good-looking fellow who ran a kennel near town, but I never liked him. He was a good trainer, but he was too free with the whip.

June finally came around, the laurel bloomed, and one day Mary Jackson telephoned. "I want to bring Ben out," she said.

"Who's Ben?" I asked.

"Why," she said, "Ben is your pup. You remember, the one you gave me? He's grown-up now."

Ben certainly had grown up. When Mary arrived, he bounded out of the station wagon and trotted up to me with the poise of a real aristocrat. He was big and stalwart, and he had great dignity for a dog so young.

"Well," Mary said, "what do you think of him?"

"You sure know how to pick them," I said.

"I want to train him," she went on. "I wondered if you'd help me. Dad thinks he'll make a great trial dog."

"I don't go for field trials," I said.

"Oh, not for anything big," she said, "just for our district trials."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I couldn't. The field trials around here have gone pro. You'd do well to stay out."

"But why?" she asked.

"Well," I went on, "since your friend Floyd Malcolm moved into the county, the dogs aren't important any more. It's the trainers who compete. They take all the credit." While Mary had been away at school, Floyd Malcolm had been trying to convince the town that keeping dogs was some sort of social distinction. Keeping them for the sport wasn't enough any more.

"What's wrong with trainers competing?" she asked coolly.

"Nothing," I said, "if that's what you want. I just like to see bird dogs hunt for birds instead of for field judges."

She looked down at her dog then, and I didn't go any further. I was afraid to. From what the judge had told me, I knew Mary Jackson was a Floyd Malcolm disciple. All the girls in town were; they liked the society atmosphere he brought to the trials—and he *was* a good-looking fellow.

So all I did was tell Mary Jackson about the hard, tedious work involved in field-trial training, the close confinement imposed on the dog, the discomfort of a choke collar. She listened respectfully, but when I got it all said, she shook her head and looked at me the way she had looked at her father that January day when she'd asked if she could have the dog. The warm eagerness in her eyes defeated me and I agreed to help.

I saw a lot of Mary that summer. She came out every Tuesday afternoon. I made suggestions, but she handled the dog herself. Sometimes she was a little impatient, but there was always respect between dog and girl.

I SUPPOSE most everybody trains their dogs the same way. In a couple of weeks, when Ben began to get tractable, we put a choke collar on him, with forty feet of rope. We tied the rope to a fence post. Then I stepped off fifteen yards, held up a piece of beef, and called Ben. He came trotting over to me and just before he reached the end of the line, Mary called, "Whoa!" Well, of course, Ben didn't stop and the rope jerked taut, the choke collar closed and the dog somersaulted over backward.

Mary had a hurt look. "That's awful," she said.

"I know, but that's the way they learn," I told her. We repeated the lesson, and when Ben spilled end-over-end again, the choke collar seemed to hurt Mary more than the dog.

"Once more," I said, "and we'll call it a day."

We went up near the dog run then and tried the lesson again. This time Ben slowed almost to a stop when Mary yelled, "Whoa." The word began to

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have meaning. He crouched down and waited until she unsnapped the line.

"Go," she said, and Ben came slowly over to take the meat from my hand.

Mary walked over then and patted Ben on the head. It was his promotion from kindergarten to first grade.

"You've seen the worst," I told her. "Give him some homework in your back yard for a while."

She was back in a couple of weeks, excited as a child. She could hardly wait to turn Ben out of the car. He ran up to me for a pat on the head, and then trotted off.

"Watch," she said, and just before Ben got to the corner of the house she called, "Whoa!" Ben stopped. He crouched low and looked back.

"Go," she cried, and he trotted on around the house.

"You've done a good job," I said.

Her eyes fairly sparkled. "What's next?" she said.

And so it went through a warm and pleasant summer. By mid-September, Mary was handling her setter like a professional, except for one major difference—a bond of warm affection between dog and girl. They were a partnership, each proud and happy with the other. She could stop him on a dime. She could send him off and bring him back. She could turn him to left or right with a wave of her hand. And when she went back to school, the preliminaries were over.

She left her dog with me when she went away, and that made me feel good. I'd been afraid she might send him back to Floyd Malcolm. I hunted Ben with Flashlight a dozen times that winter. He didn't have Flash's genius for finding birds, but he was good at it and he had great determination. In his eagerness, he ranged far beyond old Flash when the birds were scarce.

When the season was over, Judge Jackson took Ben back to Malcolm's kennels—neither the dog nor I liked that, but we had to take it. Then, in June, Mary graduated from college and went to Europe for the summer. I had a post card from her, from Barcelona. She sent her regards to old Flash.

MARY came back in September and started training Ben for the district trials. There wasn't much to work on—heavy summer rains had drowned out many of the young birds. But it was fine training for the dog; he had to range wide to find anything. Twice I saddled a couple of horses and we rode behind him. The first time out he stayed too close to the horses; once she dismounted and threatened the dog with her riding crop. I wasn't too happy about that and wondered if she'd picked it up from Malcolm. The second time out, the dog was all right.

The district trials were held in February each year on the Sprague farm at Long Bottom. Mary came out a couple of days beforehand and told me her father was busy in court.

"I won't ask you to help me," she said, "knowing how you feel about Floyd, but I wish you'd go along with me. I need a man."

"What about Malcolm?" I asked her.

"He's running a dog of his own."

"Well, how about Bud Allen?"

"Don't you understand?" she said. "I want you."

On Saturday, shortly after noon, we drove out to the Sprague farm in Judge Jackson's station wagon, with Ben in the back seat and me up front, and both of us feeling fine. Ben was scheduled to run in the last brace at two thirty. It was a feature spot, and I knew the word had got around that Ben was quite a dog.

It was a bright, cold winter day. Half a dozen men were standing around talking, stomping to keep warm.

"How's it going?" I asked.

"Ain't no birds," Bish Dewey said.

"Only five points yesterday," Doc Jarvis said, "and two this morning."

Mary came up then and I introduced her. The men grinned.

"You're going to handle your dog?" Joe Sprague asked her.

"Yes," she said.

He handed her a white cardboard tag on a safety pin. "You're braced with the Malcolm dog at two thirty," he said.

"What about horses?" I asked.

"We have two for you," Sprague said. "I'll check on them now."

HE WALKED down to the station wagon with us. A man in a red-and-black Mackinaw was leaning inside the car, rubbing Ben's head and speaking softly to him. He turned as we came up. It was Floyd Malcolm.

"Get away from the dog," I said.

"Jim, please!" Mary said.

"What's eating on you?" Malcolm said, his handsome face flushed.

"Just keep your hands off the dog," I said.

Malcolm strode away then, and Sprague looked embarrassed. "I'll line up the horses," he said, and walked off.

Mary turned on me. "I never saw you like that before," she said. "What's the matter with you?"

"I just don't like your friend Malcolm," I said.

She looked upset as she snapped a leash on Ben and let him out of the car. The dog was nervous and she stroked his head. "Is he all right?" she asked.

"He's nervous, just like you," I said, trying to reassure her and apologize at the same time.

Over a low hill on the other side of the creek, we saw the riders coming in from the one-thirty run. We could hear one of the handlers calling his dog: "Ho, boy! Steady, boy! Ho, boy!"

The three judges closed in, and as the handler came nearer we saw him toss the reins over his horse's head and slide to the ground.

"Point," someone yelled.

The gallery pushed forward toward the judges. We got up on the bumper of the station wagon and watched. The handler ran low through the broom sage, swishing his flushing whip. Nothing happened. The dog backed off, circled and ran down the brook toward us.

The riders and judges and handlers and the two dogs came on in. No one was very enthusiastic. Some of the riders dismounted and two of the horses were brought over for Mary and me.

"Let's get moving. Let's get moving," one of the judges kept saying.

The starting judge had dismounted and was talking to Malcolm and Mary, who were both nodding in understanding. I rode up with Mary's mount. And then as I gave her a hand, there were two sharp blasts on a whistle, and I looked up and saw Ben racing down along the hedge of alder and sumac that grew beside the creek. Across the open field, Malcolm's big pointer went charging toward the low hills.

For ten or twelve minutes the gallery moved along behind the handlers and the judges. Up on the hillside the pointer looked as if he might be making game, and Malcolm was closing in

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on him. Ben was running hard through a patch of ragweed, his head was high. Suddenly, without warning, he pitched headlong into a covey of birds, which scattered with a roar of flashing wings. A subdued murmur came from the gallery. One of the judges took off his hat and scratched his bald head. The dog was standing befuddled, like a football player who had missed the signals. He started to move off uncertainly. He looked back at Mary.

"Down," she called.

I slid off the big black farm horse and doused my handkerchief in the creek. Mary had dismounted and was kneeling beside her dog. I handed the handkerchief to her.

"Wash his head," I told her.

With a few quick strokes she wiped Ben's eyes, his nose and the short hair on his face. Then she stood up. "Go," she cried.

The dog leaped up and raced down to the edge of the woods.

The Malcolm pointer had worked down from the hillside and was going toward the woods with a long, easy lope. He went over a rail fence and then I heard Malcolm call, "Point."

The Malcolm dog was frozen on his point, his long, slender tail straight from his body. The judges were riding up. Malcolm was off his horse kicking in the brush. A quail whirred out and flew up over the hill. It was a single from the covey Ben had run up. The pointer was stanch. Malcolm sent him off with his whistle.

It was a point for Floyd Malcolm.

When we made the halfway swing at the Hostetter place, Malcolm's pointer had picked up another single and had pointed a small covey of his own. He had built up a big advantage.

AS WE turned into the back course the terrain was rugged, with heavy cover. Malcolm held his dog in close, taking no chances on losing the big fellow. I noticed that Mary was doing the same with Ben. She was overhandling. I moved up beside her.

"What happened back there?" she whispered. "Ben *never* runs up birds."

"The best dogs run up a covey once in a while," I said.

"What was that wet handkerchief for?" she asked. "You never told me about that."

"Sometimes it sharpens their scent," I said.

She raised her hand and sent her dog frisking. Then she turned back to me. "I'll die if I lose," she said.

I looked at her and felt like saying: What do you mean—if *you* lose. But I didn't. Instead I told her to let him run.

"Won't he get lost?" she asked, uncertainly.

"It's his only chance," I said. "Why not let him take it?"

She nodded her head thoughtfully, and then she said, "So that's it. Well, let him run."

She rode off, and when she came close to her dog, she called, "Go! Go!" Ben looked back, saw her waving him on, and he raced away. A couple of minutes later he was out of sight over the brow of the hill.

Mary urged her horse up the hill. She stopped, silhouetted against the sky, and waited there a long time, watching. Then she turned quickly in her saddle.

"Point," she called to us, and disappeared over the hilltop. . .

I was even with the judges when they reached the brow of the hill. Far down on the other side, near the crumbling chimney of an abandoned farmstead, Ben was poised on three legs, tail high, his head cocked downward to the right. Mary had already dismounted. The judges galloped down the hill and she walked in and got up the birds. It was a big covey that roared out through the barren orchard and disappeared beyond the tangle of straggling branches. Ben was steady.

"Go," Mary cried, and the big fellow bounded off.

ALMOST before Mary was back on her horse, Ben was two hundred yards away and going up a narrow trail that wound through a slash-pine wood. She galloped after him, too eager to be self-conscious.

The judges were really busy now. Malcolm's dog pointed a double from Ben's big covey. And then, by the time Malcolm had his pointer under way again, Mary had disappeared in the pinewoods.

I rode after her and most of the gallery followed along. Ben's point on the big covey had brought new life to this final heat. Two of the judges galloped ahead of me while the third stayed with Malcolm and the pointer.

We came out on the far side of the slash pine onto a sloping field of kudzu vine. In one place the vines had grown over a fair-sized tree and borne it almost to earth. It was a desolate spot, with no sign of life and no sign of Mary Jackson. We stopped the horses. The judges rode over to a trail to the left, found no fresh hoof tracks, and came back. Nobody said anything. The horses were still. Far from down across the kudzu field in a scrub-pine thicket we heard Mary call, "Point!" The tense excitement was clear in her voice.

We followed the judges around the edge of the clearing, ducking slash-pine boughs and trying to keep our horses from getting tangled in the kudzu. A hundred feet inside the scrub pine, we saw Mary standing on a weathered tree stump, still holding her horse's rein. A rod beyond, Ben was steady on a commanding point. Not a twitch of a muscle nor the flick of an eyelid marred his complete confidence in his work. Whatever had been wrong at the start, he was all right now. His tail was high and his body as streamlined as the chassis of a racing car. Mary stepped down off the stump and walked toward her dog. A single bird came up noisily and darted around a tree. There was a moment of uneasy tension; then the full covey boiled into the air and headed for the slash-pine woods.

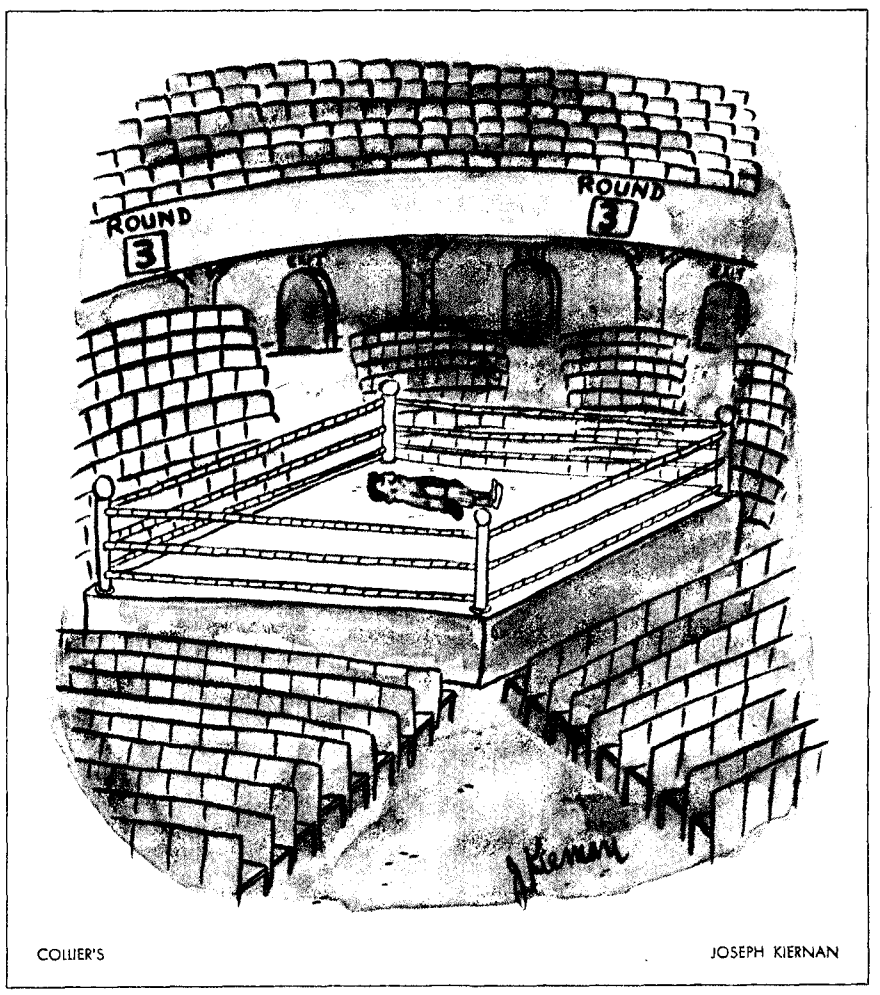
I rode up beside Mary as she remounted. "Better head Ben down toward the Sprague farm," I said. "You don't want to lose him now."

She looked at me and smiled. Then she gave an arm signal that sent her dog quartering away down the slope and out of the pine.

There was a tremendous excitement in the gallery now; it even registered with the judges. Here in the fading light of a winter afternoon we were following a fine young dog that had found more birds than any other dog in the trials. There was conjecture in every mind. How much would Ben be penalized for running up his first covey? How did he stand with Floyd Malcolm's dog? Suppose the Malcolm pointer found a covey on the back run? Or suppose Ben came up with another spectacular find? The answers to these questions would decide the winner.

THE judges and gallery were hurrying now as time began to run out. I looked at my watch. It was five minutes after four; there were twenty-five minutes to go. We rode the horses around the hill and back into the wide valley that led to the Sprague house. Far down on the left, Mary was riding her horse through a field of ragweed. Behind her, and far to the right, Malcolm came on with his pointer. There were two judges and a scattered gallery behind Malcolm now. The Malcolm dog was still running strong, casting from right to left along a hedgerow.

Even before I caught up with Mary,



COLLIER'S JOSEPH KIERNAN

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I knew she had lost Ben. She kept standing up in her stirrups, searching the bottom land anxiously.

"I know he's down this way," she said.

"Better work on ahead," I told her. "I'll look through here a while."

She rode on, and the gallery that had been following her scattered. I searched the ragweed field and then galloped off down the bottom. I saw the Malcolm pointer working carefully. Then I heard Malcolm call, "Steady, steady." Far ahead one of the judges rode close to Mary Jackson; a few stragglers were helping her look for Ben.

"Point," I heard Malcolm call. I stopped my horse and watched. The pointer was on sloping ground near a fence corner. Malcolm had dismounted and was whipping the brush in front of the dog. A half-dozen birds suddenly flew up into the sky. Malcolm waited for a minute and then motioned his dog on. The pointer ran a few feet, cast quickly to the right, and froze again. Malcolm climbed over the fence and started kicking through a tangle of weeds and briers. There was a burst of sound and the rest of the covey exploded into the air and flew off. It was a great piece of work by the pointer. Malcolm made sure this time before he took his dog off point. Then he sent the big fellow down toward the Sprague barn. It was four twenty.

When I caught up with Mary she had crossed the county road; we were near enough to the house to see the Sprague mailbox. She looked panicky.

"Ben's on point somewhere," I said.

"But where, where?" she cried. "I've covered everything."

I rode into a section of marshy ground where reeds and cattails reached up and brushed against the saddle. Water oozed above the horse's hoofs and he held back.

"I tried to get in there," Mary called. "My horse wouldn't go."

EIGHT or ten spectators were riding slowly toward the Sprague barn. Malcolm had his pointer crisscrossing a field grown high with broom sage. I whacked my horse and he sloshed forward to a small area where it was dry, where the reeds grew in clumps and were not so high. And there was Ben!

I called to Mary. The gallery started to reassemble. She turned her horse and urged him into the marsh. He crossed slowly, stepping carefully and tossing his head. She saw her dog before she reached dry ground. She turned in the saddle while her horse was still struggling through the bog. "Here he is," she cried. "He's on point."

One of the judges whipped his horse into the marsh and the other two followed. Several riders who had gone on turned their horses and came galloping back.

Ben's point, like the other two, was one of those confident, poised, heart-warming performances that only a dog owner can ever fully appreciate and understand. How long he had stood there was anybody's guess, but he showed no sign of restlessness or fatigue. Mary got off her horse and picked her way carefully through the coarse grass. The sun was almost gone now and the marsh ground was in shadow. The judges sat astride their horses as impassive as witnesses at a hanging. Then there was the roar of beating wings and a great covey of birds thundered out and flew off into the twilight.

"The first rule to remember in mountain climbing is *never look down* . . ."

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

A BONFIRE was burning brightly in front of the barn as we rode up. Mary rode beside me and her dog trotted quietly behind the horses. She could sense the excitement. A young couple rode past us.

"Wonderful dog," the man said warmly.

We dismounted at the station wagon and someone took our horses. Mary fed her dog some raw hamburger and we bedded him down in the car.

The crowd had moved on up to the big Sprague house, and now we followed in the dusk.

"Hurry up," someone called. "Coffee for everybody."

We crossed the porch and went into the center hall. Mrs. Sprague came to the door of the big living room. "Take your coats off and then come on in here," she said. "I hear your dog did all right."

We put our coats on top of a pile of many others, and then I saw Malcolm's big red-and-black Mackinaw across a chair. I slid my hand into the pocket and found what I'd expected: a small bottle with a faded yellow label. I sniffed it and held it out to Mary. "Smell this," I said.

"What is it?"

"Insect repellent," I said. "This is what your friend Malcolm was rubbing on Ben's head."

She stared in disbelief. "He did that to me?" she asked.

"Smell it," I told her, "and you won't be able to smell that coffee for half an hour."

Before she could reply, Joe Sprague came out in the hall. "Come on in here, you two," he said. "The judges are ready."

I handed the bottle to Sprague.

"What's this?" he asked, looking down at the label.

"It was in Floyd Malcolm's pocket," I said. "You saw him mugging her dog."

Sprague was thoughtful. He looked at Mary. "What would you like to do about it?" he asked.

She took the vial from his hand and looked at it. And then she said, "Nothing."

"We better get on in there," Sprague said.

We went in. A log fire was burning briskly in the fireplace at the other end of the big living room.

Some twenty or twenty-five men and women, mostly men, were standing in small groups, talking about the last heat. Malcolm was off to one side. Mary walked over to him.

"You dropped this," she said, and handed him the vial. He flushed and started to say something, but she turned away and we went over close to the fire. Mary stood looking into the flames. She didn't say anything.

Joe Sprague had gone down to the other end of the room. He got up on a bench and held up a large silver cup. "This is it," he said, holding the cup high. "The judges are ready. Here's Jack Norbert."

Sprague stepped down and Norbert got up on the bench. He had a tally sheet in his hand, and he stuck the silver cup under his arm. "Well," he said, "this was the best affair we've had since the war. There weren't many birds, and we should have had more entries, but all the dogs ran well and there were some excellent finds."

Mary moved closer, holding tight to my arm. I felt her fingers grow tense. She stood on her toes, looking over the shoulders of the people in front of us.

Norbert looked down at his tally sheet. "The Evans dog did some fine work this morning," he said, "also the Jarvis dog yesterday. They are commended for fine performances."

There was a murmur of assent.

"One of the finest performances of the meet," Norbert went on, "was the outstanding work of Miss Jackson's young setter in the last heat. I'm sure he will be heard from next year. We all regret his unfortunate break on his first covey."

I glanced down at Mary. If there was bitterness in her, she didn't show it. "Why don't you protest?" I whispered. "I'll do it for you."

"No," she said quietly, "I don't want to win that way."

"What way?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "it wasn't the pointer's fault."

I LOOKED down at Mary. I wanted to say something—something very important—but far across the room I heard Malcolm's name called and then people were crowding around him, talking, shaking hands. Mary looked up at me, and we were alone, completely alone. Suddenly she was in my arms, and I kissed her.

It's funny how everything worked out. I suppose if Malcolm hadn't doctored Mary's dog, he'd never have left town. But Mr. Sprague is an important man around here, and while I know that neither he nor Mary nor I ever told what Malcolm did that day, people noticed the change in our attitudes. Malcolm's business began to suffer, and he moved out West somewhere. Old Ben did win the district trials the next year. Joe Sprague handled him for Mary and me. We were on our honeymoon.

—JOE W. SAVAGE

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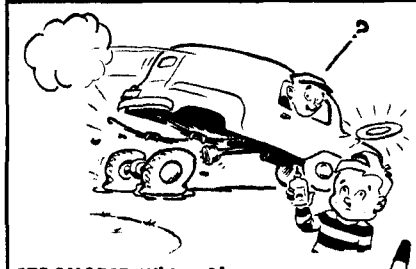

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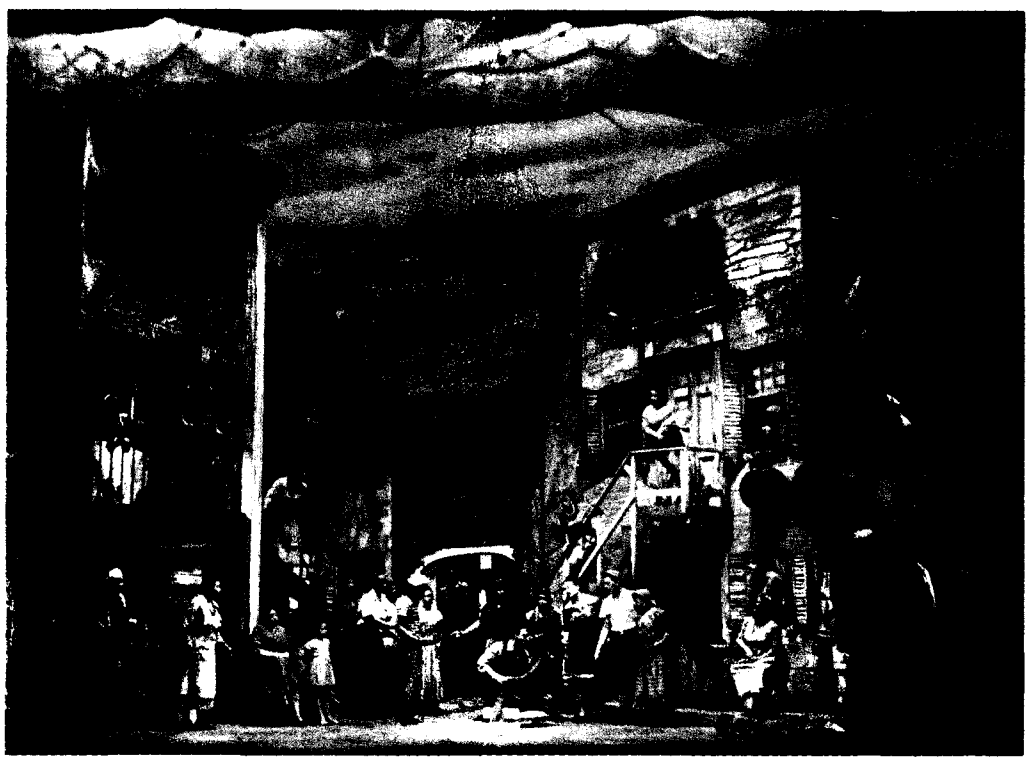

The story of life on Catfish Row was acclaimed in Moscow as on Broadway

Porgy and Bess

GEORGE GERSHWIN took a simple story of Negro life in the South and wove it into an opera. It is a uniquely American opera—American as to people and setting, written in English, its music as American in style as Beethoven's is German or Tchaikovsky's Russian.

And yet when Porgy and Bess went on tour of Russia and Eastern Europe, the acclaim was no less tumultuous and sincere than it had received on Broadway or Geary Street. In the Stanislavsky Musical Theater in Moscow a capacity audience of 1,500 broke into applause 13 times during the opening performance, and the final curtain ovation lasted more than eight minutes.

Porgy and Bess achieved here what no diplomat has or could. Here were Americans and Russians communicating warmly, sympathetically, on common ground.

Isn't this what the statesmen of the world, in this time of common mortal peril, have been striving for? Gershwin's music and a cast of American Negroes achieved it easily, dramatically and, for the space of a couple of hours, overwhelmingly.

Plans are afoot for more extensive interchanges of artists and musicians, of paintings, of theater and ballet groups between the United States and the iron-curtain countries. Each time such a project is proposed a scattering of dissenting voices is heard. Properly, they are not being paid much heed. If there is a hope for peace on earth, it lies in a massive awakening to the common humanity of mankind. A simple song like Summertime can be a powerful instrument in reaching the hearts where those bonds must be forged.

Triumph of an Idea

TWO YEARS AGO the Chrysler Corporation was in deep trouble. Chrysler products had slipped in sales from 20 per cent of the total auto market in 1953 to just over 13 per cent in 1954. Plymouth, long the third-ranking car in sales, had dropped to fifth place. Around Detroit there was serious concern that the Big Three of the automobile industry might presently become the Big Two.

There was, indeed, speculation that there just wasn't room at the top for three big companies—that an inexorable trend would compress the industry into a narrower mold in spite of anything anyone might do. This, the self-appointed sages declared, was the basic flaw in the American system.

The Chrysler Corporation people were too busy to listen. They had long since diagnosed the trouble and set the wheels in motion to correct it. President Tex Colbert and his team revamped the Chrysler organization, restyled the products, negotiated a quarter-billion-dollar line of credit with the Prudential Insurance Company, and struck out boldly to recapture what they had lost. Prudential, for its part, was investing not in steel and bricks and mortar, but in the judgment and capacity of the men of Chrysler.

What happened made history in the automobile industry—a particularly significant and inspiring chapter in the unfolding story of American enterprise. Chrysler came roaring back to capture 17.1 per cent of the total market—a vastly expanded market, at that. In 1955, Chrysler produced 1,361,103 cars—almost double the 723,253 it sold in 1954.

This turnabout, accomplished in the face of the smartest, toughest competition on earth, benefited far more people than the owners and dealers and suppliers of the Chrysler Corporation. It benefited the whole country, materially and in an even more important way. It underlined, once more, a truth about America and its workings which tends sometimes to get bedimmed in the confusions of today's complicated pattern of living.

The face of free enterprise has changed, over the years, but the character of free enterprise has not. The building of automobiles to the specifications laid down by the American people is necessarily big business; to build and man an assembly line requires a magnitude of capital investment that mass production alone can maintain.

But within those specifications—and the specifications were written by the free hand of the American people—success thrives on the same fuels that have always powered it in our system: the ability to generate a good idea and the daring to back it. An obvious by-product of the operation of this kind of competition was recited recently by one auto manufacturer: "Today, you can't buy a bad car in this country."

First, the Schools

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S emergency school-building program is far too urgent to permit its being sidetracked or sabotaged by anti-segregation riders attached to authorization or appropriation bills.

The President's program was accompanied by his stated belief that provision of educational facilities is basically a local responsibility. But the states alone cannot meet the urgent needs of 1960. For every 71 pupils in the nation's schools in 1945 there are 100 today, and there will be 120 in 1960. In 1945, 6,000 classrooms were built in America; in 1955 that number was multiplied tenfold. But to meet the needs of 1960 an additional 500,000 units must be available. Labor and material shortages of two wars plus a population boom launched by bumper crops of postwar babies have created problems far beyond the capacities of the states.

The provision of adequate educational facilities is a primary obligation upon America at any time. Today it is more than an obligation—it is a practical necessity, a function of survival.

The President's $2,000,000,000 school program is offered at a time when the very democracy to which we are pledged is threatened. At a time when an understanding of American history and American principles is vital to the defense and preservation of our way of life, we are still coping with the burden of 2,500,000 illiterates unfit even to undertake the basic responsibility of national defense. At a time when Russia is graduating scientists and engineers in record and ever-increasing numbers, we are failing even to train enough scientists and engineers to sustain our present rate of technical expansion. Russia, alert to the meaning of the forthcoming global competition in the areas of scientific and technological know-how, spent $16,000,000,000 on education in 1954. In the United States, the outlay for public education in that year was less than $8,000,000,000.

It is unwise to confuse the matter at hand with segregation, an issue already decided by the U.S. Supreme Court. The segregation problem must and will be solved—but the solution can be found only in part in law; the passage of time and the onset of enlightenment must do the rest. How shall the light be provided, unless the basic facilities for enlightenment—public schools—are made available?

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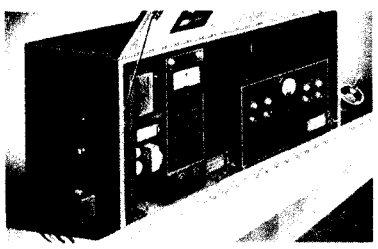

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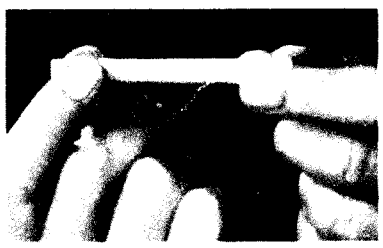

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